THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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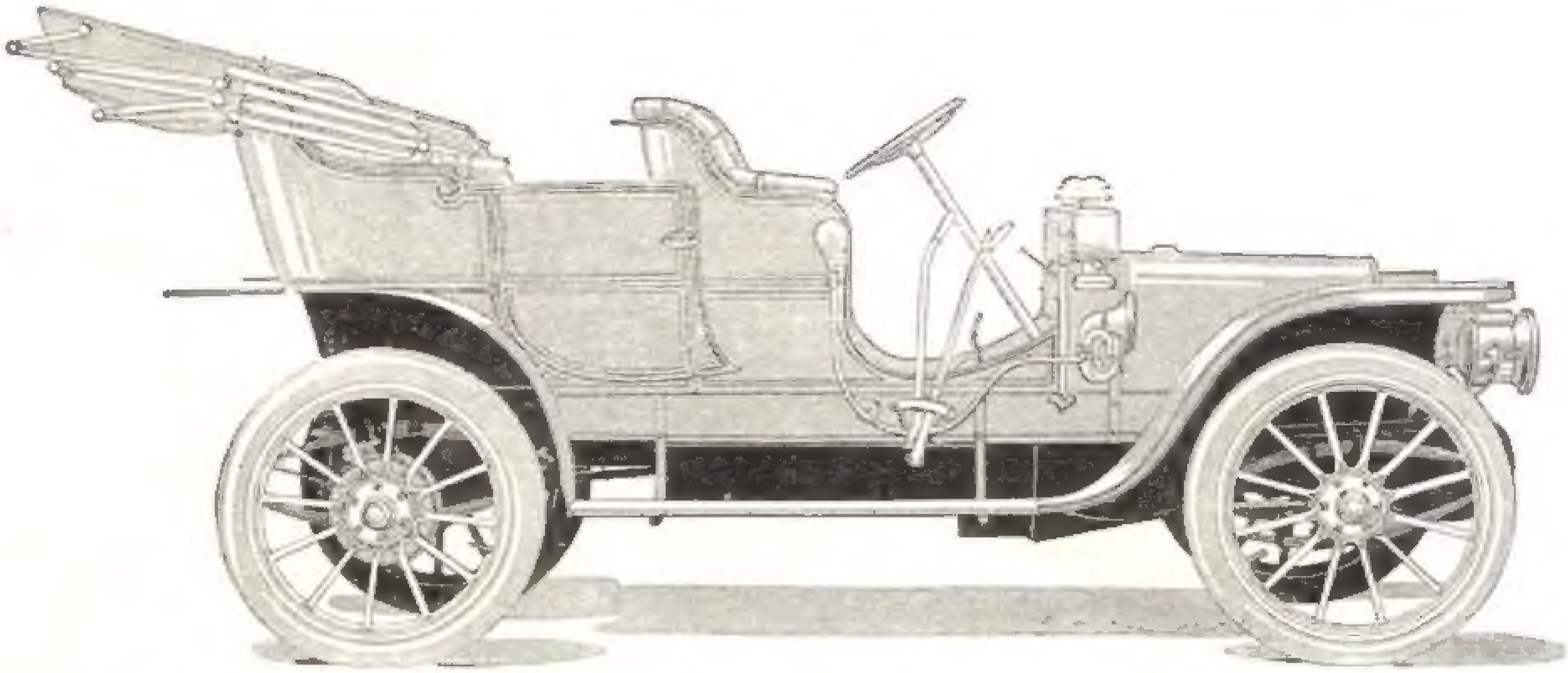
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



Model D
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We make strong claims for Franklin automobiles. But these claims are the history of the Franklin from the start seven years ago. Then as now the Franklin idea was common sense. The first Franklin, still in use, was light. It had the wood chassis frame, full-elliptic springs and air-cooled motor.

The last edition of our 1909 catalogue de luxe is nearly exhausted. If you want a book that treats the whole automobile question from a broad viewpoint, write for it. It will interest you regardless of what make of automobile you own or favor.

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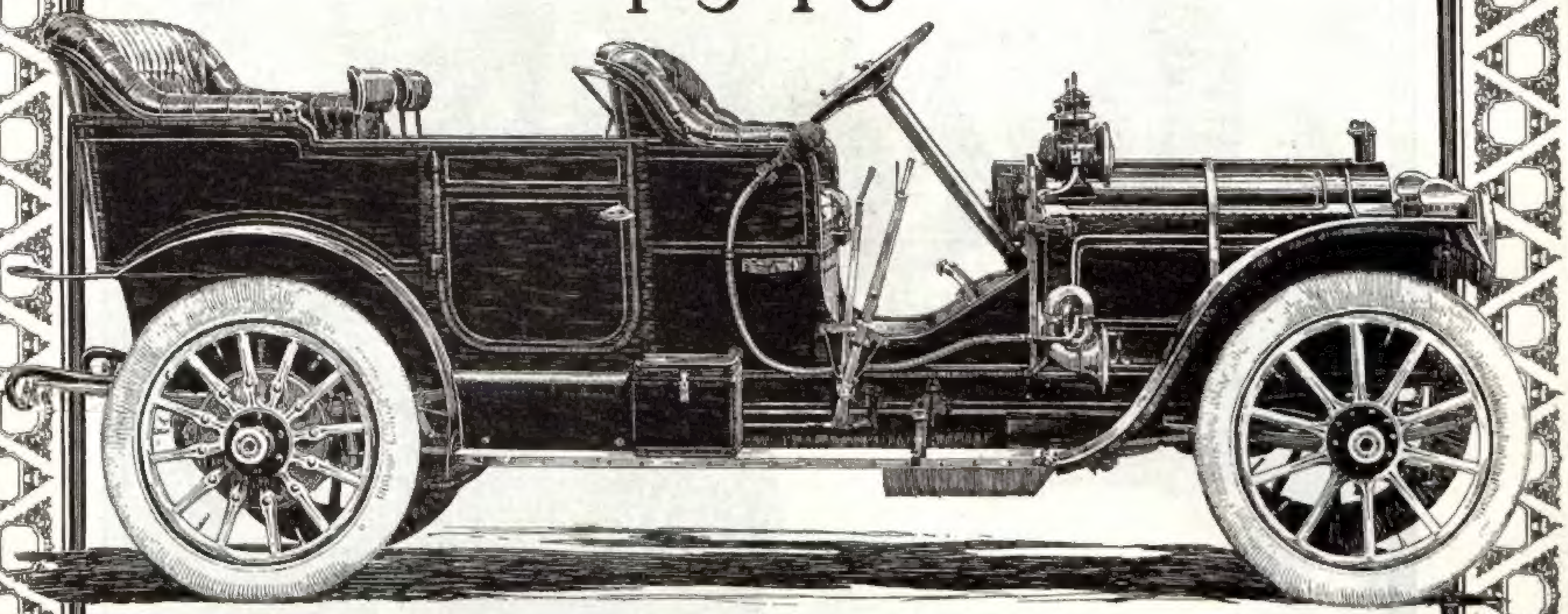
1910



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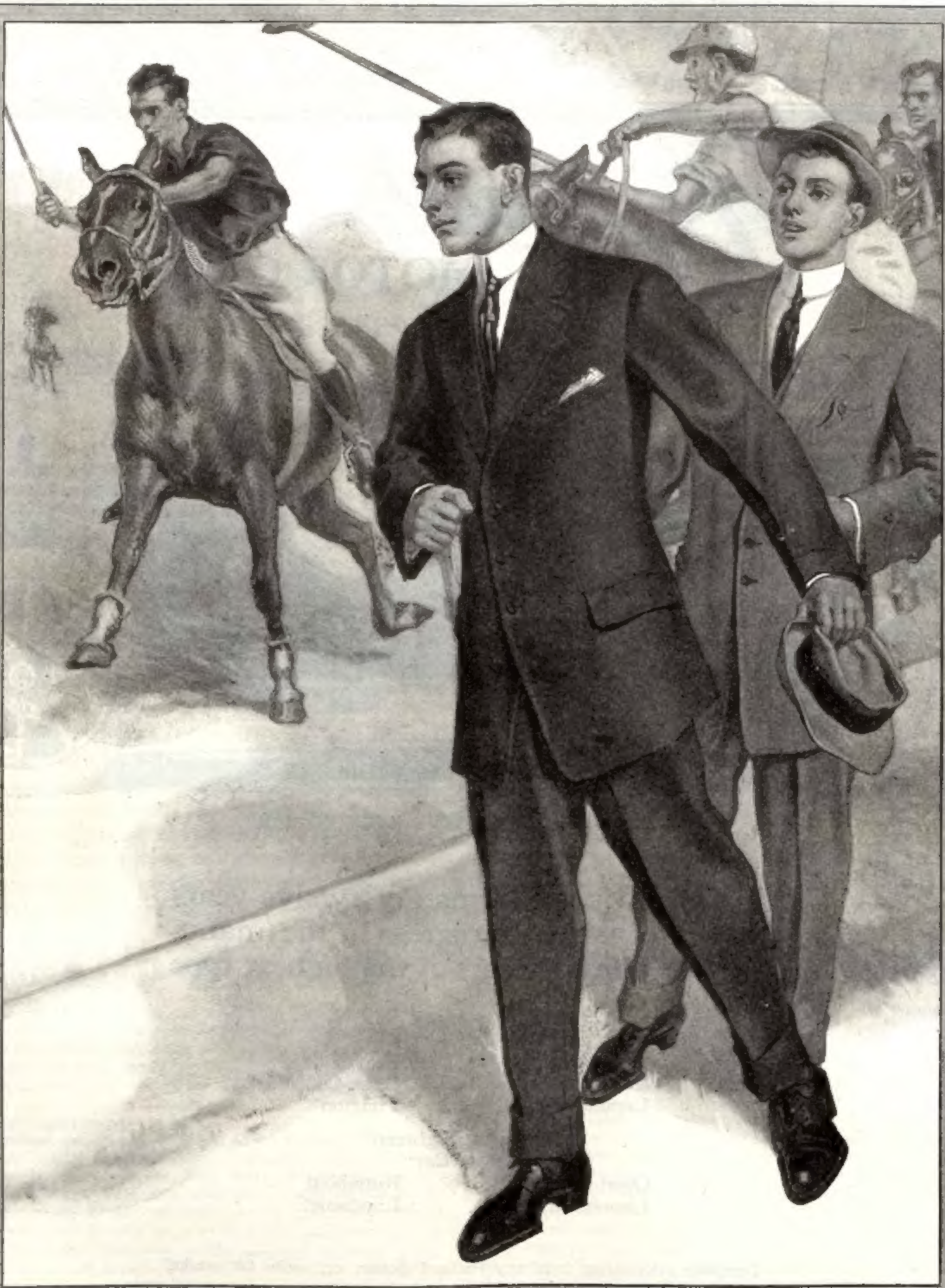

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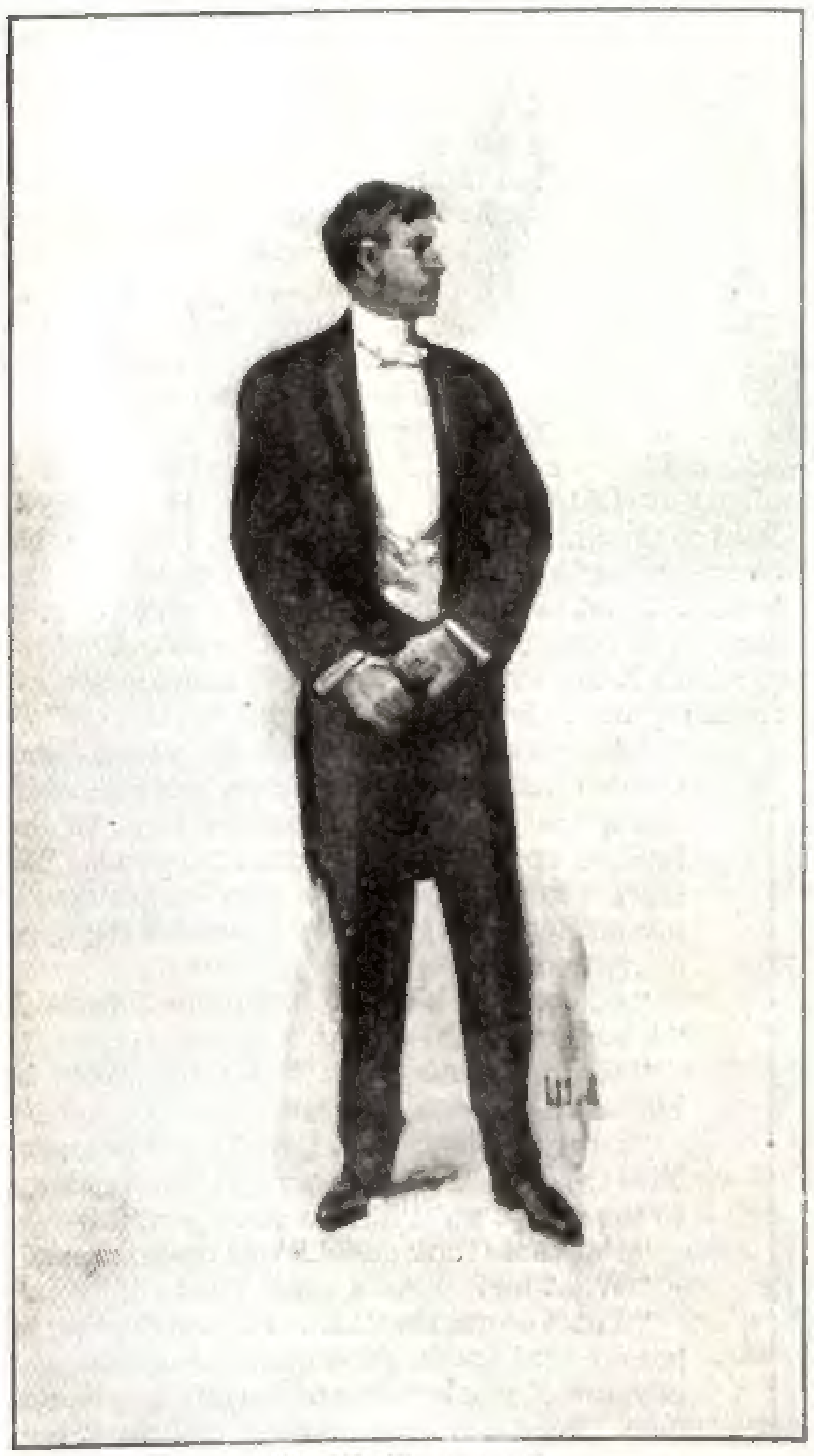
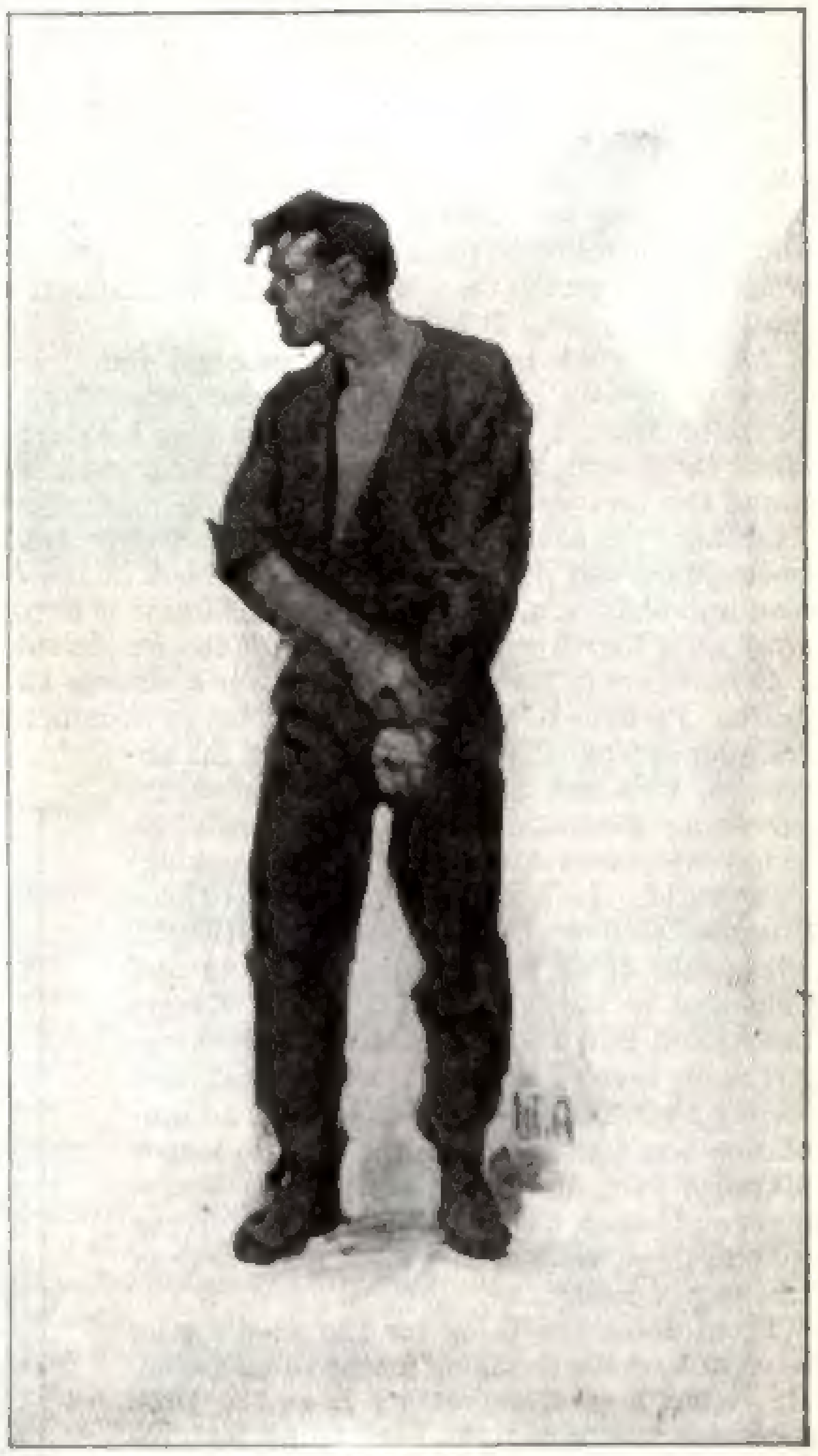
SOUTH OF THE SLOT

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. AYLWARD



Freddie Drummond



Bill Totts

OLD San Francisco, which is the San Francisco of only the other day, the day before the Earthquake, was divided midway by the Slot. The Slot was an iron crack that ran along the center of Market Street, and from the Slot arose the burr of the ceaseless, endless cable that was hitched at will to the cars it dragged up and down. In truth, there were two Slots, but, in the quick grammar of the West, time was saved by calling them, and much more that they stood for, The Slot. North of the Slot were the theaters, hotels and shopping district, the banks and the staid, respectable business houses. South of the Slot were the factories, slums, laundries, machine-shops, boiler-works and the abodes of the working class.

The Slot was the metaphor that expressed the class cleavage of Society, and no man crossed this metaphor, back and forth, more successfully than Freddie Drummond. He made a practice of living in both worlds and in both worlds he lived signally well. Freddie Drummond was a professor in the Sociology Department of the University of California, and it was as a professor of sociology that he first crossed over the Slot, lived for six months in the great labor ghetto and wrote The Unskilled Laborer—a book that was hailed everywhere as an able contribution to the Literature of Progress and as a splendid reply to the Literature of Discontent. Politically and economically, it was nothing if not orthodox. Presidents of great railway systems bought whole editions of it to give to their employees. A manufacturers' association alone distributed fifty thousand copies of it. In its preachment of thrift and content it ran Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch a close second.

At first, Freddie Drummond found it monstrously difficult to get along among the working people. He was not used to their ways, and they certainly were not used to his. They were suspicious. He had no antecedents. He could talk of no previous jobs. His hands were soft. His extraordinary politeness was ominous. His first idea of the rôle he would play was that of a free and independent American who chose to work with his hands and no explanations given. But it wouldn't do, as he quickly discovered. At the beginning they accepted him, very provisionally, as a freak. A little later, as he began to know his way about better, he insensibly drifted into the only rôle that he could play with some degree of plausibility—namely, that of a man who had seen better days, very much better days, but who was down in his luck, though, to be sure, only temporarily.

He learned many things and generalized much and often erroneously, all of which can be found in the pages of The Unskilled Laborer. He saved himself, however, after the sane and conservative manner of his kind, by labeling his generalizations as "tentative." One of his first experiences was in the great Wilmax Cannery, where he was put on piecework making small packing-cases. A box-factory supplied the parts, and all Freddie Drummond had to do was to fit the parts into a form and drive in the wire nails with a light hammer.

It was not skilled labor, but it was piecework. The ordinary laborers in the cannery got a dollar and a half a day. Freddie Drummond found the other men on the same job with him jogging along and earning a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. By the third day he was able to earn the same. But he was ambitious. He did not care to jog along, and, being unusually able and fit, on the fourth day earned two dollars. The next day, having keyed himself up to an exhausting high tension, he earned two dollars and a half. His fellow-workers favored him with scowls and black looks and made remarks, slangily witty and which he did not understand, about sucking up to the boss, and pace-making, and holding her down when the rains set in. He was astonished at their malingering on piecework, generalized about the laziness of the unskilled laborer, and proceeded next day to hammer out three dollars' worth of boxes.

And that night, coming out of the cannery, he was interviewed by his fellow-workmen, who were very angry and incoherently slangy. He failed to comprehend the motive behind their action. The action itself was strenuous. When he refused to ease down his pace and bleated about freedom of contract, independent Americanism and the dignity of toil they proceeded to spoil his pace-making ability. It was a fierce battle, for Drummond was a large man and an athlete; but the crowd finally jumped on his ribs, walked on his face and stamped on his fingers, so that it was only after lying in bed for a week that he was able to get up and look for another job. All of this is duly narrated in that first book of his, in the chapter entitled The Tyranny of Labor.

A little later, in another department of the Wilmax Cannery, lumping as a fruit-distributor among the women, he essayed to carry two boxes of fruit at a time and was promptly reproached by the other fruit-lumpers. It was palpable malingering; but he was there, he decided, not to change conditions, but to observe. So he lumped one box thereafter, and so well did he study the art of shirking that he wrote a special chapter on it, with the last several paragraphs devoted to tentative generalizations.

In those six months he worked at many jobs and developed into a very good imitation of a genuine worker. He was a natural linguist and he kept notebooks, making a scientific study of the workers' slang or argot until he could talk quite intelligibly. This language also enabled him more intimately to follow their mental processes and thereby to gather much data for a projected chapter in some future book which he planned to entitle Synthesis of Working-Class Psychology.

Before he arose to the surface from that first plunge into the underworld, he discovered that he was a good actor and demonstrated the plasticity of his nature. He was himself astonished at his own fluidity. Once having mastered the language and conquered numerous fastidious qualms he found that he could flow into any nook of working-class life and fit it so snugly as to feel comfortably at home. As he said in the preface to his second book, The Toiler, he endeavored really to know the working people; and the only possible way to achieve this was to work beside them, eat their food, sleep in their beds, be amused with their amusements, think their thoughts and feel their feelings.

He was not a deep thinker. He had no faith in new theories. All his norms and criteria were conventional. His Thesis on the French Revolution was noteworthy in college annals, not merely for its painstaking and voluminous accuracy, but for the fact that it was the dryest, deadest, most formal and most orthodox screed ever written on the subject. He was a very reserved man, and his natural inhibition was large in quantity and steel-like in quality. He had but few friends. He was too undemonstrative, too frigid. He had no vices, nor had any one ever discovered any temptations. Tobacco he detested, beer he abhorred, and he was never known to drink anything stronger than an occasional light wine at dinner.

When a freshman he had been baptized Ice-Box by his warmer-blooded fellows. As a member of the Faculty he was known as Cold-Storage. He had but one grief, and that was Freddie. He had earned it when he played fullback on the Varsity eleven, and his formal soul had never succeeded in living it down. Freddie he would ever be, except officially, and through nightmare vistas he looked into a future when his world would speak of him as Old Freddie.

For he was very young to be a doctor of sociology—only twenty-seven, and he looked younger. In appearance and atmosphere he was a strapping big college man, smooth-faced and easy-mannered, clean and simple and wholesome, with a known record of being a splendid athlete and an implied vast possession of cold culture of the inhibited sort. He never talked shop out of class and committee-rooms, except later when his books showered him with distasteful public notice and he yielded to the extent of reading occasional papers before certain literary and economic societies.

He did everything right—too right; and in dress and comportment was inevitably correct. Not that he was a dandy. Far from it. He was a college man, in dress and carriage as like as a pea to the type that of late years is being so generously turned out of our institutions of higher learning. His handshake was satisfyingly strong and stiff. His blue eyes were coldly blue and convincingly sincere. His voice, firm and masculine, clean and crisp of enunciation, was pleasant to the ear. The one drawback to Freddie Drummond was his inhibition. He never unbent. In his football days the higher the tension of the game the cooler he grew. He was noted as a boxer, but he was regarded as an automaton, with the inhuman action of a machine judging distance and timing blows, guarding, blocking and stalling. He was rarely punished himself, while he rarely punished an opponent. He was too clever and too controlled to permit himself to put a pound more weight into a punch than he intended. With him it was a matter of exercise. It kept him fit.

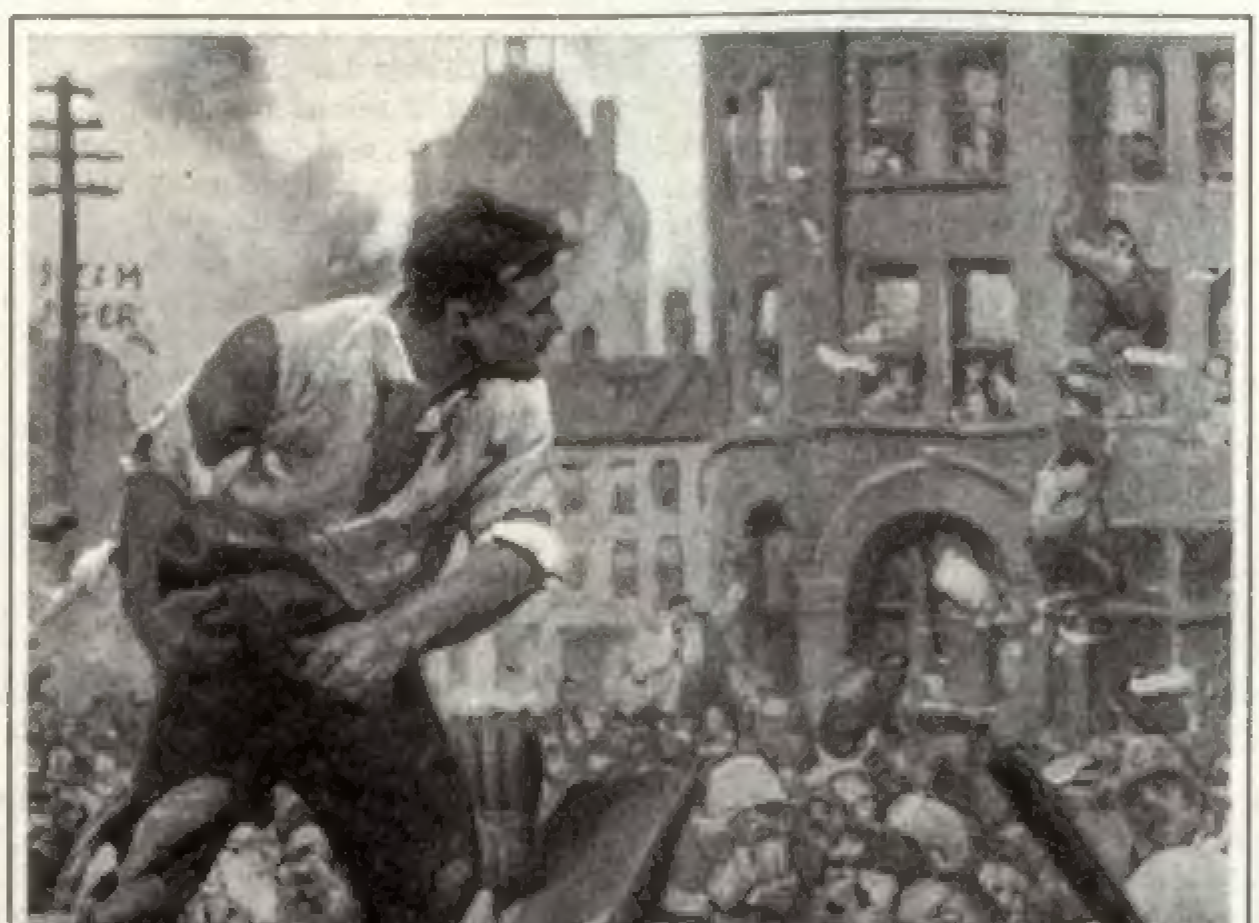
As time went by Freddie Drummond found himself more frequently crossing the Slot and losing himself in South of Market. His summer and winter holidays were spent there, and, whether it was a week or a week-end, he found the time spent there to be valuable and enjoyable. And there was so much material to be gathered. His third book, Mass and Master, became a textbook in the American universities, and almost before he knew it he was at work on a fourth one, The Fallacy of the Inefficient.

Somewhere in his make-up there was a strange twist or quirk. Perhaps it was a recoil from his environment and training or from the tempered seed of his ancestors, who had been bookmen generation preceding generation; but, at any rate, he found enjoyment in being down in the working-class world. In his own world he was Cold-Storage, but down below he was Big Bill Totts, who could drink and smoke and slang and fight and be an all-around favorite. Everybody liked Bill, and more than one working-girl made love to him. At first he had been merely a good actor, but as time went on simulation became second nature. He no longer played a part, and he loved sausages — sausages and bacon, than which, in his own proper sphere, there was nothing more loathsome in the way of food.

From doing the thing for the need's sake he came to doing the thing for the thing's sake. He found himself regretting it as the time drew near for him to go back to his lecture-room and his inhibition. And he often found himself waiting with anticipation for the dreary time to pass when he could cross the Slot and cut loose and play the devil. He was not wicked, but as Big Bill Totts he did a myriad things that Freddie Drummond would never have been permitted to do. Moreover, Freddie Drummond never would have wanted to do them. That was the strangest part of his discovery. Freddie Drummond and Bill Totts were two totally different creatures. The desires and tastes and impulses of each ran counter to the other's. Bill Totts could shirk at a job with a clear conscience, while Freddie Drummond condemned shirking as vicious, criminal and un-American, and devoted whole chapters to condemnation of the vice. Freddie Drummond did not care for dancing, but Bill Totts never missed the nights at the various dancing clubs, such as The Magnolia, The Western Star, and The Elite; while he won a massive silver cup standing thirty inches high for being the best-sustained character at the butchers' and meat-workers' annual grand masked ball. And Bill Totts liked the girls, and the girls liked him, while Freddie Drummond enjoyed playing the ascetic in this particular, was open in his opposition to equal suffrage and cynically bitter in his secret condemnation of co-education.

Freddie Drummond changed his manners with his dress and without effort. When he entered the obscure little room used for his transformation scenes he carried himself just a bit too stiffly. He was too erect, his shoulders were an inch too far back, while his face was grave, almost harsh, and practically expressionless. But when he emerged in Bill Totts' clothes he was another creature. Bill Totts did not slouch, but somehow his whole form limbered up and became graceful. The very sound of the voice was changed and the laugh was loud and hearty, while loose speech and an occasional oath were as a matter of course on his lips. Also Bill Totts was a trifle inclined to late hours, and at times, in saloons, to be good-naturedly bellicose with other workmen. Then, too, at Sunday picnics or when coming home from the show either arm betrayed a practiced familiarity in stealing around girls' waists, while he displayed a wit keen and delightful in the flirtatious badinage that was expected of a good fellow in his class.

So thoroughly was Bill Totts himself, so thoroughly a workman, a genuine denizen of South of the Slot, that he was as class-conscious as the average of his kind, and his hatred for a scab even exceeded that of the average loyal union man. During the water-front strike Freddie Drummond was somehow able to stand apart from the unique combination, and, coldly critical, watch Bill Totts hilariously slug scab longshoremen. For Bill Totts was a dues-paying member of the Longshoremen's Union and had a right to be indignant with the usurpers of his job. Big Bill Totts was so very big and so very able that it was Big Bill to the front when trouble was brewing. From acting outraged feelings Freddie Drummond, in the rôle of his other self, came to experience genuine outrage, and it was only when he returned to the classic atmosphere of the university that he was able, sanely and conservatively, to generalize upon his underworld experiences and put them down on paper as a trained sociologist should. That Bill Totts lacked the perspective to raise him above class-consciousness Freddie Drummond clearly saw. But Bill Totts could not see it. When he saw a scab taking his job away he saw red at the same time and little else did he see. It was Freddie Drummond, irreproachably clothed and comported, seated at his study desk or facing his class in Sociology 17, who saw Bill Totts and all around Bill Totts, and all around the whole scab and union-labor problem and its relation to the economic welfare of the United States in the struggle for the world-market. Bill Totts really wasn't able to see beyond the next meal and the prize-fight the following night at the Gayety Athletic Club.



"Eat 'Em, Bill! Eat 'Em Alive!"

It was while gathering material for Women and Work that Freddie received his first warning of the danger he was in. He was too successful at living in both worlds. This strange dualism he had developed was, after all, very unstable, and as he sat in his study and meditated he saw that it could not endure. It was really a transition stage; and if he persisted he saw that he would inevitably have to drop one world or the other. He could not continue in both. And as he looked at the row of volumes that graced the upper shelf of his revolving bookcase, his volumes, beginning with his Thesis and ending with Women and Work, he decided that that was the world he would hold on to and stick by. Bill Totts had served his purpose, but he had become a too-dangerous accomplice. Bill Totts would have to cease.

Freddie Drummond's fright was due to Mary Condon, president of the International Glove-Workers' Union No. 974. He had seen her first from the spectators' gallery at the annual convention of the Northwest Federation of Labor, and he had seen her through Bill Totts' eyes, and that individual had been most favorably impressed by her. She was not Freddie Drummond's sort at all. What if she were a royal-bodied woman, graceful and sinewy as a panther, with amazing black eyes that could fill with fire or laughter-love, as the mood might dictate? He detested women with a too-exuberant vitality and a lack of—well, of inhibition. Freddie Drummond accepted the doctrine of evolution because it was quite universally accepted by college men, and he flatly believed that man had climbed up the ladder of life out of the weltering muck and mess of lower and monstrous organic things. But he was a trifle ashamed of this genealogy. Wherefore, probably, he practiced his iron inhibition and preached it to others, and preferred women of his own type who could shake free of this bestial and regrettable ancestral line and by discipline and control emphasize the wideness of the gulf that separated them from what their dim forebears had been.

Bill Totts had none of these considerations. He had liked Mary Condon from the moment his eyes first rested on her in the convention hall, and he had made it a point, then and there, to find out who she was. The next time he met her, and quite by accident, was when he was driving an express wagon for Pat Morrissey. It was in a lodging-house in Mission Street, where he had been called to take a trunk into storage. The landlady's daughter had called him and led him to the little bedroom, the occupant of which, a glove-maker, had just been removed to a hospital. But Bill did not know this. He stooped, up-ended the trunk, which was a large one, got it on his shoulder and struggled to his feet with his back toward the open door. At that moment he heard a woman's voice.

"Belong to the union?" was the question asked.

"Aw, what's it to you?" he retorted. "Run along now, an' git outa my way. I wanta turn 'round."

The next he knew, big as he was, he was whirled half around and sent reeling backward, the trunk overbalancing him, till he fetched up with a crash against the wall. He started to swear, but at the same instant found himself looking into Mary Condon's flashing, angry eyes.

"Of course I b'long to the union," he said. "I was only kiddin' you."

"Where's your card?" she demanded in businesslike tones.

"In my pocket. But I can't git it out now. This trunk's too damn heavy. Come on down to the wagon an' I'll show it to you."

"Put that trunk down," was the command.

"What for? I got a card, I'm tellin' you."

"Put it down, that's all. No scab's going to handle that trunk. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you big coward, scabbing on honest men. Why don't you join the union and be a man?"

Mary Condon's color had left her face and it was apparent that she was in a white rage.

"To think of a big man like you turning traitor to his class. I suppose you're aching to join the militia for a chance to shoot down union drivers the next strike. You may belong to the militia already, for that matter. You're the sort ——"

"Hold on now; that's too much!" Bill dropped the trunk to the floor with a bang, straightened up and thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket. "I told you I was only kiddin'. There, look at that."

It was a union card properly enough.

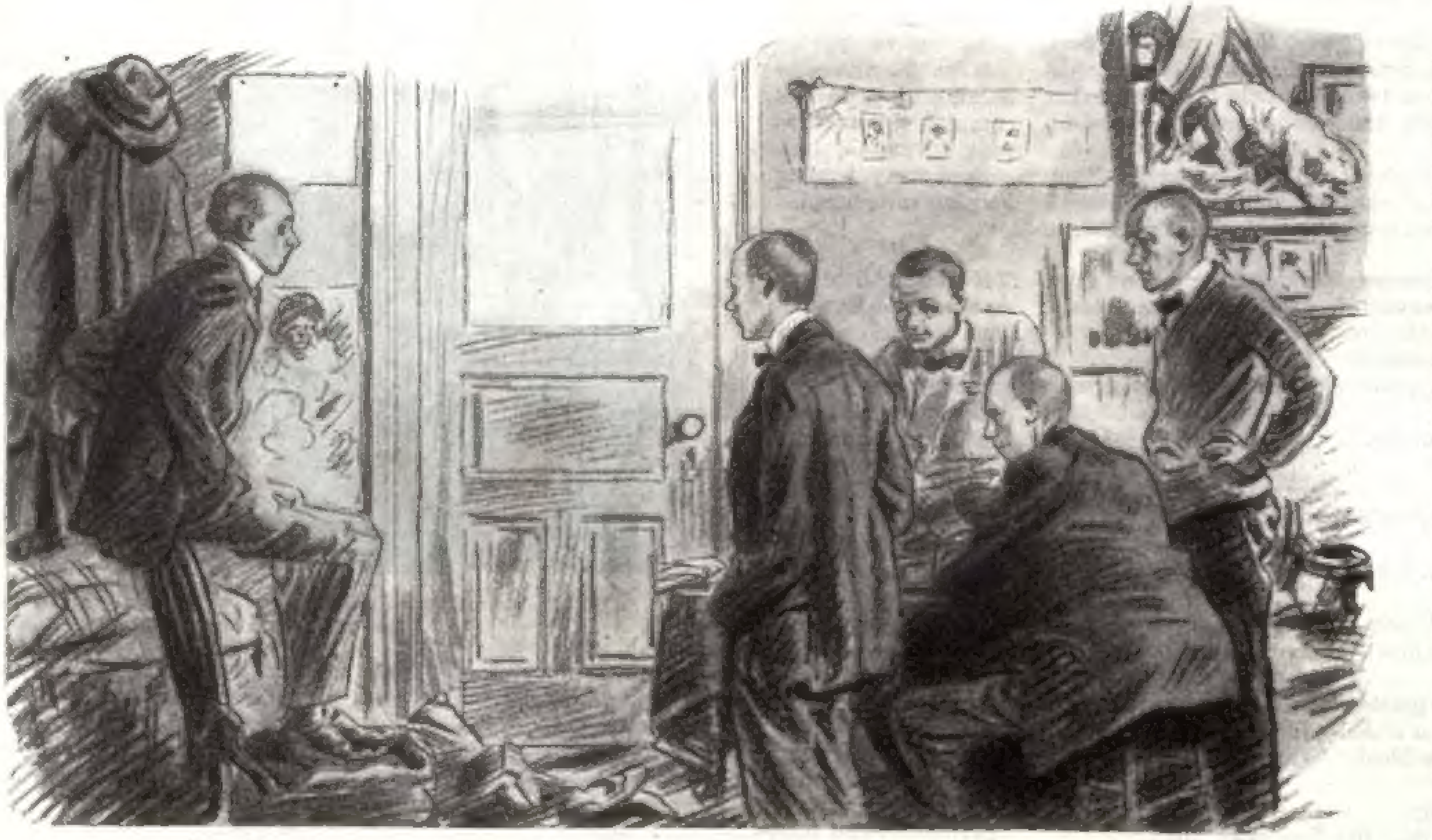
"All right, take it along," Mary Condon said. "And the next time don't kid."

Her face relaxed as she noticed the ease with which he got the big trunk to his shoulder and her eyes glowed as they glanced over the graceful massiveness of the man. But Bill did not see that. He was too busy with the trunk.

The next time he saw Mary Condon was during the laundry strike. The laundry workers, but recently organized, were green at the business, and had petitioned Mary Condon to engineer the strike. Freddie Drummond had had an inkling of what was coming and had sent Bill Totts to join the union and investigate. Bill's job was in the washroom, and the men had been called out first that morning in order to stiffen the courage of the girls; and Bill chanced to be near the door to the mangle-room when Mary Condon started to enter. The superintendent, who was both large and stout, barred her way. He wasn't going to have his girls called out and he'd teach her a lesson to mind her own business. And as Mary tried to squeeze past him he thrust her back

(Continued on Page 36)

THE BOY WITH AN IDEA



"Are You Still Eager to Rise at an Unearthly Hour, to Eat the Deadly Sinker and the Scrag Bird?"

By OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF THE ETERNAL BOY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN he leaned against a wall his empty trousers wrapped themselves like damp sheets around his ankles. When he strode forth like a pair of animated scissors his coat hung from the points of his shoulder-blades as though floating from a rake, while his narrow, lengthened head seemed more like a cross-section than a completed structure.

Hickey, after a long period of mental wrestling, had named him the Tennessee Shad, and the same was agreed to be Hickey's *magnum opus*. It expressed not simply a state of inordinate thinness, but one of incredible, preposterous boniness such as could only have been possessed by that antediluvian monster that did or did not sharpen its sides on the ridges of Tennessee.

The Tennessee Shad frankly confessed his ambition to be a philosopher, his idea of the same being that of a gloriously languid person who resided in a tub and thought out courses of action for other people to toil over.

His first efforts were naturally directed to the greatest saving of personal energy. His window opened, his door shut, his lamp was extinguished by a series of ropes which he operated from his bed. On retiring he drew his undergarments through his trousers, tucked the legs carefully in the socks, which in turn were placed in his slippers, and leaned the whole against the chair, on the back of which his undershirt in his shirt, his shirt in his vest, his vest in his coat lay gaping for the morrow. As a result of this precocious grasping of the principles of economics he was able to spring from his bed fully clothed with but two motions, an upward struggle and a downward kick.

The physical inertia was not, however, accompanied by any surrender of the imagination. On the contrary, he liked nothing better than to propose ideas; to lie back, lazily turning a straw in his lips, and to throw out suggestions that would produce commotions and give him the keen intellectual enjoyment of watching others hustle. These little ideas of the Tennessee Shad's, so rapturously hailed at the inception, were not always so admired in the retrospect; as once, for instance, when the word from the Faculty went out that every boy must wear a hat, one hundred sheeplike followers of the Shad's had mutilated as many three-to-five-dollar derbies, on the theory that a brim must be construed as a hat. If after-regrets chilled the enthusiasm of many, still it was not until fourth-form year arrived, with the three following episodes of rampant imagination, that the Tennessee Shad became, like the prophet, without honor in his own country. This much in parentheses.

II

"GEE, Sunday's a bore!" said the Egghead, on the window-seat, sticking a pin in Lovely Mead's leg to make room for his own.

"Ouch!" said Lovely in surprised indignation. "I've a mind to lick you, Egghead."

"Wish you would—anything for excitement!"

"What let's do?" said Macnooder from under the desk-lamp, where he was pretending to read.

"Let's do something devilish."

"Ah, December's too cold."

"I have an idea," drawled out the Tennessee Shad from the fire-rug, where he lay pillowed on the Gutter Pup's sleepy form. "Let's eat something."

At this there was a mild commotion on the window-seat, where four forms lay curled, puppy fashion.

"Eat what?"

"I was sort of speculating on a Welsh rabbit," said the Shad in a nasal drawl.

"That's about up to your usual brand of ideas, you thin, elongated, bony Tennessee Shad," said the Gutter Pup contemptuously. "Where are we going to get anything on a Sunday evening?"

"I have a hunch," said the Tennessee Shad languidly. "I have a most particular hunch that Poler Fox was seen Saturday afternoon buying a luscious, fat and juicy piece of cheese at Doc Forman's. Question to the jury: Is or is not that cheese?"

Four figures sat up.

"Poler Fox?"

"What right has he to a piece of cheese?"

"This should be investigated!"

"It should."

"It will be!"

The Tennessee Shad and the Gutter Pup went softly down one flight of the Upper and along the corridor where Poler Fox burned the midnight oil. They paused and consulted.

"Had we better swipe it or invite him?"

"Let's try to swipe it first—we can always invite him."

"Who ever heard of keeping a cheese over night, anyway?"

"That's right; it's positively unhealthy."

"We really ought to complain."

"Who'll swipe it?"

"I'll get him out of his room," said the Tennessee Shad, "and you rush in and capture the milkweed."

The Gutter Pup, for good reason, did not trust to the purity of the Tennessee Shad's intentions.

"Why don't you do the lifting?" he said suspiciously.

"You ungrateful Gutter Pup, don't you see?—you won't be seen. He'll know I was only a blind. But have it your own way."

"No," said the Gutter Pup. "You go ahead and get him out of the room."

He waited, ensconcing himself on the shadowy steps, until he saw the Shad and Poler Fox emerge and disappear down the resounding corridor. Then, quickly gliding to the abandoned room, he stepped through the door, elevated his nose, sniffed and considered.

Cheeses are not usually left unexposed or permitted to lend their aroma to articles that are to be worn. He could discard the bureau drawers and the trunk. He peered through the window; it was not on the sill. He opened the closet and drew a long, ineffectual breath. Then getting down on his hands and knees he started under the bed.

At this moment the Tennessee Shad returned with Poler Fox.

"Why, Gutter Pup," said the Shad blandly, "what are you doing under the bed?"

"I came down to borrow a trot," said the Gutter Pup, looking steadily at the Shad; "and I dropped a dime. I think it rolled under the bed."

"You weren't trying to steal Poler's cheese, were you?" said the Tennessee Shad reproachfully.

"Of course I wasn't," said the Gutter Pup indignantly.

"'Cause Poler wants to give a Welsh rabbit party," said the Shad softly, "and he mightn't feel like inviting you if you were abusing his confidence."

The procession returned, the Tennessee Shad keeping a safe distance from the Gutter Pup, with Poler Fox clutching the cheese as his passport into the feast.

Then a crisis arose.

"What're you going to put in it?" said the Egghead skeptically.

"You can't make a Welsh rabbit without beer," said Turkey Reiter.

"Rats!" said the Tennessee Shad. "That's all you know. You can put a dozen things in."

The assembly divided radically.

"Come off!"

"What else?"

"Who ever heard of a rabbit without beer?"

"I've eaten them with condensed milk."

"We made 'm in the Dickinson with ginger pop."

"Anything'll do, so long as there's alcohol in it."

"Oh, murder!"

"Poison!"

"Not at all—they're not half bad."

"Order!" said the Tennessee Shad, rapping on the chafing-dish. "I guess I've eaten and made more Welsh rabbits than any one in this bunch of amateurs. Hungry Smeed is right—you can make them with anything that's got a drop of alcohol in it."

Turkey and Macnooder put up their noses and bayed at the ceiling.

"Contrary-minded can exit."

The protest subsided at once.

"The next best thing to beer is imported ginger ale," said the Tennessee Shad. "Who's got ginger ale?"

A silence.

"Who's got ginger pop?"

Another silence.

"Root beer?"

More silence.

"Sarsaparilla?"

"I have," said the Gutter Pup, jumping up and disappearing under the window-seat.

A cheer went up.

Suddenly the Gutter Pup bounded out.

"I put three bottles of sarsaparilla there Friday night," he said wrathfully. "If I knew the low-livered sneak that would steal ——"

"Stealing is contemptible," said the Tennessee Shad softly, while every one looked indignant. "I continue, who's got any cider? Who's got any lemon squash?"

"It's no use," said the gloomy Egghead. "No rabbit for us!"

"We have still our friends," said the persistent Shad. "I move we begin to sleuth. Remember, ginger ale first—but anything after."

The party went off in couples, all except the Tennessee Shad, the Gutter Pup, who didn't trust the Shad, and Poler Fox, who didn't trust the Gutter Pup.

In ten minutes the Triumphant Egghead and Hungry Smeed returned.

"Anything?" said the Tennessee Shad, ceasing to coax the melting mass of cheese.

"Nope."

Lovely Mead came back, and then Macnooder and Turkey Reiter empty-handed. The gloom spread.

"What a beastly shame!"

"And such a sweet cheese!"

"My, what a lovely smell!"

"Well, we're beaten—that's all."

"I have an idea," said the Tennessee Shad. "Let's try witch-hazel."

A howl went up.

"You Indian!"

"You assassin!"

"Eat it yourself!"

"Witch-hazel hasn't got alcohol in it, you ignoramus!"

"Why not?" said the Tennessee Shad militantly.

Every one looked at the Egghead.

"Why not?"

The Egghead found the answer too difficult and remained silent.

"Give me the witch-hazel," said the Tennessee Shad, stirring the rabbit with determined swoops. "Now, just let me give you a point or two. It's only the alcohol that counts, you jayhawkers; the rest evaporates—goes up in steam."

"Say, Sport," said Turkey, only half reassured, "you may be right, but go slow—sort of coddle that witch-hazel. Let it taste more of Doc Forman's grocery, if it's the same to you."

"Sure!" said the Tennessee Shad. "I'll put in an extra load of mustard and cayenne. Get those plates ready, you loafers. Dish out the crackers. Here goes!"

Eight plates stood untasted.

"Strange how my appetite's gone," said the Egghead dreamily.

"I don't feel a bit hungry."

"Some one taste it."

"Taste it yourself."

"Here, this won't do," said the Shad, frowning. "Let's all begin together."

Eight spoons made a feint toward the new species of rabbit.

The Tennessee Shad looked thoughtful, then spoke.

"Fellows, I've got an idea! Let's make it sweepstakes."

"Good idea."

"Why, Shad, you're getting intelligent."

"We'll each chip in a nickel and the first one through takes the pot," said the Shad. "Hungry, pass the tooth-mug."

The nickels fell noisily.

"One, two, three!" said the Tennessee Shad.

Eight spoons brandished in the air and rose again empty.

"Well, let's make it worth while," said the Shad. "Let's sweeten it with a quarter apiece. Sweepstakes, two dollars and forty cents. Hungry, lead the mug around again."

Each, as he dropped in a quarter, gazed deep into the mug, drew a breath and set his teeth—two dollars and forty cents was a fortune, two weeks before Christmas.

"Every one in?" said the Tennessee Shad. "No hunchin', Gutter Pup and Hungry, start fair—one, two, three, go!"

Not a boy faltered—Hungry Smeed won from the Gutter Pup by several strings and dove for the pot.

Then they sat and looked at one another.

"Gee, I feel queer!" said Turkey, with an expression of inward searching on his face.

"So do I."

"I believe we're poisoned."

"I know I am!"

"Honest, no joking, I do feel devilish queer."

"What in the deuce did we do it for?"

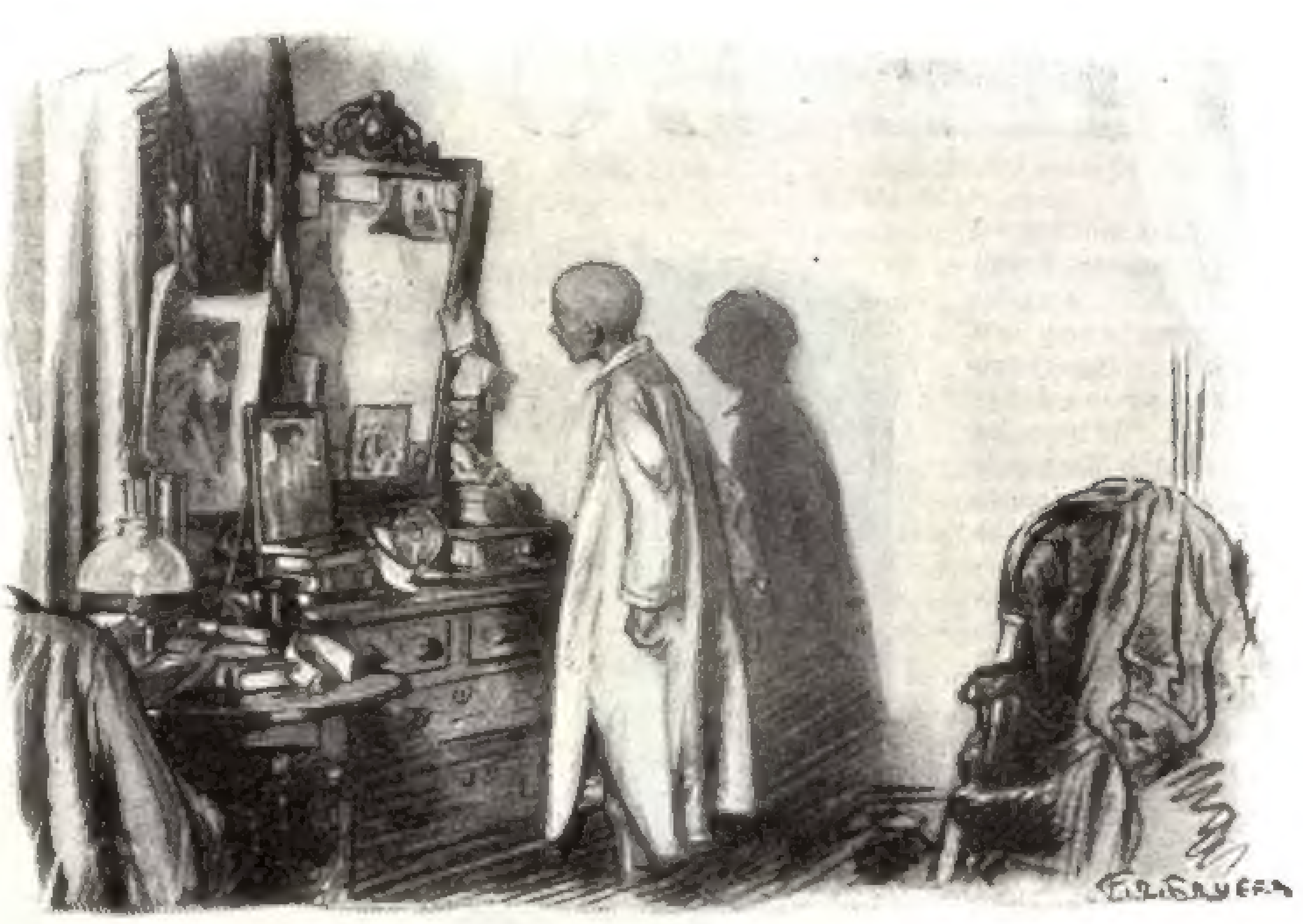
"Who suggested witch-hazel?" said the Gutter Pup, clutching at his indignant digestion. "I'll fix him."

"Yes, who did?" said Turkey, rising with difficult wrath.

"Tennessee Shad!"

Seven writhing forms sprang up furiously.

The Tennessee Shad, with a perfect comprehension of dramatic values, had slipped away, leaving his plate untouched.



Remained Transfixed With Despair at the Sight of Two Elephantine Ears Flanking a Snow-White Cranium

III

IN THOSE days when the Gymnasium was still an oft-promised land the winter term, from January to April, was to the embattled Faculty what the Indian season was to the early pioneers. Four hundred odd, combustible boys, deprived of outlet, cooped up for days by slush and sleet, presented in miniature that same state of frothy unrest from which spout forth South American somersaults and Balkan explosions.

It takes usually two weeks for the exhausted boy to recuperate from the Christmas vacation, but from about the twentieth of January the physical body overtakes the imagination and things begin to happen.

Toward the first week of February there gathered in the Triumphant Egghead's room ten disgusted members of the Upper House, utterly wearied with life, especially bored with the present and without the slightest hope for the future.

Outside a steady, sleety downpour brought feeble icicles from the roof and ran rivulets through the muddied snowbanks.

"Now, it's turned to rain again," announced Hungry Smeed, with his nose applied to the window-pane while his waving heels cast shadows on the wall. "Nice, wet, oozy, luscious rain."

"Let's all go bicycling," said Lovely Mead facetiously.

"What time is it?" asked the Gutter Pup from the crowd on the couch.

"Just two o'clock."

A groan went up.

"Is that all?"

"Thought it was after four."

"What is there to do?"

"It's still raining, fellows," said Smeed from the window, and the conversation ceased.

"Do you think Yale'll beat Princeton?" asked Turkey Reiter at last.

"Stop trying to make conversation," said Doc Macnooder resentfully, "and don't move any more; you're the deuce of a sofa pillow."

"Who's going to the Prom?" inquired Crazy Opdyke feebly.

"Crazy, you annoy me," said Butcher; "you annoy me and disturb my rest. Don't propound questions."

"Say, fellows!" said Smeed in great excitement.

"What?"

"It's snowing!"

The door opened a crack and the Tennessee Shad slipped in.

"What's doing, fellows?"

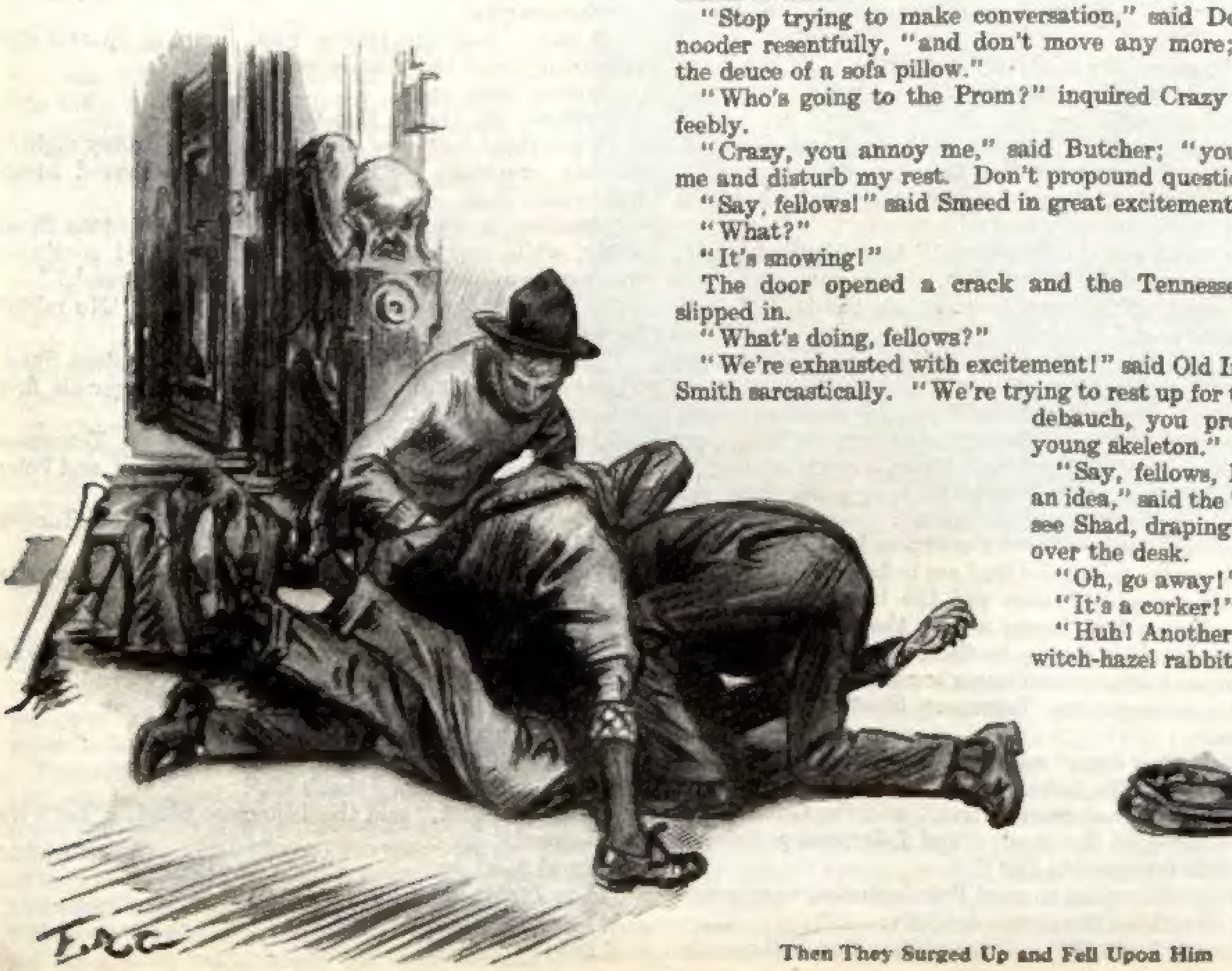
"We're exhausted with excitement!" said Old Ironsides Smith sarcastically. "We're trying to rest up for the next debauch, you precocious young skeleton."

"Say, fellows, I've got an idea," said the Tennessee Shad, draping himself over the desk.

"Oh, go away!"

"It's a corker!"

"Huh! Another of those witch-hazel rabbits?"



Then They Surged Up and Fell Upon Him

"No, no," said the Tennessee Shad, hurriedly skipping that disastrous episode. "This is a sensation!"

"Of course!"

"Never mind—let him speak his piece."

"Let's form," said the Tennessee Shad slowly—"Let's form a Criminal Club."

"A what?"

"Criminal Club—convicts and that sort of thing. We'll shave off our heads and go about lock-step."

"And initiate new members?" cried Goat Finney.

"Sure."

"And go into chapel tomorrow morning lock-step?"

"Of course!"

"Gee, what a peach of an idea!"

"Can you see the Doctor's face?"

"Oh, mother!"

"Hurray!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hurroo!"

Into the dry pit of baffled energy an idea had fallen, and in a moment all was flame and fury.

"Shad, this is a good one," said Turkey, rousing himself. "We'll call it quits on that rabbit—only—only, remembering the past, we would like to have assurances from you, assurances and guarantees."

"I second the motion most emphatically," said the Gutter Pup revengefully.

The fate of the Criminal Club hung in the balance.

"Look at this," said the Tennessee Shad. And he removed his sombrero.

From ear to ear, from the nape of his neck to the blade of his nose, he was as smooth as a china egg. The day was won in a rollicking cheer.

"Oh, look at him! Look at him!"

"Isn't he wonderful?"

"Bee-oo-tiful!"

"Me for a convict!"

"Can you see the sensation?"

"Bully for the Shad!"

"Let's do it now."

"Come on!"

Five minutes of scurrying to and fro, for scissors and shaving kits, and the Triumphant Egghead's room presented the spectacle of an improvised barber shop.

"How'll we begin?" said the Gutter Pup.

"Who goes first?"

"Supposin' we draw for it."

"Who does the shaving?"

"We can't shave back of our own ears."

"The way to do it," said Macnooder, "is for one-half of us to shave the other half."

"That's it."

"Let her go at that."

"Who first?"

But here a difficulty arose. No one cared to go first.

"This won't do," said the fiery-headed Gutter Pup, repulsing the offers of Doc Macnooder. "If I'm going to shed my shade trees—I don't trust any man, least of all Doc Macnooder."

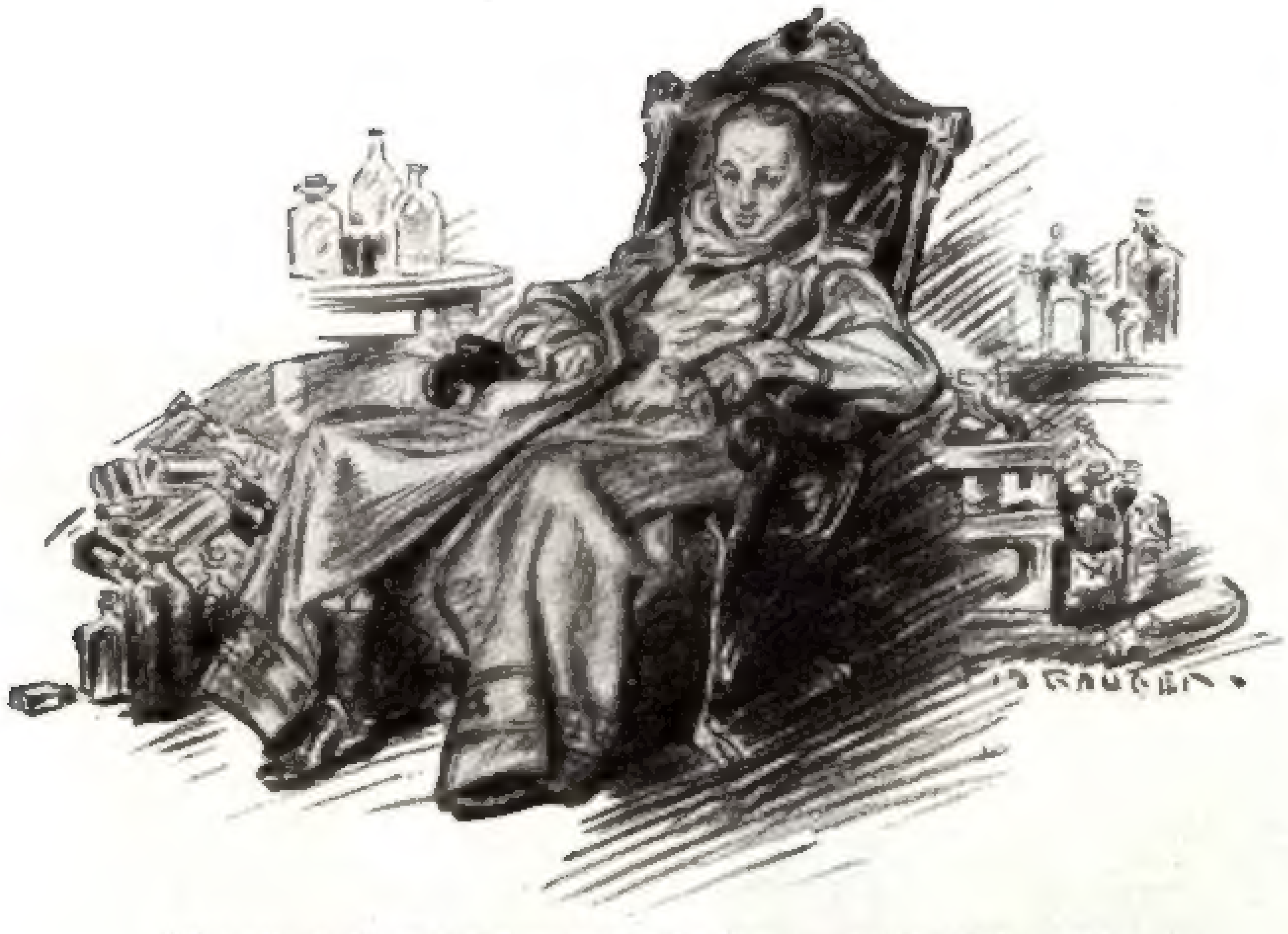
"What do you mean?"

"I mean no one scalps any of my hair till I get a guarantee off his."

"Rats!" said the Tennessee Shad. "Gutter Pup's a natural-born kicker. Go ahead, Doc, and give him an object-lesson."

But Macnooder shook his head.

"In the present state of the Gutter Pup's mind—no!" he said thoughtfully. "No, I've got to see a nice white



"You Can't Have Measles Twice, You Ignoramus," Said Macnooder. "I Had 'Em Four Years Ago"

boulevard on those red lands before I consent to laying out mine."

"Will some one else start her up?"

In the silence that ensued Old Ironsides noisily dropped a pin.

"Shad," said the pessimistic Egghead, "it's a good scheme of yours, a bully good scheme; the only trouble is there doesn't seem to be enough mutual confidence. I guess the verdict'll have to be premature death."

"Shad, old sporting print," said Turkey, "have you any suggestion for harmony?"

"Nothing easier," said the Tennessee Shad, locking the door and pocketing the key. "There's one guarantee and here's another. Stand up, form a circle, every one face the man to his right, grab the shoulders of the man in front of you, sit down slowly on the knees of the fellow behind you, the fellow in front sits down on yours, slowly, *slowly*. There you are. That's the way the Zouaves do it."

The ten found themselves in a circle, comfortably seated and seating.

"There's the answer," said the ringmaster triumphantly; "you shave and get shaved, no first and no last; the happy family; safety razors only. Now, get up, stick on the towels and start with the scissors first."

The Tennessee Shad enthroned himself on a table as master of ceremonies, while the hilarious circle formed about him in a bedlam of exclamation.

"How the deuce is Hungry Smeed going to reach up to Turkey?"

"Stick him on a chair, you chump!"

"I don't want the Gutter Pup."

"Aw, send him over here."

"Stop bobbing that head, you Butcher."

"Shorten the circle."

"I can't get Crazy's scalp lock."

"When do we begin?"

"Say when, Shad."

"All ready."

"Let her go!" said the Tennessee Shad from his perch.

Pretty soon protests broke out.

"Ouch!"

"Do you think you're biting them off?"

"Be a little careless back there."

"Say, who's got the Gutter Pup? Murder him!"

"Moses!"

"Kezowy!"

"Help!"

"Better be careful," said the Tennessee Shad warningly; "in a moment you're going to face the other way."

The shears snipped more gently.

"What do we do when we get through the back?" said Goat Finney.

"You lather it and shave."

"What about the rest?"

"The front's easy enough; any one can do that."

In an hour every head was as bald as a sapling in a hurricane. They stood and gazed at one another, shrieking with laughter. They hugged one another, rolled on the floor in joyful battling groups, and blessed the imagination that had turned a slough of despond into a vaudeville. On the last stroke of the dinner-bell, solemnly, in lock-step, led by Hungry Smeed and grading up to the mighty Turkey Reiter, eleven glistening heads in sequence descended on the dining-room. At the same moment, from the north entrance, appeared a chain-gang of eight, equally void of hair, led by Mucker Reilly, followed by Snorky Green, Beauty Sautelle, Tough McCarthy, Charlie DeSoto, Piggy Moore, the Pink Rabbit and the Waladoo Bird!

The duplicity of the Tennessee Shad was forgotten in the masterly climax he had imagined. The rival clubs met and agreed to proselyte and divide the school.

At eight o'clock the next morning, when the Doctor, all unaware, stood in his pulpit, rubbing his glasses and shooting careful glances along the crowded pews, suddenly a shriek went up. Marching proudly with gleeful faces, two gangs of bald-headed boys suddenly appeared abreast, and in rhythmic step came down the aisles amid the gasps, the shrieks and roars of the school.

Now, there are two things a head master must control: his temper and, above all, his sense of humor. The situation was serious; a smile would have been fatal. Something had to be done at once or within a day there would not be enough hair left in the excited school to tuft the head of a Japanese doll. He set his teeth and stared his most terrific stare at a point where the double row of bald heads faded from the vision. Luckily the service allowed him to stifle his amusement and fan up his wrath by calling up the horrible vision of the threatening epidemic.

"Never in my experience, in my whole experience as a scholar or a teacher," he began, glaring with painful ferocity at the denuded culprits, "never have I known such willful, malicious and outrageous desecration of the house of the Lord as you young scoundrels have shown today. I do not know whether I shall expel you outright or deprive you of your diplomas; I shall wait until I can consider the matter more calmly. But this I can say right now, if any other incipient imbecile in this school dares to imitate this exhibition of monumental asininity that boy will leave this school within an hour and never return. I will see these poor lunatics in my study after lunch."

The members of the newly-formed Housebreakers' Union went out quietly, stealing apprehensive glances at one another.

At two o'clock, as they huddled together in the solemn study, each striving to occupy an unexposed position, T. Dean Smith, secretary, appeared and, after gazing in fascination at them, said:

"Well, boys, you certainly have riled the Doctor this time. You'd better go back quietly."

"Oh, Smithy, won't he see us?" said the Pink Rabbit in a panic, while others exclaimed:

"Is he going to fire us?"

"Will he take away our dips?"

"What does he say?"

"Is he mad as a hornet?"

"He says he won't trust himself to see you now," said Smith gravely, without mentioning the reason why the mirth-tortured Doctor wouldn't trust himself to face that side-splitting spectacle. "I'd lay pretty quiet for a while, if I were you fellows. Let it blow over a little."

"Gee!" said the Tennessee Shad in disgust, as they filed through the gloomy portals. "Can't he have a sense of humor?"

T. Dean Smith glanced at the curtains of the Doctor's sanctum, but did not reply. Instead he stood on the top step gazing down on them with a sardonic smile.

"You'll be a beautiful sight at the Prom, you will!" he said and entered the house. His words fell like a bomb.

"Geewhilikens!"

"Holy cats and mice!"

"I never thought of that!"

"Give me the dunce cap!"

"Of all the fools!"

"Goats!"

"Asses!"

"Idiots!"

"My whole family's coming."

"The family's not what's worrying me."

"Who started us on this fool stunt?"

"The Tennessee Shad."

"Rough-house him!"

"Hold up! I'm in the same boat," cried the Tennessee Shad. "Don't lose your blooming heads; the Prom's two weeks off!"

"Two weeks?" shouted the Gutter Pup, with a glitter in his eye. "What's two weeks going to do? Do you think we can get respectable in two weeks?"

"Nothing easier," said the Tennessee Shad. "Hair tonic!"

"Fall in line," said Turkey Reiter, seizing instantly the suggestion.

The eleven convicts and the eight housebreakers assumed a chain-gang formation.

"About face!"

"Mark time!"

"Right, left!"

"Forward, march!"

Lock-step, pounding the ground, they went swiftly toward the village and descended on the vendors of hair lotions.

That night the commercial Macnooder transformed his room into a barber shop, with rows of lotions and glassy ointments, took in the Tennessee Shad as partner and hung out this shingle:

THE IMPERIAL TONSORIAL PARLORS

MACNOODER AND THE TENNESSEE SHAD BOSS BARBERS

CASH, MORE CASH, AND NOTHING BUT CASH!

Massage	$ .03
Friction with any hair encourager	.05
Vaselining	.03
Three-in-One	.10
Two weeks' treatment	1.25

No towels supplied.

The Macnooder treatment coaxes forth the hair, seizes and stretches it, makes it long and curly. Long and curly hair means social success at the Prom; social success means retaining the affections of the fair!

Don't hesitate, don't calculate, do it now!

Come early, come often and bring the children!

Two weeks to cover their nakedness, two weeks to meet the all-seeing feminine eye. That night, each greased hopeful went to bed with a prayer for the morrow.

At the stroke of the rising bell the Gutter Pup catapulted out of bed and flung himself anxiously before his mirror and remained transfixed with despair at the sight of two elephantine ears flanking a snow-white cranium that had not been covered over night with hair. At this moment a groan arose from Lovely Mead's room across the study.

"Is that you, Lovely?" said the Gutter Pup, fascinated by the horrible caricature in the mirror.

"It is."

"What luck?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing here."

The door opened on the Triumphant Egghead and Hungry Smeed in pajamas.

"What luck, you fellows?"

"Don't ask!"

"I've got a couple of shoots on top," said the Egghead; "but that's where Butcher Stevens' razor missed me. Isn't it awful?"

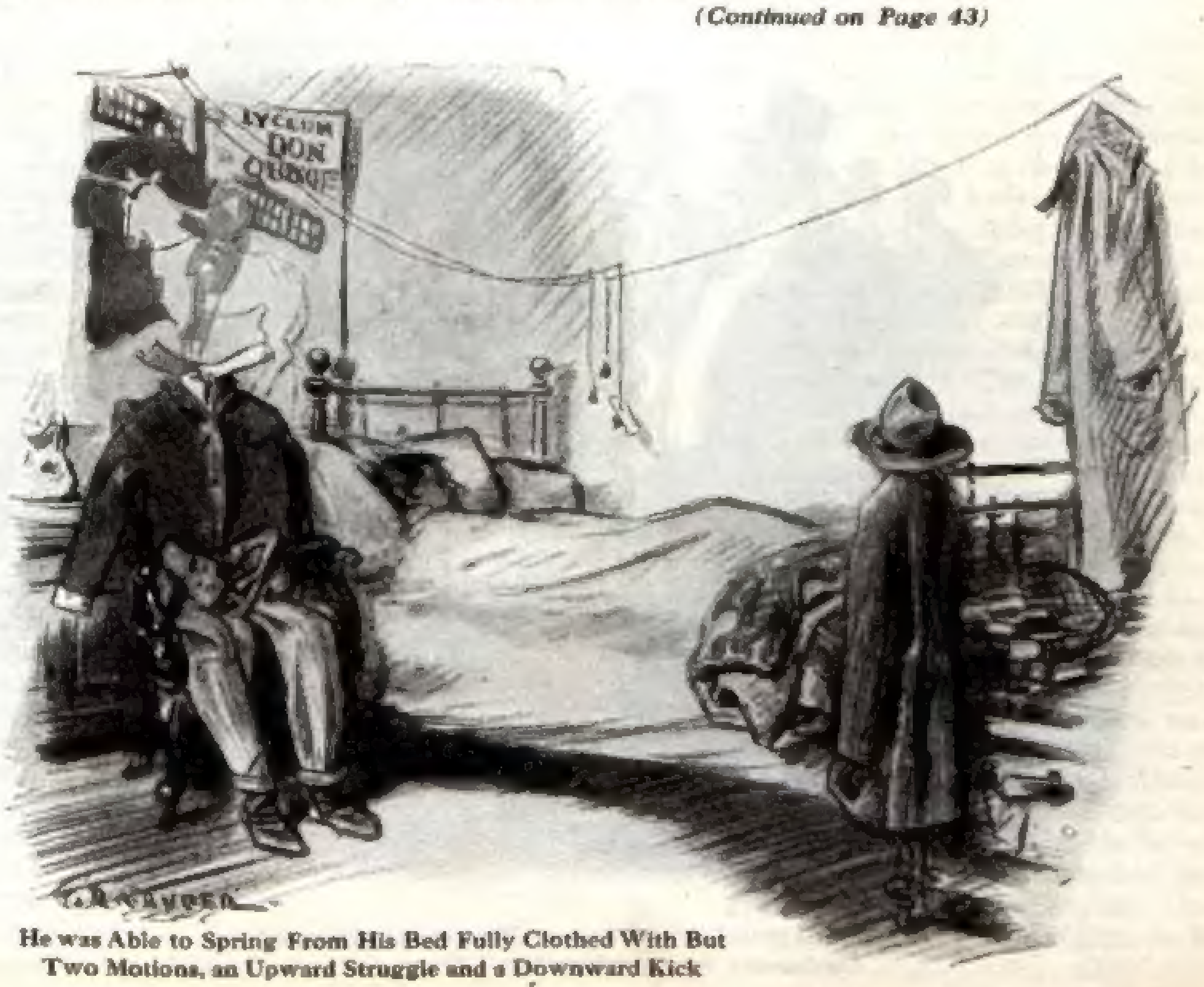
"When do you suppose it'll come out again?"

"There must be something tomorrow morning."

"What will we look like at the Prom?"

"I'm desperate," said the Triumphant Egghead. "I've got an Apollo Belvedere rival who stays at home. Jerusalem, where will I be now when she sees this!"

(Continued on Page 43)

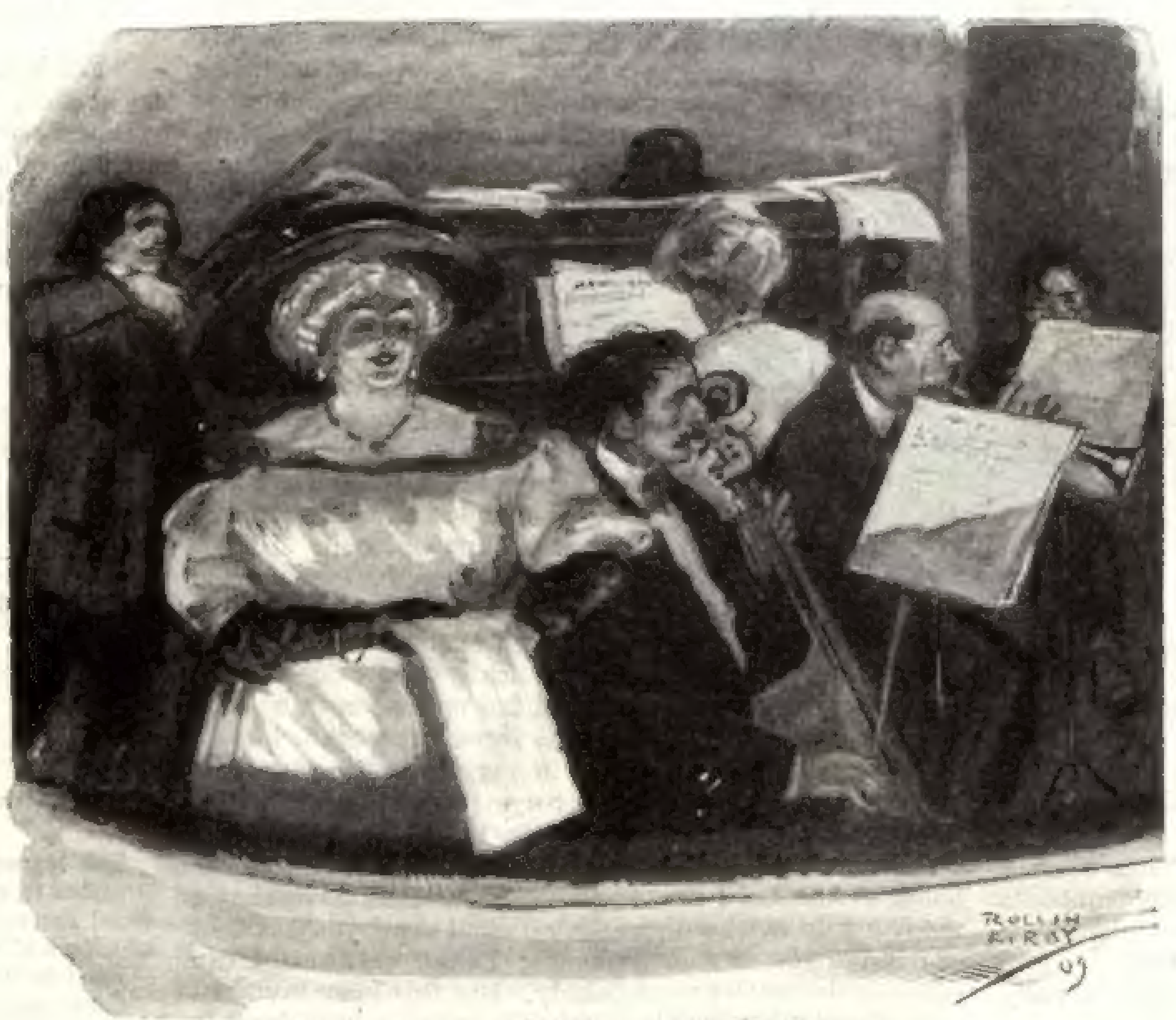


He was Able to Spring From His Bed Fully Clothed With But Two Motions, an Upward Struggle and a Downward Kick

The "Has-Beens" of New York

By ROY NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY



She Accepts It as Adulation and Appears Pleased

"IF YOU live outside New York you're only camping out," were lines of a song that had some vogue in the big Eastern metropolis a couple of years ago, and doubtless this is the attitude of a very great percentage of the self-satisfied natives of that city. Nobody cares to quarrel over the sentiment; it isn't worth while. Nor does any one care to quarrel with New York; it isn't worth while. But the damage of the avowed excellence is inflicted on those who are not New Yorkers—those thousands who are misled, believe and pour in from all sections of the United States and the world to what imagination has pictured as a goal of promise.

What becomes of them? Do they find the rainbow's end? What percentage of these argonauts achieve either happiness or success? There are no statistics on the subject, but the thoughtful observer is forced to believe that the tiny craft submerged compared to those that survive are about in proportion to ships caught in the maelstrom. The stranger who ventures into the great arena with lance a-couch is apt to see but one side, through ignorance has small opportunity of appreciating the other, and his means of acquiring knowledge usually comes too late—after he has entered the lists, been thrown and joined the army of "Has-beens," or failures. Just think of the Has-beens!

Here are a few of them, some of whom can be discovered any night if the guide is a good one who knows people and speaks tongues other than his own.

There's a café not very far from the Flatiron building and west of Broadway, in what was at one time a fine private residence. It is dingy and weather-beaten on the outside. In the day it broods. Its life begins with the darkness. Waifs of the night, those derelicts of both sexes and all ages, pass wearily along the street in front. One climbs the ancient steps and opens the doors. Instantly the ears are jarred with clash, clatter and blare, and the eyes and nostrils smart from the stench of tobacco smoke. The place reeks with odors and is usually crowded to suffocation. Small tables are so closely placed that the Italian waiters, slim though they are, find it difficult to move around.

In the Café of the Down and Out

EVERYTHING is bizarre; the lights, the decorations, the plants, the archways where partitions have been half torn out—yes, even the daubed scenery set back of the rear windows in an endeavor to create an illusion of far-reaching and sunlit fields.

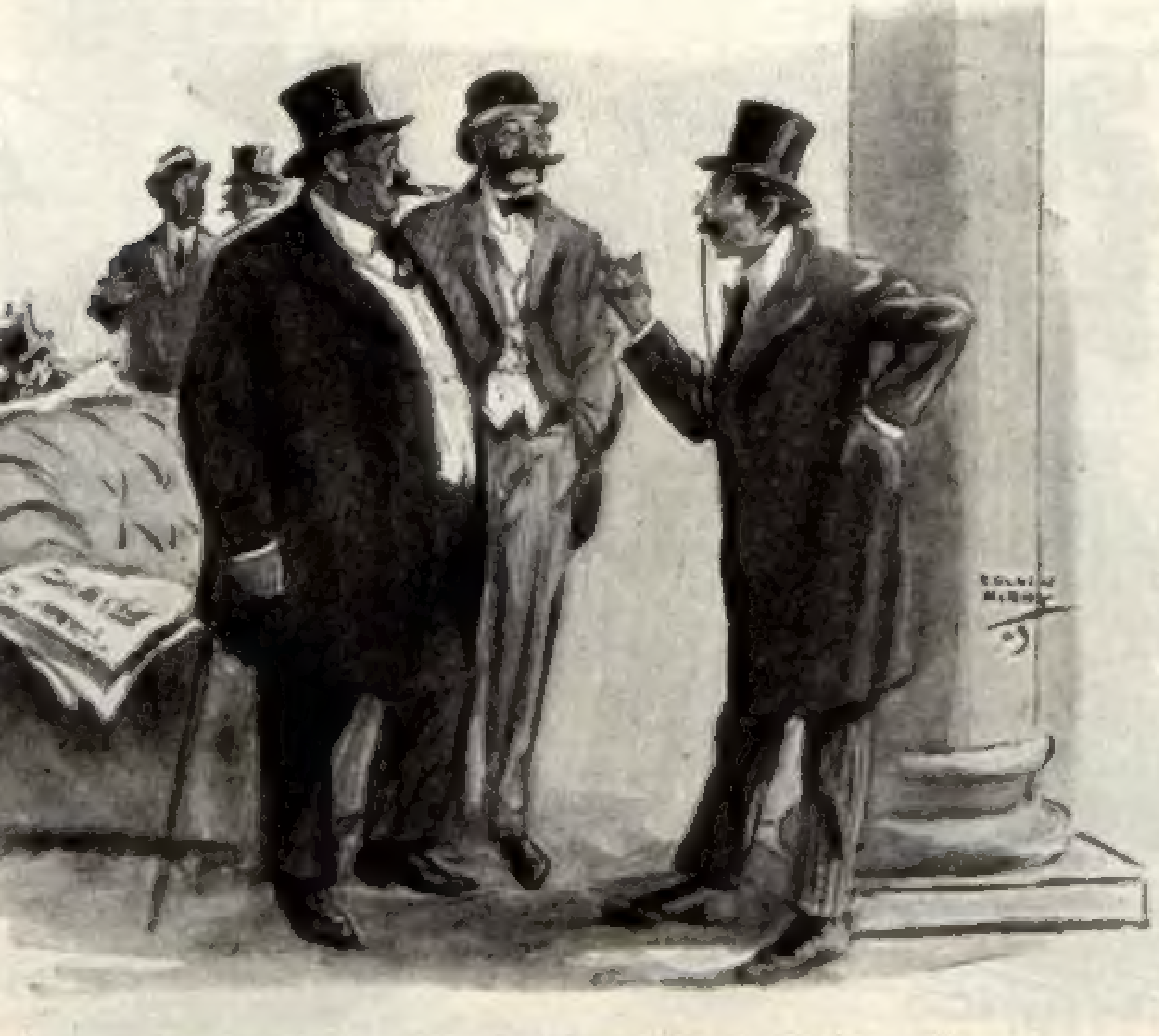
In one corner is a group of college boys singing at the tops of fresh young voices, and in another is a bibulous party where corks are popping. Here are three Hungarians in a heated argument, there a woman with jewels who shrugs very bare shoulders and speaks French to her *vis-à-vis*, and across the room sit two men who were once accused of anarchy.

The whole effect is one of such blended smell and noise that one's senses are in time dulled to everything except the loudest of either: the stench of some garlic-laden dish carried past one's nose by the perspiring waiter, or the sudden shrill scream of laughter—or sometimes anger—from a woman whose emotions have been too deeply stirred.

Sharply there breaks into this turmoil the sound of music, noticeable only because of its different tonal quality. It comes from a little side balcony large enough comfortably to accommodate two musicians, but now packed with a half-grown orchestra. If you are musical and close enough to hear you are surprised at its excellence. The leader handles his bow with the long, sure stroke of the virtuoso, the violoncello throbs with tones that bespeak the artist, and the pianist, a slender slip of a girl, vamps more parts for harmony than you ever thought possible.

There is a stir in the balcony and up to its rail comes an Italian woman who is grotesquely fleshy. She bows, smirks and smiles. Those who have been there before raise a shout beneath which all but the woman herself catch the bitterness of jeers. She accepts it as adulation and appears pleased. While the orchestra tries to make its prelude heard above the combination of applause, "bo-o-o's" and facetious remarks, you study her. At a distance her hair appears blond—strikingly so; but close to her, where the lights are less kindly, you discover that it is turning gray and that her eyes look either careworn or dissipated—perhaps a little of both. Anyway, she sings!

She throws her head back with the first note of attack, and if you are musical you start from your seat as if your ears had been slapped. Such a voice! You may have heard worse, perhaps, at grand opera; but, after all, you think, Sole Mio is a simple song and, perhaps, she could sing nothing more pretentious. She concludes. The mixture of noise which follows by way of demonstration is hard to classify, so intermingled is it with applause and derision. You who are actually applauding wonder why.



Came to New York With a Splendid Scheme Whereby He Proposed to Amalgamate Stenographers Into a Trust

A head waiter, important and low-browed, hands her a slip and she turns to the orchestra. It responds instantly and eagerly. Your second surprise is forthcoming, for she sings the tremendous aria from Ernani, and you fairly shiver with interest. No, she doesn't shirk a note! Not even that difficult A *in altissimo*. Her coloratura is perfect and graceful.

The aria from Ernani in this reeking place where it costs you sixty cents to buy an eight-course dinner with wine!

You have arisen from your chair to applaud as she finishes, but from all portions of the room you hear shouts which you finally recognize as calls for the hackneyed Funiculi Funicula, which every beggar in Naples sings beneath balconies and which your untraveled and would-be Bohemian in New York fancies to be the *ne plus ultra* of song, a knowledge of which displays his erudition.

A bull-necked tenor, that perhaps you once heard singing for pennies on a little excursion steamer plying between Capri and Naples, shoves and squeezes in beside her, and, following the advice of those at the nearest table, they "hit 'er up." They howl out the beautiful and pleasing sentiment of how lovely it is to ride on the street cars, which the one who doesn't speak Italian can interpret to his guest as "somethin' from grand opery," and then comes the next step in your education. You learn one cause of the singer's popularity. She turns as if to back off, and the crowd yells: "Dance!" She does so. It is a terrible travesty, a combination of the ridiculous and pathetic. She is so broad, the space so limited.

She cannot understand. She wriggles and twists and tries to please. The highest pitch of enthusiasm is reached when in turning she knocks over the music-stand behind which the second violinist is concealed, and he in turn falls and collides with the 'cellist, who, to save his instrument, jumps to his feet and holds it, high and cumbersome, above his head. She responds with Margharita, but you have turned your head, ashamed that such a voice should have come to this. Once, as she declined an encore and came down the short flight of steps, I was close enough to have a picture that I find difficult to forget. A tear had crept from her eye and was slowly welling downward. In falling it traced a glittering path across a field of rouge.

The Prima Donna of the Table d'Hôte

MY WAITER was enthusiastic and friendly because I was fluent in his dialect and loved Sorrento whence he came. He whispered of her to me. Had I the temerity to mention her name you might remember it, but I haven't.

That singer is fifty-three years old. Once she was the prima donna of Italy and the star of the Bellini in Naples. Florence, Milan and even distant Paris knew her. Decoyed from her fields of triumph by the lure of American promise, the chance to make good in New York, the city of mythical fortunes, she traversed seas to come to this! Years of effort, years of failure, and now she can never return to the land where, perhaps, she is forgotten, because the mere passage-money means a greater fortune to her than that of her dreams when she came.

Another instance of a foreign musician—and the fates of these are taken as examples because there is less danger of wounding sensibilities—was one which could have been observed about a year ago.

There's a place dignified by the name of café up on the North Side where you can get something to eat or drink, mostly the latter, and where, on occasion, those so inclined have danced without creating comment. A friend of mine, once a celebrated pianist, took me up there one night and we were well received by the proprietor, who knew him.

"I want you to notice the girl at the piano," said my friend when we were alone. "She came to me for help and I—I couldn't."

She was a Hungarian, a dark slip of a thing, and when she saw us nodded at my friend. She was quite homely and unattractive from where we sat, her face being pronouncedly peasant. She apparently asked some favor of the orchestra leader, and he, discerning that the proprietor had bestowed unwonted attention upon us, gave a grudging consent. She beckoned to us and we went up beside the stage—these places all have stages of some kind or another—and she played for our especial benefit.

And she did play! That wild Fourteenth Hungarian Rhapsody that requires fingers of steel, technic acquired by long, patient years of practice and studies in interpretation. It has been my fortune to listen to some of the world's artists, but I don't believe I ever heard it played as well. I peered around the corner of the battered instrument at her face. It had become beautiful. The eyes were glowing, the brows raised, the lips half parted and the clumsy visage of the peasant had been softened by the soul's glow into the refinement of splendid genius. Nobody applauded, and a few of the men at a table advised her to "cut it out." She didn't seem to mind. Perhaps she was used to it.

"I've played for you, my friend," she said, leaning over to my companion, "because I may have no other chance."

We didn't get an opportunity to hear why, because just then some one insisted on I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark, and the obliging leader, whose greatest reputation as a violinist was founded on the fact that he once figured in an elopement, smirked at the party making the request and turned toward us. He frowned savagely at, and gave a command to, this little Hungarian *artiste;* she struck some chords and we departed.

That girl was decoyed to New York by a manager who said he had good financial backing, but hadn't. She was engaged for a series of concerts. She played one recital—in Carnegie Hall, I believe—but through lack of a *claque* and advertising failed to enlist the public, and she found herself managerless and stranded. It was a case of thump the piano in that kind of café, starve, or do worse, and so we had the privilege of hearing her. It was a privilege, too, I assure you.

She is one of the Has-beens you cannot hear, because some peasant lover over there in the land that gave birth to Kossuth and Jókai succeeded in raising the money for her return. She went back in the second class and, I've since learned, gave up the dream and became a farmer's wife. That's what New York did for her ambition, and for her sake I'm not sure that it wasn't for the best.

The blight falls not on musicians alone.

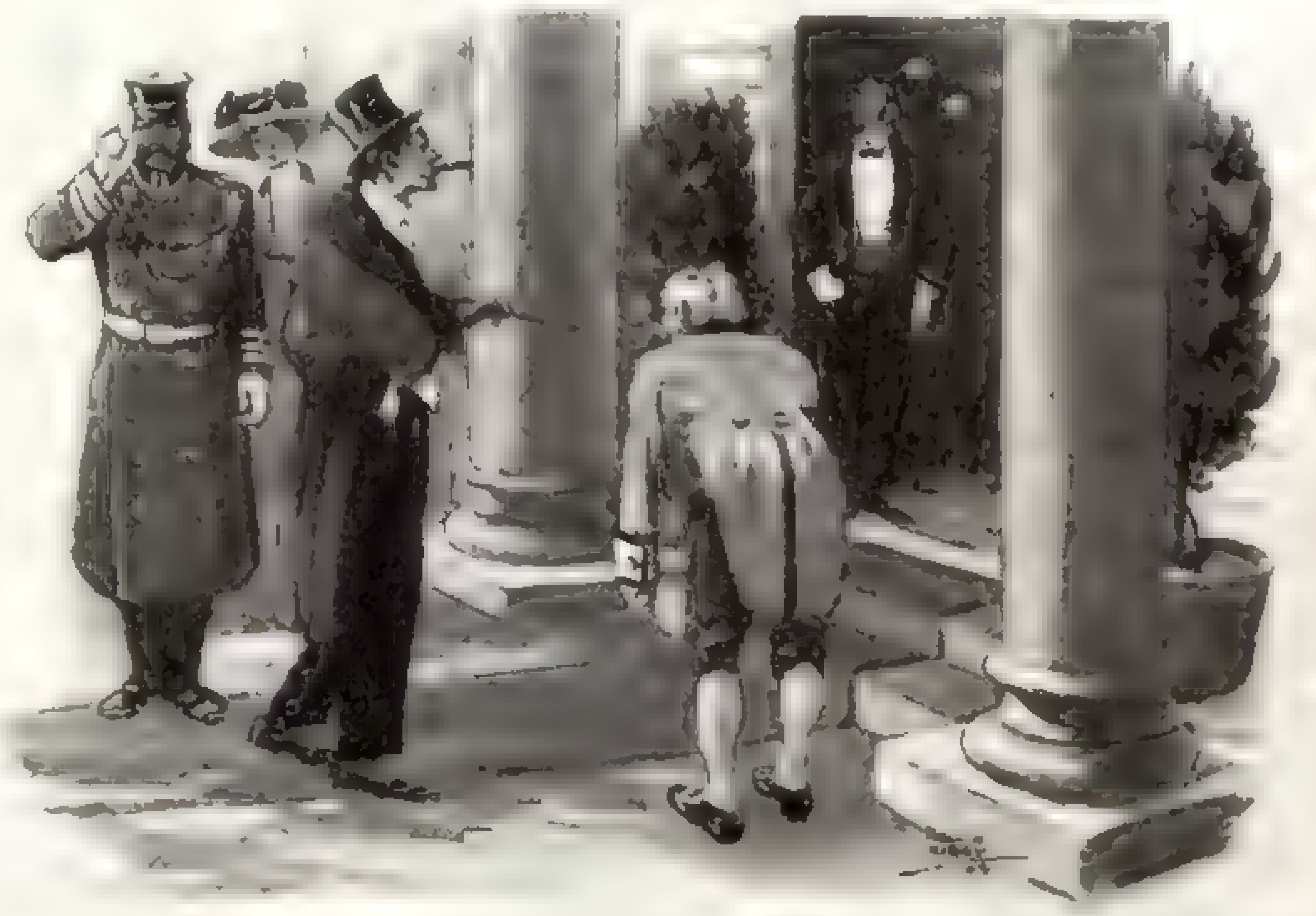
The Career of a Luckless Pole

WELL up in Harlem is an imitation *café chantant* where nearly everything served varies only in degree of badness, being unlike the Kentucky colonel's whisky which differed only in quality of goodness. But this café is one of the few in New York that has anything which barely approaches a foreign atmosphere. Its success has been peculiar, for, considering that it represents but a small investment, it is a success. It has sawdust on the floor, cheap, rickety furniture, cheap, rickety waiters, and cheap, rickety drinks. There is not in New York, however, one attraction such as it possesses. That's a daring statement, given only on the authority of three distinguished dramatic critics. It is run by the aforementioned attraction, whose name is—well, call him Terrazza, so that he may derive no benefit from gratuitous advertising.

Terrazza is Polish by birth, comes of a good family and is a real actor. He was famous in his own country before he was twenty. Before he was thirty he had Paris at his feet, had, by request, given private performances before the Emperor of Germany, the President of France and a half-dozen more-or-less-ruling princes. He assaulted the London music halls with his individual or monologue sketches, but made no great hit, although well received. His failing was probably due to the fact that he had not then, nor has he since, been able to master English.

Coquelin, the great French actor, had made a polyglot success in America, as had Salvini, and Terrazza decided to venture into American vaudeville. It was about the worst move he could have made, for, unlike the average European audience, there are in America very few who have any knowledge of the French tongue. It did not even become a fad to pretend to understand him. He was as pitilessly cast aside as were the wonderful Sicilian players who came to New York last fall—and their star is pretty generally conceded to be a great actress. Terrazza failed. He could get no exploitation.

Remembering his former triumphs and not understanding this country, he believed that a performance before the American ruler would add to his prestige and pave the way for success.



Lackeys at Various Begilded Hotels Bowed Thrice and Three Times Three When This Rajah of Bong Appeared

I don't know how he got to President Roosevelt, but I have been told that he did and gave a performance that was marvelous. Mr. Roosevelt has a fluent French and is appreciative; but his unstinted approbation accomplished nothing for Terrazza. Undaunted, sensitive and yet determined, the Pole vowed he would compel Americans to recognize the art which had conquered other nations and won for him from the Kaiser a laurel wreath of gold. So he fought, and fought, and fought, growing constantly poorer in purse until at last he came to this cheap end—leasing a café and striving to create an audience.

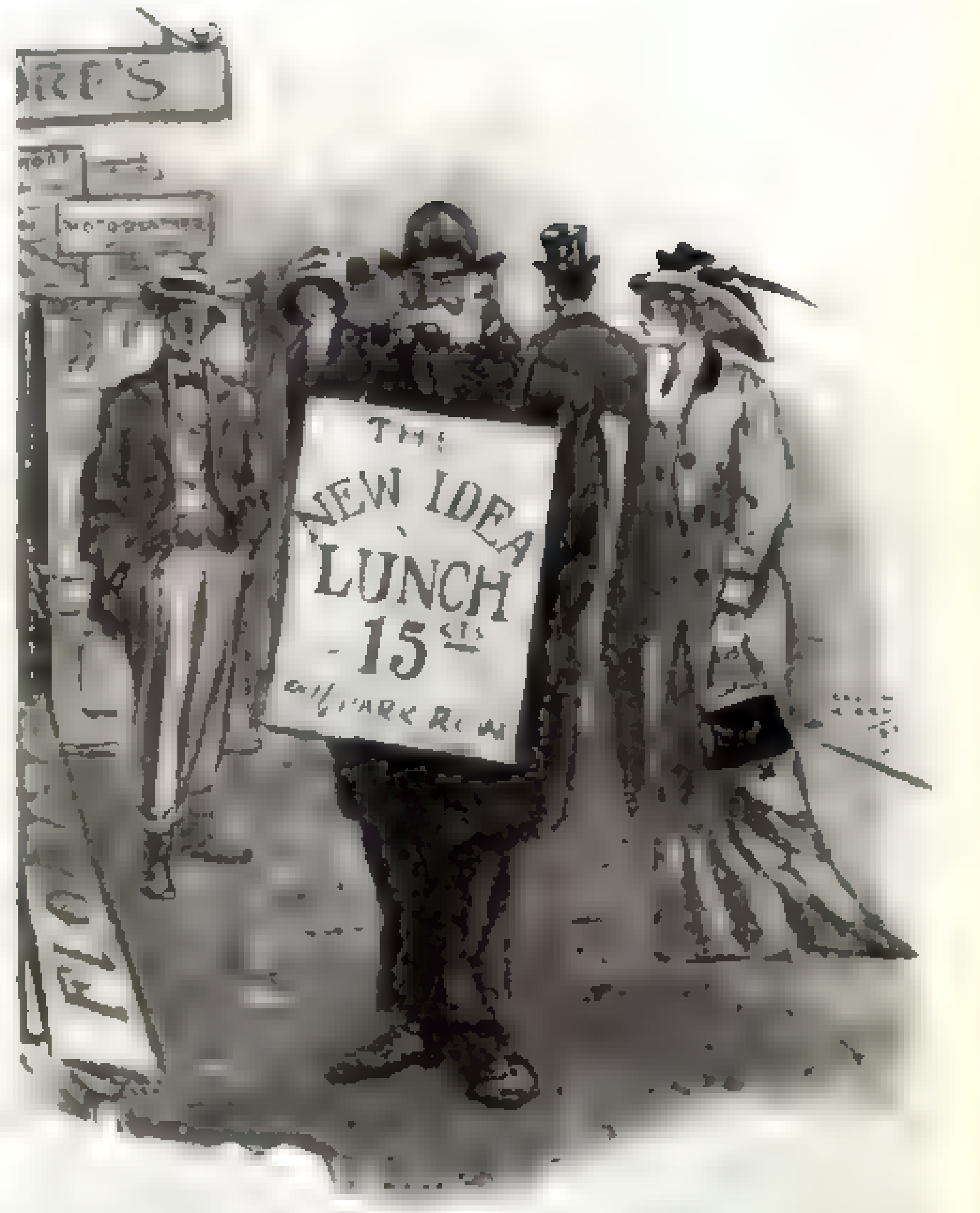
Able Lawyers on Their Uppers

ONCE in a while, when some appreciative party enters his hall, he gives the best that is in him, and when that half-extinguished spark of talent is whipped into flame it impresses the fortunate observer with a profound melancholy that such a man should come to such an end. I heard him when in one of these moods. He appeared in a worn dress suit and sang a song of his own composition, accompaniment and all, in which he actually portrayed—in a café, mind you—the evil effects of drink. As near as the title could be translated into English it would be called The Rounder. Without any make-up or accessories whatever, and depending solely on his wonderful facial and physical control, he appeared, as he sang, to change his years from those of sparkling youth to haggard, debauched senility. Richard Mansfield's presentation of the decrepit Baron Chevrial was no more impressive than that portrayal of Terrazza's as, stage by stage, he shriveled and grew old before your very eyes. Of course, he works now to return to Europe; but he won't! Why? Because, even as he tells you so, there probably sits on the table before him a glass of villainous red wine, and in that fatal red lie procrastination and defeat.

There is an army of disappointed lawyers in New York. The change of methods has dropped some of them from fat incomes to meager retainers and, in many cases, driven them into other fields of performance. The day of the expert land lawyer is going. Once he passed on all titles before a buyer would close the deal. Now the title guarantee companies with ample financial backing do the work at less cost. A single corporation counsel in these times does the work that twenty lawyers used to do in the days before those twenty independent concerns were merged into one trust. But there are Has-beens whose falls are not due to any readily explainable cause.

It has been but a short time since a man was retained as chief counsel in a notorious criminal case because the defendant had known him years before when he was considered an exceptionally adroit and able man. The very retainer fee was a financial godsend to this lawyer. In the first three days of the trial he proved such a failure that he was dropped from the case and another lawyer retained. It was the end of his career.

That lawyer was the acknowledged leader of the local bar in a Western city a decade ago. He won cases that appeared hopeless by his masterly cross-examinations, an oratory that could sway the average jury as he willed and an amazing knowledge of technical subjects. His fame widened, and he decided that the princely income he was making could be increased by entering a broader field. New York caught him, and when he closed up his affairs in the West he came to it with a small fortune.



It was Late Hours and Liquor That Landed Him

The Better Days of a "Sandwich" Man

INASMUCH as a criminal lawyer's clients come from the public it was a sad mistake. The public didn't know him, for it is a distinct trait of New Yorkers to know of nothing beyond the city limits. There are many of them who never heard of George Washington, and if by accident they did they would probably ask you: "Does he live in Brooklyn?" So, although this incoming lawyer was known by name to the men of the legal profession, he was unheard of by those from whom he must win patronage. No crossroads shingle ever flapped before a more clientless office. The newcomer was tempted to speculation to keep his fortune from being dissipated by a few bad investments, and didn't know the game. He went broke, he grieved, he overworked and, in the end, when his first big opportunity came, collapsed. His failure was so public that he found the gateway to the Land of Hope barred and is now one of those who wait around courts for petty assignments.

Surely, this man did his best, and, surely, it would have been better for him to have remained in that little Western city where he was a sort of king. That city needed him and New York didn't. The difference spelled Failure.

Another and more pitiable case is that of a lawyer who did well in New Orleans, but, after coming to New York as a corporation counsel, broke down mentally from overwork and is now a Wall Street loafer. One other, who once had something of a reputation in Chicago, is a "sandwich" man; but it was late hours and liquor that landed him.

The medical profession seems to be more fortunate than that of the law, due, perhaps, to the fact that its members either know the dangers of any form of intemperance or are subject to less temptation; but there are some quite sorry Has-beens among them, too. One is a man who was a widely-known surgeon, who made the post-mortem examination of a famous mind-reader. Some newspaper started the question as to whether or not the mind-reader was dead when the autopsy was performed or merely in a state of catalepsy. It was something that couldn't ever be proved, but the chances were certainly more in favor of the surgeon knowing whether his subject was dead than of any one who afterward raised the question. It is

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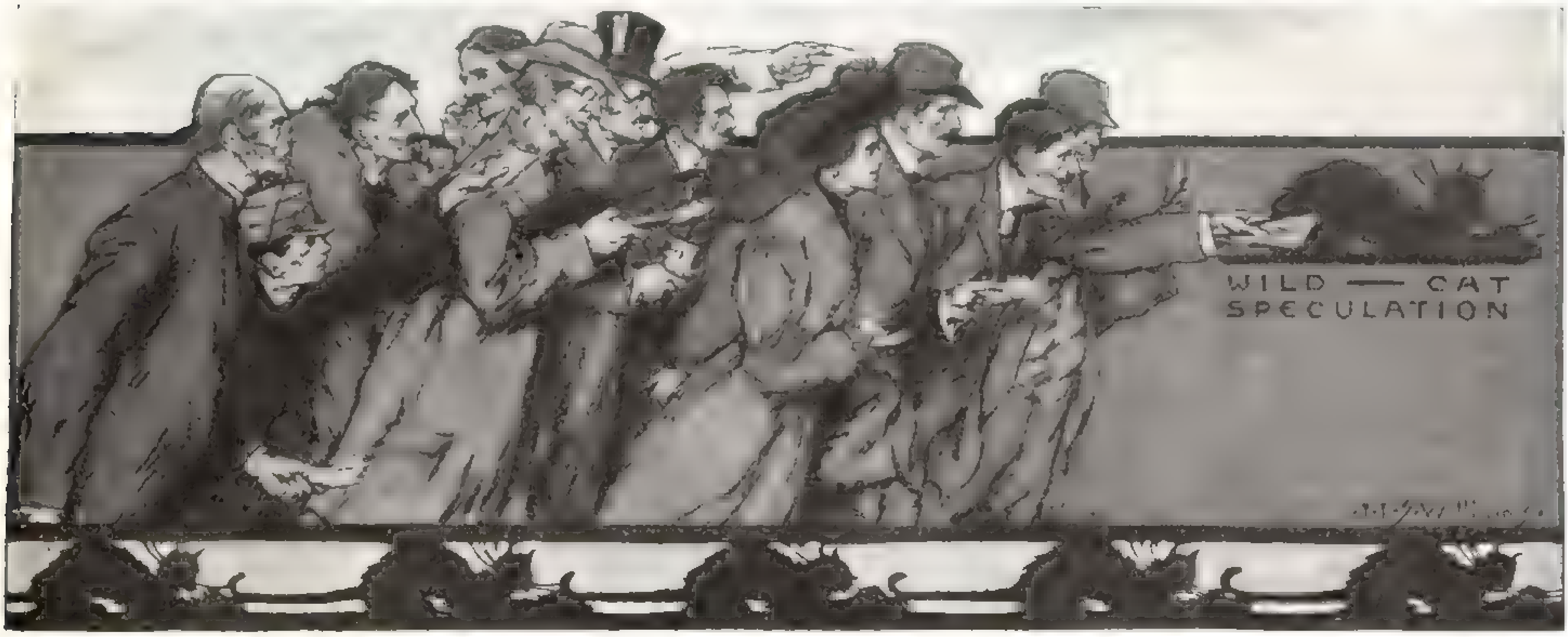
WHY BANKS FAIL—By Will Payne



THERE is a popular impression that a good many banks failed during the panic of 1893, involving a heavy loss to depositors.

Of national banks sixty-five did, indeed, fail during that fiscal year; but the final net loss to their depositors was only $4,508,164, which is a little less than one-third of one per cent of the total amount of individual deposits in the national banks at that time. In other words, in the worst year for banks since the national system was inaugurated, the actual loss to depositors, in the final account, was about three mills on the dollar. Except for the legal and other expenses of the receiverships, the net loss would have been less by one-third.

Considerably more than half of that year's total loss to depositors occurred in only four banks out of the sixty-five, and about one-quarter of the total loss occurred in just one bank, which was an edifying combination of rotten banking and rotten politics. Its management was intimately affiliated, so to speak, with a political clique. Various kinds of fraud were disclosed by the failure. The comprehensive manner in which the bank had been gutted is suggested by the fact that the receiver, after levying an assessment of one hundred per cent on the stockholders, was still able to find less than eighteen cents on the dollar for depositors. There was the usual complement of very respectable dummy directors who did not know what was going on.

Rascality the Main Cause of Losses

EVEN as to the bad year 1893, then, it may fairly be said that the risk of loss to depositors in organized, reporting and inspected banks was very small indeed. Even as to that bad year, also, it may be said that really "honest" bank failures which involve loss to depositors are as scarce as hens' teeth. An honestly-managed bank may, perhaps, be closed by a run in a panicky time. But if the assets are not there with which to pay depositors in full it is simply because somebody has been taking undue liberty with them. Either the management has been speculating or it has been bolstering up somebody else's speculation by making excessive loans which honest intelligence would have condemned; it has gone outside the law, or outside what every really honest banker knows to be the legitimate purposes of a bank, or both. When depositors lose it is usually due to rascality, or to a degree of recklessness which amounts to pretty much the same thing.

The year ending October 31, last, embraced, also, a trying time for banks, and in that period thirty-three national associations went into the hands of receivers. Nine of them very soon resumed business, however, and a number of the others have already paid out in full. It is safe to say that in the final account the loss to depositors will be relatively even smaller than in 1893. The most sensational failure of the year was that of the National Bank of North America, in New York, which Mr. Morse made famous, and that bank quite promptly paid depositors in full. Of the national bank failures of the year just one is attributed by the Comptroller of the Currency to "general stringency of the money market." Seven of the failed banks were wrecked by the cashier, four others by fraudulent management, and six by reason of excessive and illegal loans.

The country's stake in its banks is large and growing. Forty-six billion dollars, in round numbers, now represents the banking power of the world—the total of capital, deposits and circulation which is available for loans, and with which the world's business is carried on. Of this total the United States has, roughly, eighteen billions, or nearly one-third. In 1890 Mulhall reckoned the world's banking power at sixteen billions, crediting the United States with five. Our increase in eighteen years would thus be two hundred and forty-two per cent, against one hundred and fifty-nine per cent for the rest of the world.

The Banking Power of America

THE accumulation itself is less interesting than the question: "Who owns it?" The Comptroller of the Currency calculates that there are 5,593,927 individual depositors in the national banks, the average amount due each being $782. There are 8,705,848 depositors in savings-banks, the average account being $420. Banks other than national and savings hold five billions of individual deposits. If we suppose the average account here is twice as large as in the national banks we get over three million depositors. Adding the three items, we have upward of seventeen millions of bank depositors, and, judging by the national bank figures, there must be well toward a million holders of bank stock.

Make what allowance you like for duplication, and remember that an average may be misleading—that is, Mr. Carnegie's three hundred millions and Jim Smith's fifty cents make an average of one hundred and fifty million dollars and twenty-five cents; but the average is of no benefit to Jim. There remains, however, a powerful suggestion that about half the people engaged in gainful occupations have money in the bank. To make the money safe, and to induce a general, firmly-rooted belief in its safety, is quite worth while.

As I have pointed out, actual danger of loss, in banks that make reports and are subject to inspection, is already slight. The national banking system is forty-four years old, and in those forty-four years the actual losses to depositors in national banks have averaged less than one-tenth of one per cent a year—that is, a yearly tax of one mill on the dollar of deposits, or of ten cents on each hundred dollars, would have more than covered all the losses.

Indeed, the fear of loss is something like the fear of snakes—mostly a mere inherited tendency. John Joy Knox estimated that the loss to note-holders of State banks prior to 1864 must have amounted to five per cent a year—a fairly prodigious tax. And as note-holders were usually preferred creditors, it is easy to estimate, in a general way, where depositors got off. Those were the days, generally speaking, when any gentleman's desire to live without labor was considered sufficient warrant for starting a bank. In 1853 the Governor of Indiana complained: "The speculator comes here with a bunch of banknotes in one hand and stock in the other. In twenty-four hours he is on his way to some distant point of the Union to circulate what he denominates a legal currency authorized by the legislation of the State."

A cherished device was to locate the bank at some point as little accessible as possible and then take its notes to far-off parts to put them in circulation. In Michigan they invented an ingenious system of keeping tab on the State Bank Commissioners and transporting boxes of specie from one bank to another just ahead of the examinations. In one recorded case the transportation system seems to have broken down. At any rate, the Commissioners opened a box of "specie" and found it to contain a good, sound article of tenpenny nails with a layer of silver dollars on top. In 1839 the Michigan Commissioners reported that of sixty banks recently organized only seven were still in existence. In 1836 eighty-nine State banks held public funds. Within a year all but six had failed. Not unnaturally, people got to be quite nervous about banks. Back of the experience with wildcat banks had been the dismal experience with Continental currency, which declined from par in 1776 to eighty dollars of paper for one of silver in 1780, so that the two hundred millions of paper then outstanding were worth only two million and a half in real money; and next year the paper went practically to nothing—speculators buying it at one dollar in coin for a thousand dollars in "currency."

Compared with those free and easy times, banking is now admirably safe; but enough banks do fail nowadays to keep the tradition alive. Of national banks, in forty-four years, four hundred and ninety-nine have failed.

Disaster Caused by Violation of Law

CONCERNING these banks that have failed the notations in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency give "defalcation of officers" or "wrecked by cashier" as the cause of the failure of sixty-seven, while "fraudulent management" appears in the cause of failure of one hundred and twenty-six more. In addition, one hundred and three failed on account of "excessive loans" to officers or directors or to others. This means loans in excess of the limit prescribed by law. As to two hundred and ninety-six banks, then, or nearly two-thirds of the total number, we have a cause of failure which plainly implies violation of law. It fairly goes without saying that these are the banks in which practically all the losses to depositors occurred. One hundred and twenty-eight failures are attributed to "injudicious banking," and forty-three were put down to "general stringency in the money market," "shrinkage in values" and "imprudent methods of banking." Of only three out of the whole four hundred and ninety-nine does the notation say simply, "Closed by run," and of only seventeen does it say simply, "Depreciation of securities." The bank that fails without reproach is a rare bird.

Total assets of all the national banks that have failed amount to three hundred and thirty millions; but nearly half this total belonged to only thirty-four of the larger banks—those having two millions or upward apiece. Among these larger banks, the reason why depositors lose money stands forth very clearly. Those that failed to pay in full are marked "fraud," "defalcation," "wrecked by cashier," "excessive loans" in every one but three, where the official computation goes no further than "imprudence," although an examination of each of the three cases seems to warrant something stronger.

New York, of course, leads every other State in bank deposits. Of all the individual deposits in national banks that State has more than one-fifth. New York, moreover, embraces a district known as Wall Street and an institution called the Stock Exchange. Speculation and "high finance," albeit frequently nurtured elsewhere, generally flower in New York, and there is undoubtedly a general impression that the special danger zone for banks lies within the borders of that State.

But that impression is quite incorrect. Not New York, but Pennsylvania, has been preëminently the dark and bloody ground of slaughter for national bank depositors.

In four hundred and twenty-two national banks that have failed since 1865, the affairs of which have been completely wound up, the net loss to depositors was thirty-three million dollars. Four and a half million of this loss, or nearly fourteen per cent, occurred in Pennsylvania. The loss in New York was little over three and a quarter million. In the seventy-seven insolvent banks whose affairs have not yet been wound up, the amount due depositors at the date of the Comptroller's last report was slightly under fifteen millions, of which five and a half millions were owing to Pennsylvania claimants, against less than a million in New York. Total deposits in New York exceed those in Pennsylvania by nearly sixty per cent. The difference in the mortality rate is obvious.

Crooked as a Dog's Hindleg

POLITICS has been the prime trouble in Pennsylvania. The especially deleterious character of the politics of that grand old commonwealth has often been exemplified and commented upon. If one may believe Macaulay, William Penn must have brought the germs over with him. As a comparatively recent illustration, the celebrated case of the State Capitol will come to every reader's mind. This bad brand of politics infected a number of banks with mortal results.

At ten o'clock of March 20, 1891, the ornamental iron gate at the portal of the Keystone National, of Philadelphia, was opened as usual. Several persons entered, and some made deposits (afterward returned). At a quarter past ten a stout gentleman with a gray goatee stuck a brief notice on the gate to the effect that the bank was closed and he was in charge as the Comptroller's agent.

That was the first the public knew about the trouble; but it had been going on a long time. In fact, Comptroller Lacey gave it as his opinion that it was doubtful whether the bank had ever been solvent since 1875, when it was converted from a state to a national institution. For more than two months before its failure a bank examiner had been at work upon its affairs. January 24, preceding the failure, the examiner wrote the Comptroller the following remarkable letter:

> On entering upon the examination of the Keystone National Bank on the 9th instant, I was informed by the president that there would be disclosed a hitherto effectually concealed debt to the bank of its late president, amounting to six hundred thousand dollars. This confession has been fully verified. It appears that, with the connivance of the cashier—now president of the bank—the late president had carried out, by adroit manipulation of the accounts of the bank for a series of years, a scheme for systematic abstraction from the bank of large sums to assist his speculations in real estate. . . . It appears that the cashier was at first ignorantly led into the irregular transactions by the president, and that the latter, on his death-bed, exacted a promise from him to continue the deception under representation that the money abstracted would be returned to the bank.

The experts presently discovered that whole leaves had been torn from the bank's book; that an amazing system of making false entries and forging accounts had been carried on for years. Being pinched in a deal in Reading, the former president had overissued stock of the bank to the amount of $125,000. Three years after his death one of his checks for $104,000 was counted as cash. The teller's cash-book showed this.

"I have no doubt," observed one of the experts, "when the bank examiner showed his face at the front door they slipped a boy out at the back door and got money to put in the place of the check. The check appears (in the teller's book) the day previous (to an examination) and the day following. That day it vanishes."

There was another standing "cash" item of $189,000 of about the same nature. The question, why these gross frauds, continuing over years, which were so apparent to the experts after the failure, hadn't been discovered before, was naturally asked, but not very satisfactorily answered. The examiner was not exactly accused, but he presently quit the service by request. It appeared that both he and his assistant had been borrowers from the bank.

Now, by far the largest creditor of the bank was the City of Philadelphia. The city treasurer had not only deposited six hundred thousand dollars of public funds there in the regular way—which was more by half than he had any legal right to deposit in one bank—but when the concern was in trouble he advanced some nine hundred thousand more on due bills. An assistant secretary of the treasury took an active interest in the bank's affairs and was a borrower from it on gold-mine stock.

Stockholders of the Keystone National were assessed $500,000, of which $241,511 was collected; and from its own assets just $338,885 was collected. Depositors got eighteen cents on the dollar. In the case of the Spring Garden National, stockholders were assessed $750,000, of which $274,110 was collected, and depositors got 25.7 per cent. The loss to depositors in these two banks was over one-tenth of the total loss to depositors in failed national banks whose affairs have been wound up in forty-four years. Both were simply looted. It was no question of bad judgment, but one of merely robbery. The general bookkeeper of the Keystone, who joined in the falsification of accounts, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. The president became a fugitive from justice. The president and cashier of the Spring Garden National were sentenced to ten years each; one director to seven years.

In November following the Keystone and Spring Garden failures the Maverick National of Boston closed its doors. The president and one director really ran the bank. The president was speculatively associated with a broker. In October the broker failed, owing the bank over six hundred thousand dollars. He committed suicide at Allentown, New Hampshire, on the sixteenth, and two weeks later the Maverick failed. The president, the director and one other had borrowed $2,556,006 from it—the legal amount loanable to any one person being forty thousand dollars. These excessive loans were split up into a great many notes, signed by clerks, office boys and so on. The bank examiner who had been reporting upon the Maverick for a number of years was a personal friend of the president and had been a borrower of large sums from the bank. The president admitted having loaned him the money to make a profitable speculation in sugar, and on one occasion had personally taken up the examiner's loan of sixty-five thousand dollars. The bank failed on a Saturday, and next day the examiner died suddenly.

These instances show why bank depositors lose money. The Enterprise National of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, which failed with huge scandal and a suicide in 1905, and the Allegheny National of Pittsburgh, which closed last May, are still comparatively fresh in the minds of newspaper readers. Political complications figured in both cases, as much as in the two earlier ones.

The Record for Rottenness

MERELY speculation was the proximate cause of the failure of the Marine National of New York, in 1884—one of the episodes of the great Grant and Ward collapse. In 1887, a huge wheat deal was run with the money of the Fidelity National of Cincinnati, by the man who was vice-president of that bank. The stockholders were assessed a million dollars, but less than a third of it could be collected from them, and depositors lost nearly two millions, or forty per cent.

Indeed, if you pick out the conspicuous failures in which at least half the total loss to depositors has occurred, you will find that the stories vary only in comparatively unimportant details. Somebody was doing what he knew well enough he had no right to do; and there was nobody else at hand to stop him. Whether it was a "one-man" bank, or a two-man, or three-man is immaterial. The management had practically been usurped in every case by one or a few persons. Of course, the fault hasn't all been in big banks, by a good deal. Like conditions will produce like results on the smallest scale.

Much as some of these large institutions may seem to deserve the palm for badness, it must be denied them. It belongs to a humble concern in the corn belt. A bank in Nebraska failed in January, 1897, with assets said to be worth $142,585, which the receiver classified as follows: good, $1681; doubtful, $71,923; worthless, $67,503. He managed to collect from the assets $9040, and he levied an assessment of fifty thousand dollars on the stockholders, which yielded $4302. But there were loans to be paid off amounting to $3277, the receiver's salary and expenses took $6287, and the legal costs of the receivership $1795 more. So there remained just $1983 to divide among depositors, or 3.7 per cent of their claims. This case holds the record. A little further exertion would have made it a clean sweep. Obviously, however, the concern was not really a bank, but just a bad joke.

As to receivership expenses, it should be said, by the way, that the Government, on the whole, has made a very good showing. As to all the national banks whose affairs have been wound up, the total expenses of the receiverships have amounted to about seven and a half per cent of the total amount collected, which is probably well below the average cost of receiverships generally.

Without doubt in every case that I have referred to there were among the directors of the bank eminently respectable and intelligent men, and in about every case the good directors simply didn't direct. The management of the bank was practically in the hands of one man, or of a little clique; and the good directors began to take a really intimate and lively interest in the affairs of the concern about the time the receiver was appointed. The nominal president of the Fidelity National of Cincinnati, for example, was a very estimable citizen; but the vice-president ran the bank to suit himself.

The loss to bank stockholders, all or most of which might have been prevented if their directors had really directed, has been very large. Of the national banks which have failed and whose affairs have been finally closed, the par value of the capital stock exceeded sixty-four millions, while stockholders have paid in on assessments over eighteen millions more; and the amount which has been returned to shareholders in cash is less than three millions. Considering that many shareholders paid more than par for their stock, the total loss to them was no doubt above a hundred millions, or over three times the loss to depositors. When the account is closed for the banks which have failed, but which are still in the hands of receivers, this amount will be materially increased.

The Bank Director's Catechism

I KNOW of only one case where bank stockholders ever made anything out of a failure. The Third National of Chicago got loaded up with suburban real estate, and failed in 1877. Afterward, the growth of the city greatly enhanced the value of the real estate, and while the bank was nominally insolvent and in the hands of a receiver, the stock sold far above par.

The rule that failure involves loss to the stockholders has been so nearly uniform, however, and has worked such disastrous results, that one would suppose stockholders would regard the dummy director with deep disfavor. Probably they do, but the small holder doesn't know that the director is a dummy until the situation which is going to result in an assessment on the stock has fully developed.

There is really no good excuse for a bank failure; but probably the excuse most frequently offered is that the directors didn't know what was going on. Thus one of the first steps taken by Mr. Murray, the present Comptroller of the Currency, in pursuance of a policy looking to material reduction of the really small liability of loss to national bank depositors, was to point a finger at the directors. His instructions that bank examiners should, in the future, begin operations by examining the directors, with a view to finding out what they actually knew of the condition and conduct of the bank, raised some protest here and there from offended dignity; but it is now generally accepted and approved. It was in the case of the National Bank of Illinois, I believe, that a director eagerly bought a block of the bank's stock, at a handsome premium, just one week before the failure, which resulted in an assessment of one hundred per cent upon the stockholders.

That bank failed, by the way, because it had loaded itself with the bonds of a street railway, which it was practically building single-handed. Building a street railroad is obviously no proper business for a bank. The law contemplated and required that it should not loan more than one hundred thousand dollars to any one person or concern. To the street railroad it loaned about three millions. Among other prominent bankers, the president of the Chicago National severely condemned such reckless, scandalous and utterly indefensible banking. Ten years later he was doing the same thing with his bank, only a good deal more so.

The incident comes to mind as an illustration that security for depositors isn't to be found simply in the criminal code. Generally speaking, depositors lose through rascality; but simply punishing the rascals doesn't stop it. The hope lies in reducing the opportunities

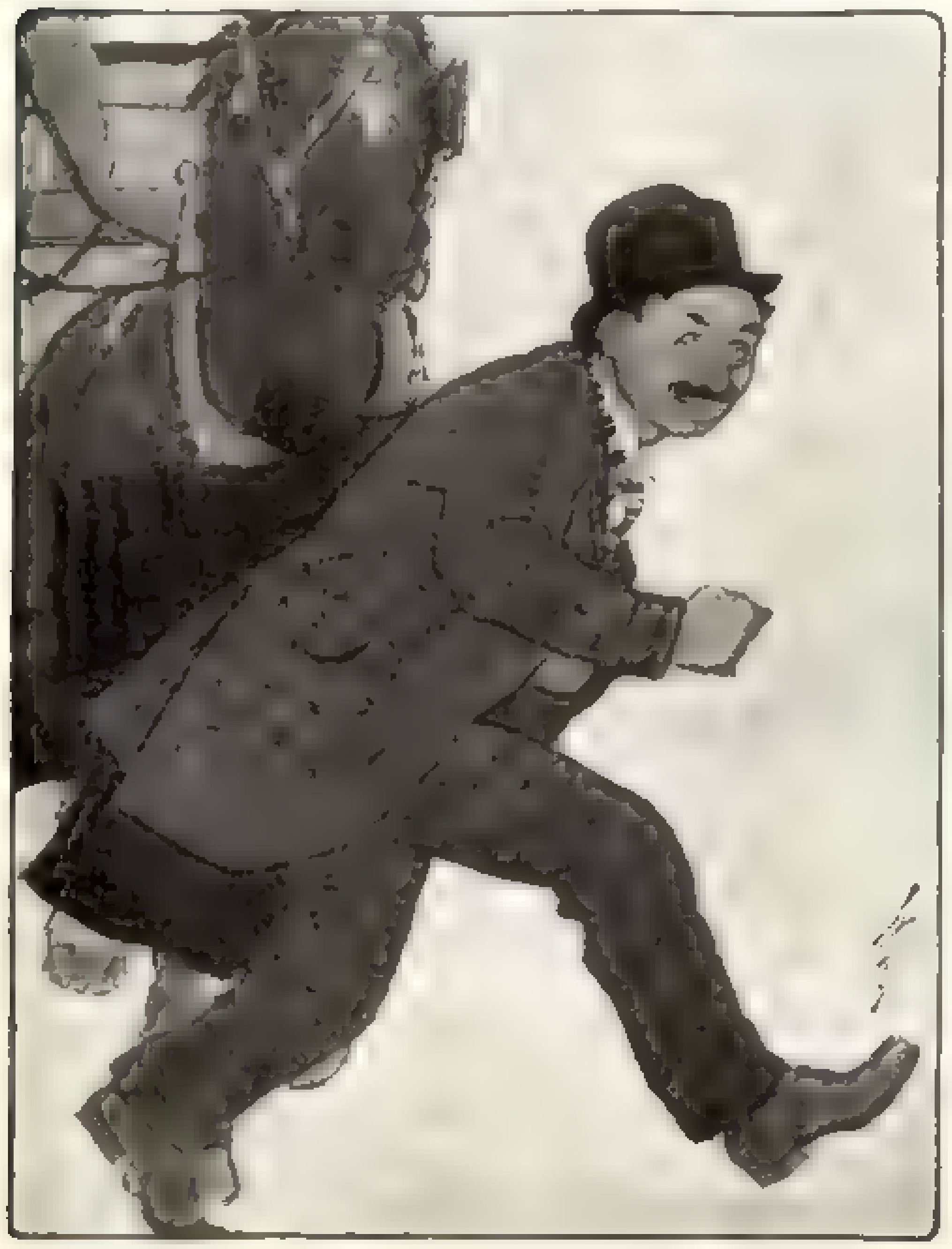
(Concluded on Page 56)

TAKING IT EASY

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

WHICH SHOWS THAT IT SOMETIMES PAYS TO BE SICK



He Placed Two of the Plum-Colored Empire Cloaks Under His Arm, and Made Straight for the Dry-Goods District

WHEN Mr. Siegmund Lowenstein, proprietor of the O'Gorman-Henderson Dry-Goods Company of Galveston, Texas, entered the cloak and suit establishment of Potash & Perlmutter, he expected to give only a small order. Mr. Lowenstein usually transacted his business with Abe Potash, who was rather conservative in matters of credit extension, more especially since Mr. Lowenstein was reputed to play auction pinocle with poor judgment and for high stakes.

Therefore, Mr. Lowenstein intended to buy a few staples, specialties of Potash & Perlmutter, and to reserve the balance of his spring orders for other dealers who entertained more liberal credit notions than did Abe Potash. Much to his gratification, however, he was greeted by Morris Perlmutter.

"Ah, Mr. Perlmutter," he said; "glad to see you. Is Mr. Potash in?"

"He's home, sick, today," Morris replied.

Mr. Lowenstein clucked sympathetically.

"You don't say so," he murmured. "That's too bad. What seems to be the trouble?"

"He's been feeling mean all the winter," Morris replied. "The doctor says he needs a rest."

"That's always the way with them hard-working fellers," Mr. Lowenstein went on. "I'm feeling pretty sick myself, I assure you, Mr. Perlmutter. I've been working early and late in my store. We never put in such a season before, and we done a phenomenal holiday business. We took stock last week and we're quite cleaned out. I bet you we ain't got stuck a single garment in any line—cloaks, suits, clothing or furs."

"I'm glad to hear it," Morris said.

"And we expect this season will be a crackerjack, too," he continued. "I had to give a few emergency orders to jobbers down South before I left Galveston, we had such an early rush of spring trade."

"Is that so?" Morris commented. "I wish we could say the same in New York."

"You don't tell me!" Mr. Lowenstein rejoined. "Why, I was over by Garfunkel and Levy just now, and Mr. Levy says he is almost too busy. I looked over their line and I may place an order with them, although they ain't got too good an assortment, Mr. Perlmutter."

"Far be it from me to knock a competitor's line, Mr. Lowenstein," Morris commented, "but I honestly think they get their designers off of Ellis Island."

"Well," Mr. Lowenstein conceded, "of course I don't say they got so good an assortment what you have, Mr. Perlmutter, but they got a liberal credit policy."

"Why, what's the matter with *our* credit policy?" Morris asked.

"Nothing," Mr Lowenstein replied. "Only a merchant like me, what wants to enlarge his business, needs a little better terms than thirty days. Ain't it? I'm improving my departments all the time, and I got to buy more fixtures, lay in a better stock and even build a new wing to my store building. All this costs money, Mr. Perlmutter, as you know, and contractors must be paid strictly for cash. Under the circumstances, I need ready money, and, naturally, the house what gives me the most generous credit gets my biggest order."

"Excuse me for a moment," Morris broke in, "I think I hear the telephone."

He walked to the rear of the store, where the telephone bell had been trilling impatiently.

"Hello," he said, taking the receiver off the hook.

"Hello," said a voice from the other end of the line. "Is this Potash and Perlmutter?"

"It is," said Morris.

"Well, this is Garfunkel and Levy," the voice went on. "We understand Mr. Lowenstein, of Galveston, is in your store. Will you please and call him to the 'phone for a minute?"

"This ain't no public pay station," Morris cried. "And besides, Mr. Lowenstein just left here."

He banged the receiver on to the hook and returned at once to the front of the store.

"Now, Mr. Lowenstein," he said, "what can I do for you?"

And two hours later Mr. Lowenstein left the store with the duplicate of a twenty-four-hundred-dollar order in his pocket, deliveries to commence within five days; terms, ninety days net

II

"WELL, Abe," Morris said the next day as his partner, Abe Potash, entered the sample-room, "how are you feeling today?"

"Mean, Mawruss," Abe replied. "I feel mean. The doctor says I need a rest. He says I got to go away to the country or I will maybe break down."

"Is *that* so?" said Morris, deeply concerned. "Well, then, you'd better go right away, before you get real serious sick. Why not fix it so you can go away tomorrow yet?"

"Tomorrow!" Abe exclaimed. "I don't go so quick as all that, Mawruss. You can't believe everything the doctors tell you. I ain't exactly dead yet, Mawruss. I'm like the feller what everybody says is going to fail, Mawruss. They give him till after Christmas to bust up, and then he does a fine holiday trade, and the first thing you know, Mawruss, he's buying real estate. No, Mawruss, I feel pretty mean, I admit, but I think a good two-thousand-dollar order would put me all right again."

"Well, if that's the case," said Morris, beaming all over, "I guess I can fix you up. Siegmund Lowenstein, of Galveston, was in here yesterday, and I sold him a twenty-four-hundred-dollar order, including them six gross forty-twenty-two's, and you know as well as I do, Abe, them forty-twenty-two's is stickers. We got 'em in stock now over two months, ever since Abe Magnus, of Nashville, turned 'em back on us."

Abe's reception of the news was somewhat disappointing to Morris. He showed no elation, but selected a slightly-damaged cigar from the K. to O. first and second credit customers' box, and lit it deliberately before replying

"How much was that last order he give us, Mawruss?" he asked.

"Four hundred dollars," Morris replied.

"And what terms?" Abe continued.

"Five off, thirty days."

"And what terms did *you* quote him yesterday?" asked Abe inexorably.

"Ninety days, net," Morris murmured.

Abe puffed vigorously at his cigar, and there was a long and significant silence.

"I should think, Abe," Morris said at length, "the doctor wouldn't let you smoke cigars if you was nearly breaking down."

"So long as you sell twenty-four hundred dollars at ninety days to a crook and a gambler like Siegmund Lowenstein, Mawruss," Abe replied, "one cigar more or less won't hurt me. If I can stand a piece of news like that, Mawruss, I guess I can stand anything. Why didn't you give him thirty days' dating, too, Mawruss?"

At once Morris plunged into a long account of the circumstances attending the giving of Mr. Lowenstein's order, including the telephone message from Garfunkel & Levy, and at its conclusion Abe grew somewhat mollified.

"Well, Mawruss," he said, "we took the order and I suppose we got to ship it. When you deal with a gambler like Lowenstein you got to take a gambler's chance. Anyhow, I ain't going to worry about it, Mawruss. Next week I'm going away for a fortnight."

"Where are you going, Abe?" Morris asked.

"To Dotyville, Pennsylvania," Abe replied. "We leave next Saturday. In the mean time I ain't going to worry, Mawruss."

"That's right, Abe," said Morris.

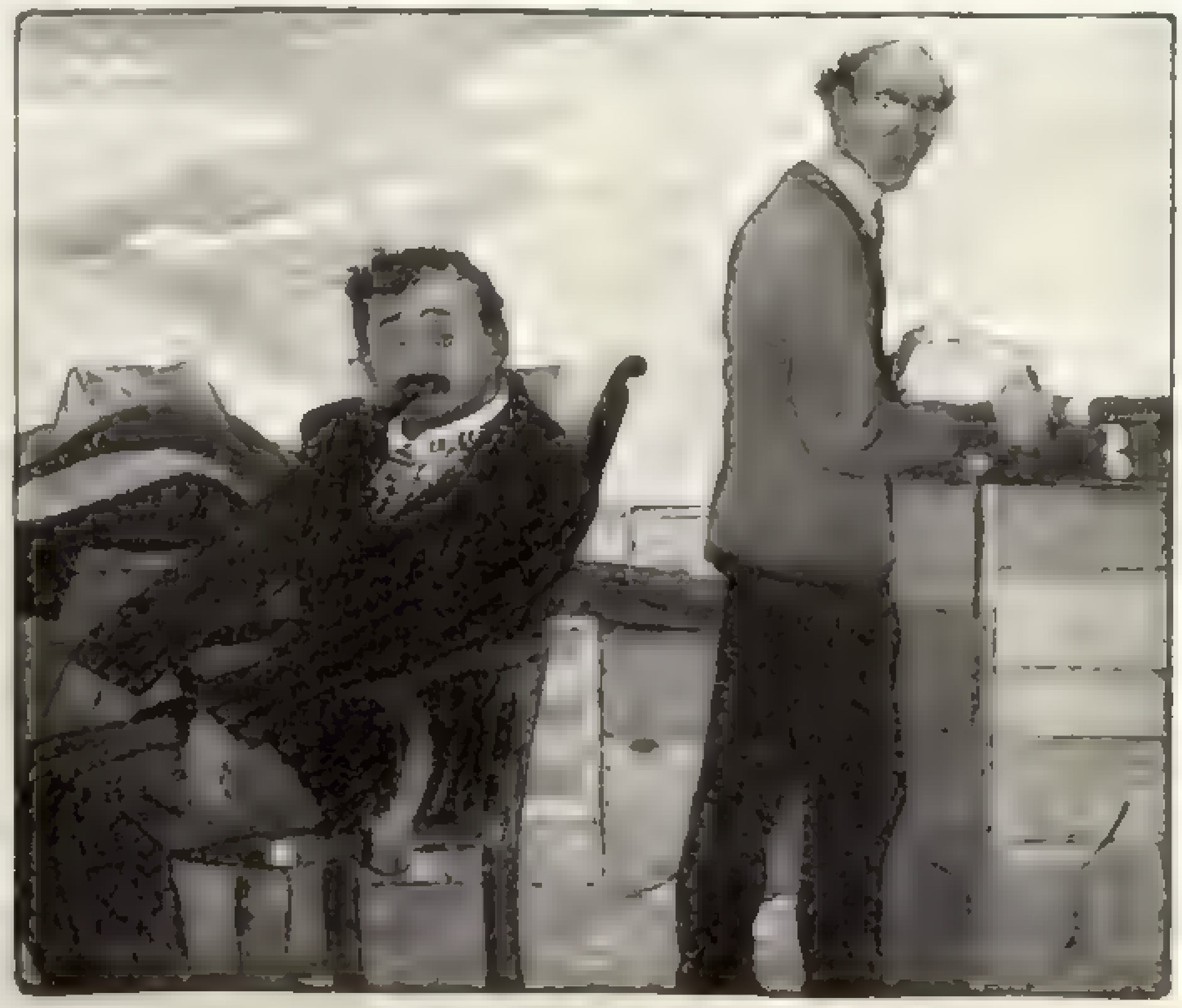
"Sure it's right," Abe rejoined. "I'm going to leave *you* to do the worrying, and in the mean time I guess I'll look after getting out them forty-twenty-two's. Them forty-twenty-two's—them plum-color Empires was *your* idee, Mawruss. You said they'd make a hit with the Southern trade, Mawruss, and I hope they do, Mawruss, for, if they don't, there ain't much chance of our getting paid for them."

A week later Abe Potash and his wife left for Dotyville, Pennsylvania, and two days afterward Morris received the following letter:

DOTY'S UNION HOUSE,
Dotyville, Pennsylvania.

Dear Morris:

How is things in the store? We got here the day before yesterday and I have got enough already. It is a dead town. The food what they give us reminds me when Pincus Vesell & me was partners together as new beginners and I was making southern trips by dollar and a half a day houses American plan. The man Doty what keeps the hotel also runs the general store also. He says a fellow by the name of Levy used to run it but he couldnt make it go; he made a failure of it. I tried to sell him a few garments but he claims to be overstocked at present and I believe him. I seen some styles what he tries to get rid of it what me & Pincus Vesell made up in dozen lots way before the Spanish war already. It is a dead town. Me and Rosie leave tonight for Pittsburg and we are



"I Should Think, Abe," Morris Said at Length, "the Doctor Wouldn't Let You Smoke Cigars if You was Nearly Breaking Down" going to stay with Rosies brother in law Hyman Margolius. Write us how things is going in the store to the Outlet Auction House Hyman Margolius prop 2132 4 & 6 North Potter Ave Pittsburg Pa. You should see that Miss Cohen billed them 4022s on date we packed them as Goldman the shipping clerk forgot to give them to Arrow Dispatch when they called. That aint our fault Morris. Write and tell me how things is going in the store and dont forget to tell Miss Cohen about the bill to S Lowenstein as above Yours Truly

P. S. How is things in the store? A. POTASH.

III

DURING the first three days of Abe Potash's vacation he had traveled by local train one hundred and twenty miles to Dotyville, and unpacked and packed two trunks under the shrill and captious supervision of Mrs. Potash Then followed a tiresome journey to Pittsburgh with two changes of cars, and finally, on the morning of the fourth day, at seven-thirty sharp, he accompanied Hyman Margolius to the latter's place of business.

There he took off his coat and helped Hyman and his staff of assistants to pile up and mark for auction a large consignment of clothing. After this, he called off the lot numbers while Hyman checked them in a first draft of a printed catalogue, and at one o'clock, with hands and face all grimy from contact with the ill-dyed satinets of which the clothing was manufactured, he partook of a substantial luncheon at Bleistift's Restaurant and Lunch-Room.

"Well, Abe," Hyman said, "how do you like the auction business so far as you gone yet?"

"It's a good, live business, Hymie," Abe replied; "but, the way it works out, it ain't always on the square. A fellow what wants to do his creditors buys goods in New York, we'll say, for his business in—Galveston, we'll say, and then when he gets the goods he don't even bother to unpack 'em, Hymie, but ships 'em right away to you And you examine 'em, and if they're all O. K., why, you send him a check for about half what it costs to manufacture 'em. Then he pockets the check, Hymie, and ten days later busts up on the poor sucker what sold him the goods in New York at ninety days. Ain't that right, Hymie?"

"Why, that's the funniest thing you ever seen!" Hyman exclaimed

"What's the funniest thing I ever seen, Hymie?"

"You talking about Galveston, for instance."

Abe turned pale and choked on a piece of rosbraten.

"What d'ye mean?" he gasped.

"Why," said Hyman, "I just received a consignment of cloaks from a feller called Lowenstein in Galveston. He wrote me he was overstocked."

"Overstocked?" Abe cried. "Overstocked? What color was them cloaks?"

"Why, they was a kind of plum color," said Hyman.

Abe put his hand to his throat and eased his collar.

"And did you send him a check for 'em yet?" he croaked.

"Not yet," said Hyman.

Abe grabbed him by the collar

"Come!" he said. "Come quick by a lawyer!"

"What for?" Hyman asked. "You're pulling that coat all out of shape yet."

"I'll buy you another one," Abe cried. "Them plum-color cloaks is mine, and I want to get 'em back."

Hyman paid the bill, and on their way down the street they passed a telegraph office

"Wait," Abe cried, "I must send Mawruss a wire."

He entered and seized a telegraph form, which he addressed to Potash & Perlmutter

"Don't ship no more goods to Lowenstein, Morris. Will explain by letter tonight " he wrote

"Now, Hymie," he said after he had paid for the dispatch, "we go by your lawyer."

Five minutes later they were closeted with Max Marcus, senior member of the firm of Marcus, Weinhandler & Grab, and a lodge brother of Hymie Margolius. Max made a specialty of amputation cases. He was accustomed to cashing missing arms and legs at a thousand dollars apiece for the victims of rolling-mill and railway accidents, and when the sympathetic jury brought in their generous verdict Max paid the expert witnesses and pocketed the net proceeds. These rarely fell below five thousand dollars.

"Sit down, Hymie. Glad to see you, Mr. Potash," Max said, stroking a small gray mustache with a five-carat diamond ring. "What can I do for *you?*"

"I got some goods belonging to Mr. Potash what a fellow called Lowenstein in Galveston, Texas, shipped me," said Hymie, "and Mr Potash wants to get 'em back."

"Replevin, hey?" Max said. "That's a little out of my line, but I guess I can fix you up " He rang for a stenographer "Take this down," he said to her, and turned to Abe Potash. "Now, tell us the facts "

Abe recounted the tale Mr. Lowenstein had related to Morris Perlmutter, by which Lowenstein made it appear that he was completely out of stock. Next, Hyman Margolius produced Siegmund Lowenstein's letter which declared that Lowenstein was disposing of the Empire cloaks because he was overstocked.

"'S enough," Max declared. "Tell Mr. Weinhandler to work it up into an affidavit," he continued to the stenographer, "and bring us in a jurat."

A moment later she returned with a sheet of legal cap, on the top of which was typewritten: "Sworn to before me this first day of April, 1909."

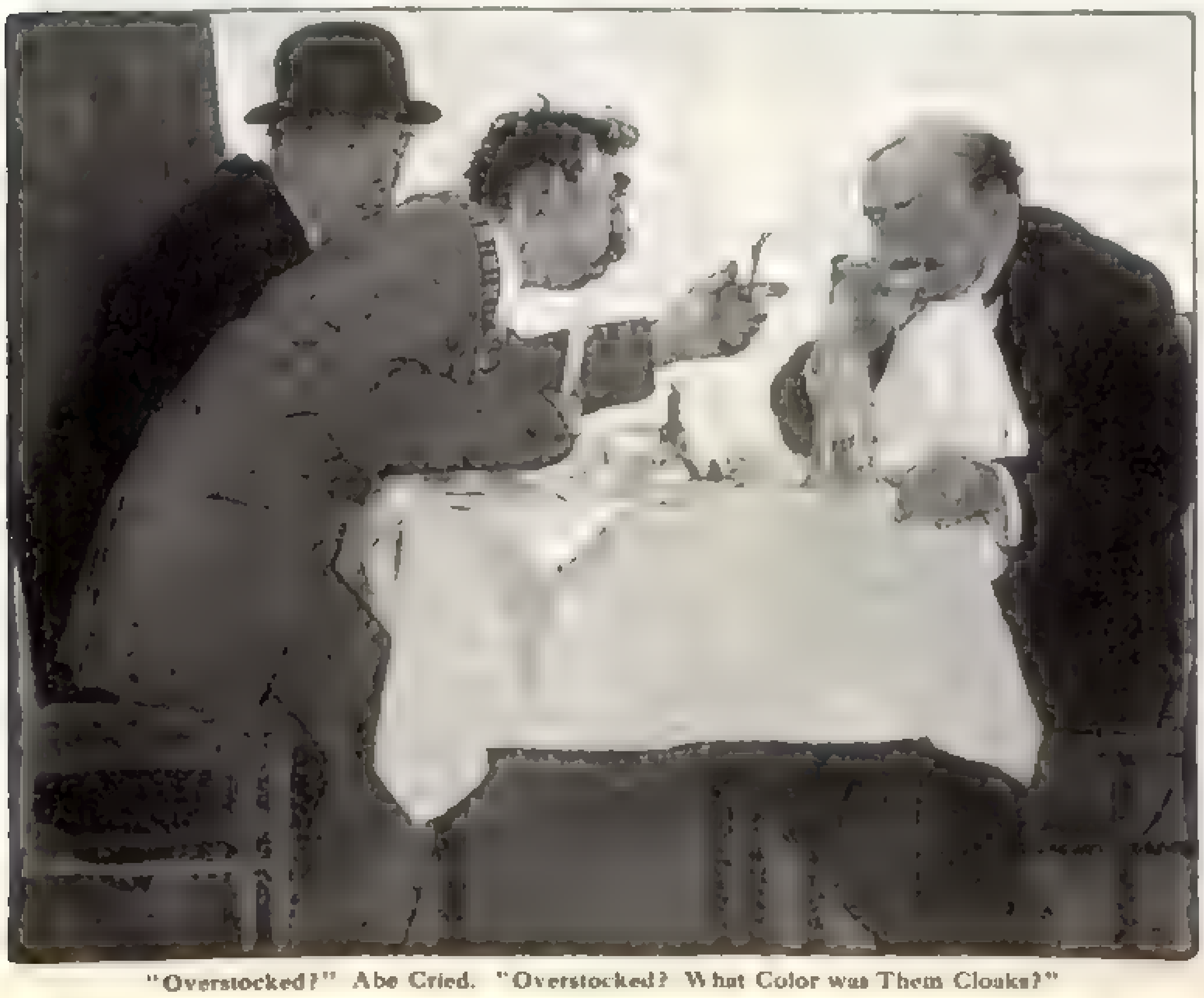
"Sign opposite the brace," said Max, pushing the paper at Abe, and Abe scrawled his name where indicated.

"Now, hold up your right hand," said Max, and Abe obeyed

"Do you solemnly swear that the affidavit subscribed by you is true?" Max went on.

"What affidavit?" Abe asked.

"Why, the one Weinhandler is going to draw when he comes back from lunch, of course," Max replied.



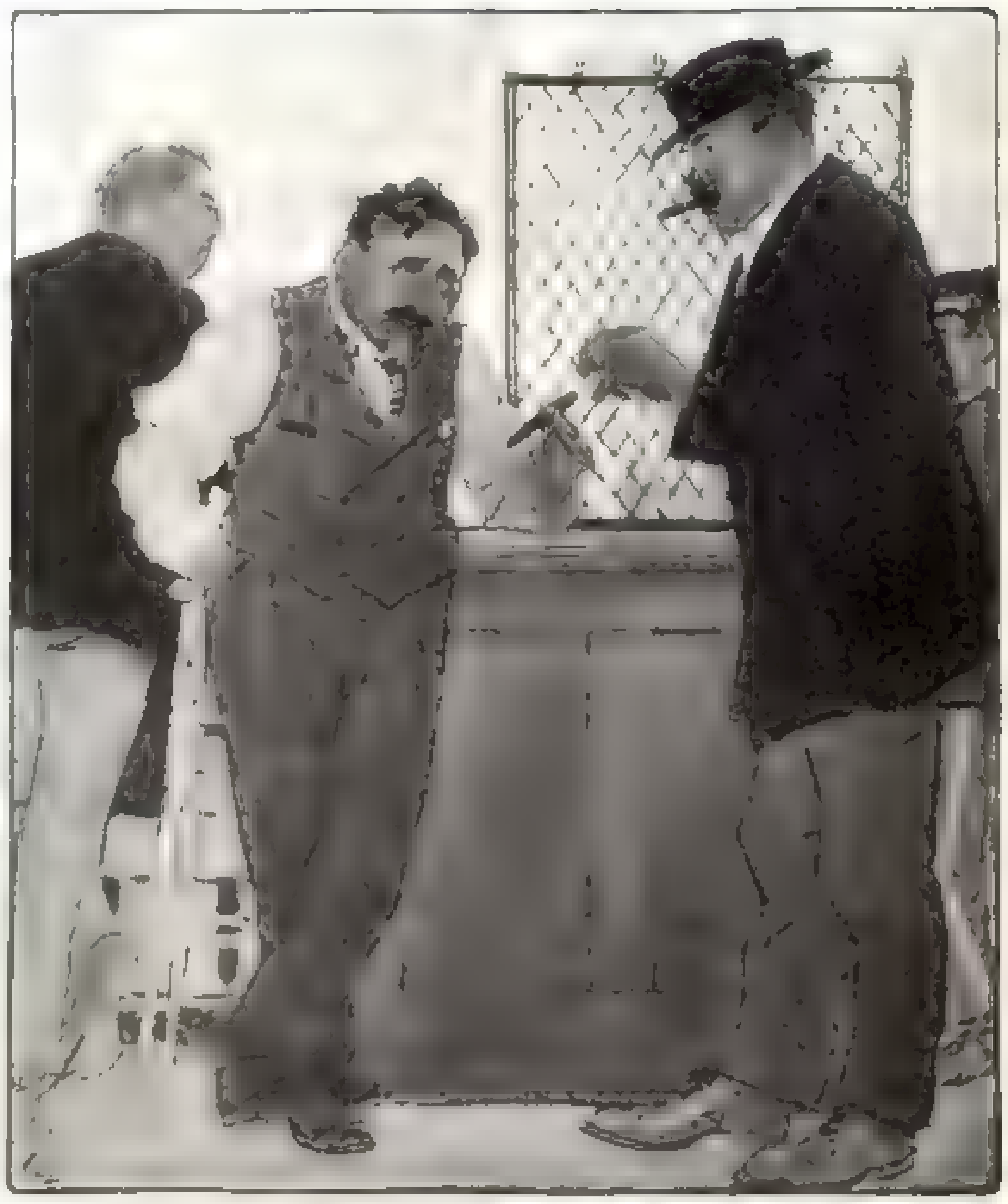
"Overstocked?" Abe Cried. "Overstocked? What Color was Them Cloaks?"

"Sure it's true," said Abe.

"All right," Max concluded briskly. "Now give me a check for fifty dollars for my fees, five dollars for a surety company bond, and five dollars sheriff's fees, and I'll get out a replevin order on the strength of that affidavit in half an hour, and have a deputy around to the store at three o'clock to transfer the goods from Hymie to you."

"Sixty dollars is pretty high for a little thing like that, ain't it, Max?" said Hymie.

"High?" Max cried indignantly. "High? Why, if you wasn't a lodge brother of mine, Hymie, I wouldn't have stirred a hand for less than a hundred."



His Stay was Brief, and in Five Minutes He Had Relieved Abe of All His Spare Cigars and Departed

Thus rebuked, Abe paid over the sixty dollars, and Hymie and he went back to the store. Precisely at three a deputy sheriff entered the front door and flashed a gold badge as big as a dinner-plate. His stay was brief, and in five minutes he had relieved Abe of all his spare cigars and departed, leaving only a certified copy of the replevin order and a strong smell of whisky to signalize the transfer of the cloaks from Hymie to Abe.

Hardly had he banged the door behind him when a messenger boy entered and handed a telegram to Abe.

"Ain't shipped no goods but the 4022s," it read. "Have wired Lowenstein to return the 4022s. MORRIS."

"Fine! Fine!" Abe exclaimed. He tipped the boy a dime and was about to acquaint Hyman with the good news, when another messenger boy entered and delivered a second telegram to Abe. It read as follows:

"Lowenstein wires he insists on delivery entire order complete, otherwise he will sue. What shall I wire him? MORRIS."

Abe seized his hat and dashed down the street to the telegraph office.

"Gimme a blank," he said to the operator, who handed him a whole padful. For the next twenty minutes Abe scribbled and tore up by turns until he finally evolved a satisfactory missive. This he handed to the operator, who read it with a broad grin and passed it back at once.

"Wot d'ye take me for?" he said. "A bum? Dere's ladies in de main office."

Abe glared at the operator and began again.

"Here," he said to the operator after another quarter of an hour of scribbling and tearing up, "send this."

It was in the following form:

Don't send no more goods to Lowenstein
" " " " wires " nobody

"Fourteen words," the operator said. "Fifty-four cents."

"What's that?" Abe cried. "What yer trying to do? Make money on me? That ain't no fourteen words. That's *nine* words."

"It is, hey?" the operator rejoined. "Quit yer kiddin'. Dat's fourteen words. Ditto marks don't go, see?"

"You're a fresh young feller," said Abe, paying over fifty-four cents, "and I got a good mind to report you to the head office."

The operator laughed raucously.

"G'wan!" he said. "Beat it, or I'll sick de cops onter yer. It's agin the law to cuss in Pittsburgh, even by telegraft."

IV

WHEN Abe returned to the Outlet Auction House's store Hyman was busy stacking up the six gross plum-color cloaks in piles convenient for shipping.

"Well, Abe," he said, "I thought you was here for a vacation. You're doing some pretty tall hustling for a sick man, I must say."

(Concluded on Page 55)

DRAMA BY THE FOOT

The Wonderful Rise of the Moving Picture

By VALENTINE KARLYN

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The Throne Room at Fontainebleau

IT WAS a summer afternoon in Bronx Park in the upper part of New York. A fashionably-dressed woman, trailing a bulldog, sauntered down a wooded path, selected a bench and sat down. She fumbled in her handbag for a moment and drew forth a letter which she read with shameless joy. Men and women walked past her, yet she made no effort to conceal her delight. Presently a man, dressed as only the men pictured on tailors' fashion-plates are dressed, hurriedly walked up to her and endeavored to snatch the letter. She leaped to her feet in fright, and tossed the letter to the dog in a crumpled ball. The dog pounced upon it, dashed off madly to a near-by stream, plunged in and swam for the other bank a few yards away. With reckless disregard for his apparel the man impetuously splashed into the water after the dog. In a few minutes a dense throng had gathered. "What's the matter? What's he chasing the dog for?" Presently a man with a camera appeared, and some one explained that it was all part of a moving-picture drama. The man and the woman were players in a film story called The Jealous Husband, in which the trained bulldog enacted no small part. Three weeks later the fourteen thousand pictures comprising the Jealous Husband's intensely active married life flickered on a hundred screens in the United States, and thousands of men and women and children wonderingly followed his violent efforts to discover his wife's lover.

The day when we were pleasantly surprised by the kinetoscopic presentation of such ordinary events as the arrival and departure of railway trains or the coming and going of the crowds on the boardwalk of Atlantic City is over. Making a moving picture now involves more or less creative effort. A coherent story must be unfolded; or else the moving picture must perform the task of the magical carpet in the Arabian Nights and transport the spectator to foreign lands. Travel scenes must be had, filled with adventure and perhaps interwoven with a bit of romance; for the world has always loved a lover. Real hardships are endured, and sometimes health and life itself are forfeited that the celluloid theater may tell a good story and true. Because the multitude is willing to pay for all this the moving picture in the space of ten years has developed into an industry which is capitalized at forty millions, which gives employment to one hundred thousand men and women, and which has its trust and its independents, its playhouses, its stage managers, its actors and actresses, its scenes, its supers and its property-rooms. Every feature of the regular theater finds its counterpart in the photographic theater. It even has its own dramatists, men with minds as fertile as the mental soil of the dime novelists. If you want a sample of their literary product here it is:

The Worm Will Turn. Mr. Pepper, who, unlike his name, was a very mild man—until Mrs. Pepper began to grind him—started a comedy when he finally rebelled at petticoat tyranny. Weary of the perpetual nagging and "talkfest," he holds a council of war with himself behind the woodshed and determines on a plan of action. Recalling an old army comrade who closely resembles Mrs. Pepper's first husband, with whom she is always comparing poor Pepper to his eternal disadvantage and mortification, he arranges with him to come on a visit and impersonate the sainted number one, who was supposed to have been lost at sea fifteen years before our story opens—but the wise ones hinted at a different reason for his absence. Well, our hero arrives and catches Mrs. Pepper wielding a frying-pan over Pepper—who is crouched in a corner. Talk about transformation! She imagines number one's ghost confronts her. When she learns that he is really flesh and blood, come to claim her, she becomes meek as a cow, and the two old cronies nearly die with laughter, but not until they are smoking a pipe behind the aforesaid woodshed. When the conspirators are through with their work Mrs. Pepper returns, a chastened and wiser woman, and the dove of Peace nestles coyly in the chimney corner ever after. Length, seven hundred and thirty-eight feet.

Wonderful Successes of Camera Dramatists

IT IS doubtful if the theatrical managers of the world have ever so carefully felt the pulse of the great public as have the men who make moving pictures. The multitude undeniably gets what it wants, and gets it, moreover, for five and ten cents. It likes melodrama and farce, and accordingly there is no end of film plays in which the villains are foiled by beautiful heroines and handsome heroes, and in which awkward men make themselves ridiculous. Variety is the spice of the moving-picture show. The Two Orphans in six acts or films of dumb show lasting twenty minutes gives place in a second to the matrimonial career of Bluebeard. Fairy tales alternate with photographic narratives of the lives of Kings and Emperors, and, above all, of Napoleon. Change, change and change again is what the moving-picture groundlings crave. They get it as they can never get it in the most kaleidoscopic melodrama, the tawdriest novel, or the yellowest of yellow journals. Consider for a moment these titles, and you will understand how nicely the celluloid drama is attuned to the understanding of the multitude:

Cure for Bashfulness (Comedy)
A Sister's Love (Dramatic)
The Bride of Lammermoor (Tragic)
The Painting (Pathetic)
A Telepathic Warning (Dramatic)
He Went to See the Devil Play (Comedy)
In the Shenandoah Valley (Historical)
The Tenderfoot (Comedy)
Schooldays (Comedy)
In Old Arizona (Dramatic)
The Tyrant's Dream (Comedy)

The parenthetical comments are those of the authors.

Current events are often drawn upon to furnish the subjects of the most popular films. C. Q. D., or Saved by Wireless, for example, is a photographic play in which the main incidents of the Florida-Republic collision are faithfully reproduced. Models of the steamers were manœuvered in an inclosed tank into which steam was blown to simulate fog. The miniature vessels crashed together so realistically that many who saw the disaster on the screen wondered how it was possible for a moving-picture camera to have been opportunely on the spot. No expense was spared to make the play lifelike. The Florida herself as she lay in drydock was called into requisition. The officers of the vessel, including the captain, ran about and gave orders exactly as they did on the high seas when the collision occurred. The crew of the Florida were hired at the rate of three dollars and fifty cents per man to reënact the scene. Even the incomparable, smiling Binns himself, including his cigarette, was induced to send wireless messages pleading for help and to leap ecstatically to his feet when the receiver of his instrument told him that help was coming. Trained actors and actresses played the parts of scared passengers. In a word, the disaster was photographically dramatized, with a realistic effect utterly impossible of attainment on the regular stage.

Busy thoroughfares, shady country lanes and private gardens are all being pressed into service today by the enterprising maker of pictures. Cabs hurtle down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to be caught by the cyclopean eye of the camera. Accidents occur with clocklike precision. Accommodating Italian laborers, comforted by money, allow themselves to be knocked bodily into the ditches they have dug, and crawl out again covered with the mud.

Cowboys who never saw the plains have foiled ferocious stage-robbers on the meadows near Coney Island with ostentatious gun-play.

To reproduce the storming of San Juan Hill a battle was fought in the Orange Mountains. The Great Train Robbery, a film that cost twenty thousand dollars, was taken in part near Paterson, New Jersey, with the assistance of a specially-engaged train and a company of one hundred men and women to act as passengers, train-crew and bandits. One film-maker conceived the idea of reproducing Custer's last fight, and to that end he brought a band of Sioux Indians from the West, among whom were three chiefs who had actually participated in the tragedy that cost Custer and three hundred of his men their lives. Is it any wonder that the people who live near moving-picture studios are hardened to battle scenes, earthquakes, riots and cowboy exploits?

A moving-picture studio is as elaborately appointed as any of the best stages. Its properties have frequently seen service in more pretentious theatrical productions. In the property-room of one of the largest studios may be found all the costumes and theatrical effects of the late Richard Mansfield's setting for Julius Cæsar and Don Carlos, and Julia Arthur's for More than Queen. The Julius Cæsar properties were tellingly employed in an excellent moving-picture presentation of the great Shakespearian tragedy.

The stock company regularly employed in a large studio numbers usually about thirty actors and actresses, all of whom have left the legitimate stage for this new field of photographic pantomime to win the plaudits of millions whom they never see. The salaries paid vary from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a week. Besides the regular stock company extra men and women are more or less regularly employed for the photographic dramatization of battles, mob scenes and the like. These extras, as they are known, receive an average of five dollars a day.

Although the moving-picture theater employs actors many of whom have made their reputation on the boards, and although these actors, costumed and made up with grease-paint and powder, play on a stage before painted scenery, the moving-picture play demands a technic all its own, because of the possibilities and impossibilities of photography. Daylight supplemented by powerful, reflecting arc lamps takes the place of footlights, for above all things the setting must be brilliantly illuminated. The stage manager reigns supreme. His slightest mandate, usually colored with picturesque, impatient epithets, is obeyed as if he were a captain drilling a company of soldiers. Often the actors know nothing of the plot. The stage manager rehearses the play scene by scene, ten or a dozen times. When the characters are sufficiently drilled he gives the word, "Ready for the picture," and the players perform their parts as the camera shutter clicks. The camera operator rarely has an opportunity of turning the crank for any length of time, so exacting, rigorous and pedantically fussy is the stage manager. Scenes are repeated over and over again, and yards of film are destroyed before he is satisfied. A hundred feet of film may represent a morning's hard work and perhaps a whole day's work.

Curiously enough, the actors and actresses must talk, for sound is apparently necessary to express human emotions. The villain in a photographic melodrama cannot help hissing "Cur-r-rse you!" into the shrinking heroine's ear, nor can the hero refrain from shouting "By Heaven, I *will* save her!" although the millions that will see him on the screen will never thrill at the words.

Action, swift and incessant, is the prime requisite of every moving-picture play. Something must happen, not only every second, but every fraction of a second. Repose, an admirable device for obtaining dramatic effect in the spoken drama, is not only useless but positively out of place in the moving-picture play. Gestures must be made quickly. If the actor is not gesturing his eyes, his lips or his face must twitch.

Constructing Topsyturvy Land

SOMETIMES the actor cannot possibly be quick enough to suit moving-picture notions of rapidity. A hunted thief never ran in real life as he runs on the screen. He leaps along at express-train speed until he collides with the inevitable fat woman, who promptly sits upon him and holds him down until a puffing policeman rounds the corner at a record-breaking pace. All this effect of lightning speed is obtained simply by cutting out some of the hundreds of pictures that were taken during the pursuit, so that the scene is reproduced more rapidly than it ever could have occurred.

Cutting out sections of a film to heighten the action is not the only trick employed in this curious craft. Horses are made to gallop backward furiously and hats to leap from the ground and neatly fall on their owners' heads simply by reversing the film. Fairies appear and disappear without the assistance of mechanism or theatrical claptrap by stopping the camera and allowing the actor to step on or off before the motion is resumed. A man can apparently be made to run on all fours on a ceiling like a fly, by photographing him from above as he crawls on a canvas stretched on the floor and painted to represent a ceiling. The painted walls of the room project up from the stage floor, and chairs and tables are suspended in their proper positions.

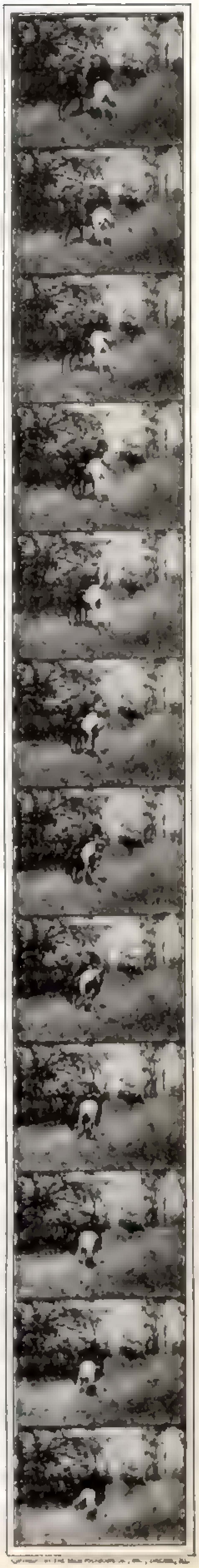
Even more puzzling are antics of inanimate objects. Most of these effects depend upon the fact that a moving picture is in reality a series of photographs, each slightly varying from its predecessor in the movement portrayed and all filing past the projecting lens in such rapid succession that the changes in all the pictures are blended and merged.

Have you ever seen the moving-picture play called Work Made Easy? If you have you will remember that tools did the work of a carpenter. A saw cut its way through a plank with no hand to guide it. A hammer magically drove nails into a beam. Boards tumbled over one another and fell into their proper positions. This piece of photographic legerdemain involved an immense amount of labor. The camera operator, instead of turning his crank continuously, took one picture at a time. The stage manager placed the saw in the first position and stepped out of the scene. The operator took one picture. The saw was moved a trifle; the stage manager stepped aside; another picture was taken. To hold the hammer in the air plate-glass was employed, to which the tool was fastened by miniature rubber "suckers," as schoolboys call them. The picture was taken through the glass and no one was the wiser when it was thrown on the screen. To produce a film such as this the stage manager must walk back and forth many thousand times. Days and sometimes weeks necessarily elapse before the ten or fourteen thousand pictures constituting such a series are taken. By flashing the film on the screen at the rate of twenty pictures a second the stops are obliterated and a baffling effect is produced

Combination printing explains still other puzzling plays. To produce the illusion of two men of normal size excitedly watching a boxing match on a table between pugilists no bigger than a thumb, the camera operator takes two sets of pictures. First the two spectators are photographed, gesturing and grimacing as if they actually saw the boxing pygmies. A second picture is thereupon taken of two boxers stationed so far away that their images in the camera are very small. By printing the one film on the other a series of composite photographs is obtained through which the illusion of a boxing match is effected. Similar effects also result from making two exposures on a single film.

Under the magic touch of the cinematographic wand skyscrapers can be constructed in a few

St. Helena (Coney Island)



Taking Napoleon's Photograph at St. Helena (Coney Island)

minutes. From the foregoing the reader will divine that the pictures are taken one by one during the entire period of construction. The effect of running the whole series off in a few minutes is staggering. Moreover, by reversing the film the structure is dismembered, the foundations covered up and the original building which the skyscraper supplanted restored piece by piece. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp could not equal that.

Although the film play has still to produce its Shakespeare and its Molière, an attempt is even now being made to create an artistic cinematographic literature, if the photographic drama can be so called. A French producer has given us what he dubs "*le film d'art*," which is not unworthy of its name when it is considered that the foremost poets and dramatists of France have written the scenarios, the foremost musicians have composed appropriate music, and the foremost players have given their services. Henri Lavedan, author of The Duel, Edmond Rostand, Paul Hervieu, the late Catulle Mendès, Jean Richepin and others equally famous have written plays. Camille Saint-Saëns, Georges Hue and Fernand Le Borne are the names of a few composers who have interested themselves in this new art. Among the interpreters may be mentioned Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, Jane Hading, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully and Sévérin.

The first plays to be photographically presented by the *film d'art* are Lavedan's Assassination of the Duke of Guise and The Kiss of Judas; Jules Lemaitre's Return of Ulysses; Sardou's La Tosca; Dumas' Camille; and an unpublished dramatic poem by Rostand entitled The Sacred Wood. To compose the music for Lavedan's Assassination of the Duke of Guise, Camille Saint-Saëns had the film thrown on the screen so that he might suit each phrase to the situations of the unreeling drama.

The stage-setting of these better film plays is well-nigh faultless. Recurring to The Assassination of the Duke of Guise it is interesting to learn that the scene is an exact reproduction of the famous hall in the Château de Blois, where this historical murder was committed. Moreover, the furniture is pure *Seizième Siècle*, and the Book of Hours in which Valois reads a last prayer in the presence of his dead foe has a Le Gascon binding.

The *film d'art* is the forerunner of a dramaturgy intelligently adapted to photographic interpretation. Somber tragedies and delicate fairy tales, thrilling epics and merry comedies will some day be conceived by a school of authors who will confine their artistic efforts entirely to this new art. Under the direction of a masterly stage manager the kings and queens of the future photographic stage will give fitting expression to these specially-written dramas.

In the history of amusements the rise of the photographic drama stands without a parallel for its rapidity and far-reaching effect. About fifteen million dollars is now invested in studios for manufacturing films all over the world. The investment in this country may be placed at not less than one million dollars. The unspoken, fluttering play is understood by every one. The Italians, Bohemians, Syrians and Poles who pack the moving-picture playhouses of the big cities can interpret the blunders of the tipsy man with the accommodating latch-key quite as intelligently as the most cultured audience that ever witnessed Sothern in Hamlet. That is the reason for the popularity of the film. In New York alone it is estimated that every week two million men, women and children follow with breathless interest the careers of cinematographic heroes and heroines. Because the moving-picture drama makes a direct appeal to that vast multitude which never enters a theater it is no wonder that the glaring signs, the strident music and the glittering portals of these shows have multiplied until now forty million people, or half the population of the United States, pay a nickel or dime each week to enter a nickelodeon or a Bijou Dream, the absurd names electrically emblazoned in front of the ten thousand moving-picture theaters that flourish in the land. Fully forty million dollars is invested in theaters throughout the United States, and two million one hundred thousand dollars in New York alone. Chicago supports three hundred theaters, Philadelphia two hundred, and New York four hundred. These figures apply only to stores which have been converted into nickelodeons, and do not include some large vaudeville houses and theaters which have found the new field more profitable than the song and dance or the melodrama.

(Concluded on Page 54)

Another Napoleonic Pose at Coney Island

THE NEW CANADA

Climate and the French Brother

By JAMES H. COLLINS

THOUSANDS of Yankees know dimly that out West there is a place called Medicine Hat, which every true meteorologist would wish to visit at least once in his lifetime, because that is, popularly, the spot whence comes all the raging winter weather of this continent. Nine in ten of us assume that Medicine Hat is in Montana or North Dakota. But it really belongs to Canada and lies in Assiniboia.

Now, no Canadian worries about climate on his own account. He likes plenty of snow. His family spends half the winter outdoors in the bright, bracing cold. What his climate does to him isn't the sensitive point. Climate itself isn't strictly the point, either, because if anybody attacks cold or snow he will defend them. What other people may think of his climate—that makes him anxious. He comes up behind the visiting Yankee who is eating a lumber-camp supper after two hours' snowshoeing. The Yankee does not feel this dry and steady cold acutely. He likes the Dominion's winter life, and is having a pleasant evening.

"Well, how does our climate strike you now?" asks the Canadian.

For the new arrival there is only one thing to reply:

"Climate? Why, I don't notice much difference between this and Washington. It may be warmer at Palm Beach—but then one feels the cold more in New York."

Years ago a famous local event in Montreal was the winter carnival around the annual ice palace. Several days of typical Canadian sports and pastimes were wound up by a night attack of snow-shoers with fireworks on the palace itself. In those days Canada did not seek immigration and paid little heed to what other nations thought about her. The ice palace gave her her first publicity. It was of a questionable kind. Many good souls in England and the United States knew that, if they ever went to Canada, they would want to see the ice palace, and that was all they did know. When some New York paper printed an account of the burning of the Montreal ice palace, they say, Canada's pride was touched, and at that point she seems to have awakened to climatic self-consciousness. Obviously, the Britisher or Yankee picturing Canada as nothing more than the home of the ice palace is of a sort not likely to do her either good or harm. That type never emigrates or tours. Nevertheless, the Dominion dropped her picturesque winter carnivals and for a long period nothing of the kind was known.

Last winter, with hard times pressing them, the merchants of Montreal proposed reviving the ice palace as a stimulus to local trade. Upon the mere suggestion a storm of protest swept the whole Dominion. Newspapers shouted, "Drop it, you fools! Do you want to ruin the country?" Railroads refused special rates for so wickedly misrepresentative an attraction. Montreal's city fathers withheld financial aid. The merchants stuck to their purpose and were fought bitterly. Editors scolded them for scaring British immigrants and, in the same editorial, scolded Britishers for being scared by a harmless ice palace. Railroad press-agents circulated stories that were often amusing, one of them spreading a rumor that the project had been abandoned because, owing to Canada's comparatively mild climate, it was not possible to get sufficient ice for the structure. Many Canadians took the stand that the truth about their climate could do no harm, and pointed to the profitable winter tourist business Switzerland enjoys through advertising her winter sports. A railroad press-agent proposed two warm rooms in the ice palace, if it must be built. One would contain pictures of Canada in summer, with specimens of her products. As for the other, make that a chamber of horrors—fill it with winter pictures from the United States, showing luckless Yankees falling down on Boston's icy pavements, wading through Chicago's slush and catching pneumonia in New York.

In the end, after all the uproar and the storming of the ice palace by editorials, the structure was built, duly advertised and stormed with fireworks.

This sensitiveness about winter weather seems to be transitory. Just now Canada wants to give her climate the absent treatment. Tomorrow she will laugh at herself.

Climate is, in a way, part of a more definite problem—that of the Frenchman, who is today Canada's ruling minority. There is just about one French inhabitant to each two English-speaking inhabitants of Canada. But the Frenchman is in power largely because he is packed close in the Province of Quebec, and one of his reasons for centering there is that he loves Quebec's gran' climat'.

The French Canadian is not puzzling when one looks into his history. In 1776 England had fourteen colonies on this continent, of which she lost thirteen and held one—Quebec, peopled largely by Frenchmen who had been fighting her a hundred-and-odd years. Quebec saved Canada for England, and, from the days of Montcalm and Wolfe right down to the present, there has been only one French uprising against British rule—that of Papineau in 1837.

Statistically, the French brother is a scant third of the population. Politically, he rules. Canada's present premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, is a Frenchman, and backed by a majority substantially French. The civil service is largely French. So is the local government of two great cities—Montreal and Quebec. Moreover, the Dominion's whole system of parliamentary representation is keyed on the French brother in a way that is leading to curious situations.

Canada takes a census every ten years. When the figures are in she readjusts Parliament. Quebec, the French province, sends sixty-five members to her House of Commons. That number never changes. So, as population grows in Quebec each member represents a larger number of constituents. All other provinces are given representation in proportion to the number of constituents Quebec's members represent—at present about twenty-five thousand. After the census of 1901 Ontario, the strongest English-speaking province, lost six members by readjustment, and it is not improbable that in another census or two there will be no members at all from Prince Edward Island, whose present representation is four.

English-speaking population is gaining on French, because four millions grow faster than two, and Canada is getting English and American immigration, while no new Frenchmen come to the Dominion. But the French brother maintains himself statistically in many ways.

First, he brings up an amazing family. The birth rate is a famous specialty of his. Some authorities even hold that the French Canadian alone on this continent has demonstrated that he really has a birth rate. Marrying young, the average Quebec couple christen their first baby before they are out of their 'teens. The *habitant* is a farmer, so a family of twelve or fifteen children is as much a joy to him as it is to the story-tellers—and everybody has a story about French-Canadian families. In the city such a family would mean poverty. On his Quebec farm children are wealth.

Another specialty of his is long life, and that counts in politics.

Still another, and perhaps strongest of all at the polls, is his inherent social nature, which leads him to found everything on the family and stick in one place.

A French-Canadian *abbé*, learned in the genealogy of Quebec, has established a "Two-hundred-and-fifty-year Club" in that province. It is made up of French people, and conditions of membership are simple. To join, all an applicant need do is prove that his family today is living on land taken up by his own ancestors two and a half centuries ago, and that his people have lived in the old homestead ever since.

This unique club typifies the French brother's fervent love for Quebec. He may prosper in New England's factory towns, but it will be strange if he doesn't eventually come back to his native parish, ending his days in comfort on as little as a hundred dollars a year. His language draws him back, and his social nature, and the gran' climat', my frien'! He has lost some of the characteristics of the Frenchman in France. Climate and contact with the English have made him a trifle cooler. A warm politician, he still cannot form a party on a theory, like the Parisian, nor tear up pavements for an idea.

But the long, cold winter in Quebec also makes him social. It is a time of feasting. Little work is possible, so he goes in for merrymaking a whole month after Christmas. Weddings are postponed till then, and it might well be Latulippe's pious wish to be buried about the middle of January if he is going to be buried at all. But, at any season, the slightest event warrants celebration. Birthdays, anniversaries and betrothals are regular highjinks. The town Frenchman moves from one ward to another amid a perfect *Mardi Gras* of his old neighbors and the new. If he secures some minor public office, the ambition of every Frenchman, the celebration will absorb the salary. It is said that a French Canadian without relatives may call in a professional organizer of celebrations, who, for a percentage on the refreshments, will bring any number of compatriots to do him honor. That story has one weak point—no French Canadian is without relatives.

How Narcisse was Persuaded to Treat

IN QUEBEC Province there was a town official bearing a name that constituted a festival in itself—Narcisse Onésiphore Pantaléon Champagne. He had some choice wines, but was very sparing of those particular vintages. As hospitable as the next man, it must still be a very great occasion indeed when Champagne could be persuaded to bring out those dusty old bottles. Certain of his townsmen found their thoughts turning thirstily to that wine. They took a subscription to buy him a set of silver-mounted harness. Several hundred persons went to the presentation, made by a lawyer who wept in recounting Champagne's services to the town. Champagne emptied his cellar and larder. Entertainment cost him fully two hundred dollars. The harness cost thirty, of which the thirsty organizers contributed three dollars to start their list.

One evening, it is said, Earl Grey, when Canadian Governor-General, attended a French dinner at Montreal. The Governor is an English nobleman representing the King at Ottawa. Canada pays him a salary, but he spends freely out of private income as well, and is a reconciler of political factions, a legislative adviser, an official handshaker and all-round useful personage and good fellow—provided he is as popular as the present Governor. Business taking him to Montreal the night of this dinner the Governor let it be known that he might just look in when the affair got going nicely—say, fifteen minutes, for courtesy's sake. It was after eleven when the Earl looked in. At twelve his coachman was to drive him home. The French brother made his evening so pleasant that he didn't leave until about three in the morning.

This is the Frenchman as a society man. Add his ingrained land-hunger, and the fact that many English-speaking citizens in Canada neglect to vote, just as we do, and Latulippe's political success is largely accounted for. The Canadian *habitant* loves land like the French peasant. In Quebec whole parishes once peopled by English-speaking farmers have passed into his hands bit by bit, purchased as farms came into the market. In the cities his appetite for real estate is just as keen. As a result the province is solidly behind Laurier and the Liberal party.

Latulippe is a born politician.

The Yankee manager of an American branch factory in Quebec moved into the town where his company erected its plant. Dominated by English-speaking citizens the manager found it an ideal landlords' town on truly British lines. Vacant property was hardly taxed at all—the landlords, being large holders of lots, controlled the town council and attended to that. Rented property was taxed heavily, the renter paying the taxes, while the man who owned his home and made improvements found his assessments steadily rising. When he painted his house the landlords taxed him to pay for cleaning snow away from vacant property they were holding for better prices.

This was purely a local condition, and the Yankee thought it ought to be remedied. Looking over his fence one morning he saw a neighbor. They began discussing politics. The Yankee asked if something could not be done to make taxes equal. The neighbor said the only way to do that was to control the town council. He considered the landlords solidly entrenched.

"Why don't you run for the council yourself?" suggested the manager.

"Nobody ever asked me," replied the Canadian.

"Well, I'm going to ask you," the factory man declared, and made a preliminary investigation of politics. The landlords had the English-speaking vote behind them. One-third of that town's people were French, however, and paid taxes as renters. So the Yankee organized the Frenchmen. Latulippe saw the point, and nominated two candidates, one a Frenchman and the other the man next door. Then he took the stump for fair taxation, rousing the English-speaking renters and home-owners.

"The Frenchman would rather do political work than eat," says this factory manager. "Give him a soap-box and a corner, and an ordinary French driver or clerk becomes a seasoned campaigner."

The landlords raised race issues to some purpose, beating the French candidate at the polls. But the man next door got in, and since then the complexion of that town council has been changed and assessments adjusted on a fair basis.

With all these social and political advantages, however, the French Canadians might not be in power at Ottawa were it not for their possession of that inestimable treasure in politics—a Man. Sir Wilfred Laurier is stronger than an army with banners, the idol of the Frenchman and the recognized leader of Canada's most progressive English-speaking population. A story told of his trip to England two years ago, when he attended a conference of colonial prime ministers, exactly indicates his hold on both constituencies. At Liverpool he spoke in English to the typical dinner audience of business, professional and public men. Presently the Britishers were climbing on the tables to hear what this man had to say. His English was commented upon for its purity. Later Sir Wilfred spoke in French at Paris, and quickly had the Parisians on the tables, too. His French was considered as notable in France as his English had been in England.

The Brilliant Diplomacy of Laurier

CANADIAN politics are difficult. Until beloved old Sir John Macdonald, Canada's confederator, died, her elections turned chiefly on the race issues between English and French, simply because there was no other issue. Sir Wilfred Laurier came into power when real issues were emerging—tariff, transcontinental railway. He centered them in his own party, skillfully annexing whatever the other party had that seemed useful. As Canada began to grow busy and rich, race issues naturally subsided—when a man's daily work leads him into discussions of the best way to reënforce concrete he has no time for ethnological or theological hatreds. Today these silly old troubles are vanishing in Canada. Yet there is still some pin-pricking where the two races meet in official life at Ottawa. Canada elects not only a government, headed by the Premier, but makes the minority leader an official, too—the Leader of the Opposition. That a man like Laurier may be certain of his seat in a general election it is the practice to make him a candidate in two separate districts, so that if he be defeated in one he will be fairly sure of election in the other—generally he is elected in both, and resigns one seat afterward. The Canadian minority leader is made a double-action candidate in the same manner, so that he will be certain of his seat, and, once elected, the Canadians pay him a special salary to oppose the administration.

Laurier reconciles factions and carries on public projects. When Ontario's suspicion was directed against Quebec during the Boer War, for instance, he made it plain that the French brother was loyal even though he couldn't admire that piece of British policy. "We are loyal to the King, God bless him!" as one Frenchman expressed it, "but we don't want too much of Joe Chamberlain." Likewise, when an eager young Quebec member rises at Ottawa and passionately demands French inscriptions on Canada's coins the level-headed Laurier has a suitable brand of soothing syrup for him. He is admired, trusted and loved through all Canada, and will, undoubtedly, lead so long as he wishes to remain in her public life.

The Fusion of the Races

SHOULD a strong personality rise among English-speaking electors, the whole political situation might easily be changed racially without party change at all. The French brother is strong today, but English-speaking population is growing and developing new provinces. British and American money is coming in for railroads, town improvements, factories, mines, power projects, agriculture. Meanwhile, the Frenchman gets no outside money and is identified with few of the new enterprises. His money comes out of the land and goes back into it. He is a poor man compared with the English-speaking people and likely to remain so unless he stirs himself. His business activity today is confined largely to wholesale and retail trading in Quebec, among his own people. Briefly, he is not growing with the country as he should.

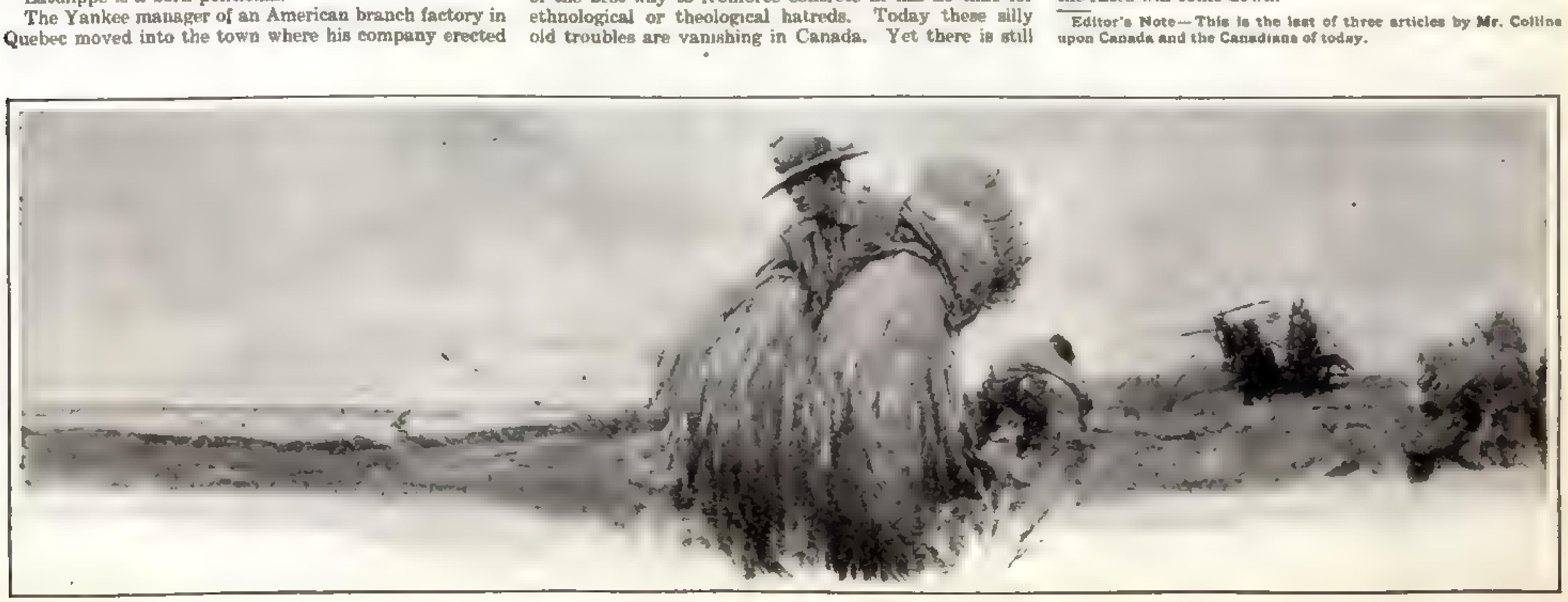
In a city like Montreal, where the two races come into contact most closely, there is little real friction. For months, during the Boer War, French papers there bulletined British setbacks.

Yet in this same city where the French are strong enough absolutely to control the government, they maintain an unwritten tradition that the English brother shall have his turn. Three times in succession a French mayor is elected. Then, at the fourth term, the French make no nominations, courteously stepping aside to let the English-speaking minority elect a man. So with the offices—the city clerk is a Frenchman, the city treasurer English, the chief of police French, the chief detective English, and so on.

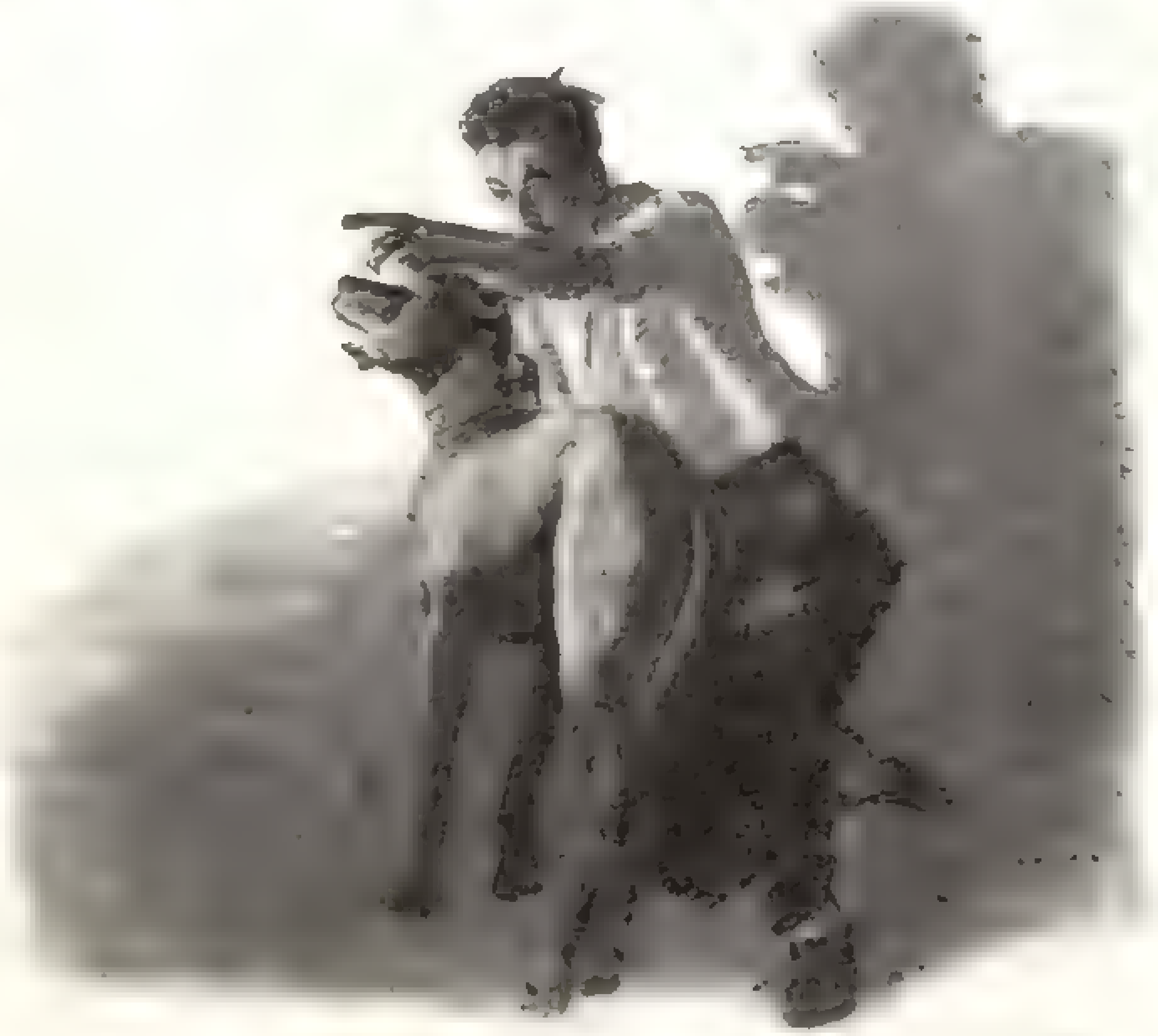
It is the ingrained disposition of the French brother to be content—that long peace since the fall of Quebec exactly reflects Latulippe's simple, social, tolerant nature. But Canada has entered on a new era of progress, and it seems plain that Latulippe must drop some of the ways of his fathers and get a hustle on him.

Happily for him, Canada's industrial enterprises are centering in the section where he lives. Sooner or later he must be drawn into them, and make money, and become more ambitious. Then the last barrier between the races will come down.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Collins upon Canada and the Canadians of today.



THE HOUSE OF TERROR



"A Man in a Fever Couldn't Tremble and Shake Any More Than That Dog Did"

By A. E. W. MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY S. WERNER

THERE are eager spirits who enter upon each morning like adventurers upon an unknown sea. Mr. Rupert Glynn, however, was not of that company. He had been christened Rupert in an ironical moment, for he preferred the day to be humdrum. Possessed of an easy independence which he had never done a stroke of work to enlarge, he remained a bachelor, not from lack of opportunity to become a husband but in order that his comfort might not be disarranged.

"A hunting-box in the Midlands," he used to say, "a set of chambers in the Albany, the Season in town, a cure in the autumn at some French spa where a modest game of baccarat can be enjoyed, and a five-pound note in my pocket at the service of a friend—these conditions satisfy my simple wants and I can rub along."

Contentment had rounded his figure, and he was a little thicker in the jaw and redder in the face than he used to be; but his eye was clear and he had many friends, a fact for which it was easy to account, for there was a pleasant earthliness about him which made him restful company. It seemed impossible that strange, startling things could happen in his presence; he had so solid and comfortable a look, his life was so customary and sane.

"When I am frightened by queer, shuffling sounds in the dead of night," said a nervous friend of his, "I think of Rupert Glynn and I am comforted." Yet, just because of this very atmosphere of security which he diffused about him, Mr. Glynn was dragged into mysteries and made acquainted with terrors. In the first days of February Mr. Glynn found upon his breakfast-table at Melton a letter which he read through with an increasing gravity. Mr. Glynn being a man of method kept a file of the Morning Post. He rang the bell for his servant, and fetched to the table his pocket diary. He turned back the pages until he read in the space reserved for the fifteenth of November, "My first run of the year."

Then he spoke to his servant, who was now waiting:

"Thompson, bring me the Morning Post of November the sixteenth."

Mr. Glynn remembered that he had read a particular announcement in the paper on the morning after his first run when he was very stiff. Thompson brought him the copy for which he had asked, and turning over the pages he soon lighted upon the paragraph:

"Mr. James Thresk has recovered from his recent breakdown and left London yesterday with Mrs. Thresk for North Uist."

Glynn laid down his newspaper and contemplated the immediate future with gloom. It was a very long way to the Outer Hebrides and, moreover, he had eight horses in his stable. Yet he could hardly refuse to take a journey in the face of that paragraph. It was not indeed in his nature to refuse. For the letter written by Linda Thresk claimed his presence urgently. He took it up again. There was no reason expressed as to why he was needed. And there were instructions, besides, which puzzled him—very explicit instructions. He was to bring his guns, he was to send a telegram from Loch Boisdale, the last harbor into which the steamer from Oban put before it reached North Uist, and from no other place. He was, in a word, to pretend that he had been shooting in a neighboring island to North Uist, and that, since he was so near, he ventured to trespass for a night or two on Mrs. Thresk's hospitality. All these precautions seemed to Glynn ominous, but still more ominous was the style of the letter. A word here, a sentence there—nay, the very agitation of the handwriting filled Glynn with uneasiness. The appeal was almost pitiful. He seemed to see Linda Thresk bending over the pages of the letter which he now held in his hand, writing hurriedly, with a twitching, terrified face, and every now and then looking up and to this side and to that with the eyes of a hunted animal. He remembered Linda's appearance very well as he held her letter in his hand, although three years had passed since he had seen her, a fragile, slender woman with a pale, delicate face, big, dark eyes and masses of dark hair, a woman with the look of a girl and an almost hothouse air of refinement.

Mr. Glynn laid the letter down again, and again rang for his servant.

"Pack for a fortnight," he said, "and get my guns out. I am going away."

Thompson was as surprised as his self-respect allowed him to be.

"Your guns, sir?" he asked. "I think they are in town, but we have not used them for so long ——"

"I know," said Mr. Glynn impatiently. "But we are going to use them now."

Thompson knew very well that Mr. Glynn could not hit a haystack twenty yards off and had altogether abandoned a sport in which he was so lamentably deficient. But a still greater shock was to be inflicted upon him.

"Thompson," said Mr. Glynn, "I shall not take you with me. I shall go alone."

And go alone he did. Here was the five-pound note, in a word, at the service of a friend. But he was not without perplexities to keep his thoughts busy upon his journey.

Why had Linda Thresk sent for him out of all his friends?

For since her marriage three years before he had clean lost sight of her, and even before her marriage he had, after all, been only one of many. He found no answer to that question. On the other hand, he faithfully executed Mrs. Thresk's instructions. He took his guns with him, and when the steamer stopped beside the little quay at Loch Boisdale he went ashore and sent off his telegram. Two hours later he disembarked at Lochmaddy in North Uist and, hiring a trap at the inn, set off on his long drive across that flat and melancholy island. The sun set, the swift darkness followed, and the moon had risen before he heard the murmurous thunder of the sea upon the western shore. It was about ten minutes later when beyond a turn of the road he saw the house and the light shining brightly in its windows. It was a small, white house with a few outbuildings at the back, set in a flat, peat country on the edge of a great marsh. Ten yards from the house a great brake of reeds marked the beginning of the marsh, and beyond the reeds the bog stretched away glistening with pools to the low sand-hills. Beyond the sand-hills the Atlantic ran out to meet the darkness, a shimmering plain of silver. One sapling stood up from the middle of the marsh and laid a finger across the moon. But except that sapling there were not any trees.

To Glynn, fresh from the meadowlands of Leicestershire with their neat patterns of hedges, their white gates and trees, this corner of the Outer Hebrides upon the edge of the Atlantic had the wildest and most desolate look. The seagulls and curlews cried perpetually above the marsh, and the quiet sea broke upon the sand with a haunting and mournful sound. Glynn looked at the little house set so far away in solitude, and was glad that he had come. To his southern way of thinking, trouble was best met and terrors most easily endured in the lighted ways of cities, where companionship was to be had by the mere stepping across the threshold.

When the trap drove up to the door there was some delay in answering Glynn's summons. A middle-aged man-servant came at last to the door and peered out from the doorway in surprise.

"I sent a telegram," said Glynn, "from Loch Boisdale. I am Mr. Glynn."

"A telegram?" said the man. "It will not come up until the morning, sir."

Then the voice of the driver broke in.

"I brought up a telegram from Lochmaddy. It's from a gentleman who is coming to visit Mrs. Thresk from South Uist."

In the Outer Islands, where all are curious, news is not always to be had, and the privacy of the telegraph system is not recognized. Glynn laughed, and at the same moment the man-servant opened an inner door of the tiny hall.

Glynn stepped into a low-ceiled parlor which was obviously the one living-room of the house. On his right hand was a great fireplace with a peat fire burning in the grate, and a high-backed, horsehair sofa in front of it. On his left, at a small, round table, Thresk and his wife were dining.

Both Thresk and his wife sprang up as he entered. Linda advanced to him with every mark of surprise upon her face.

"You!" she cried, holding out her hand. "Where have you sprung from?"

"South Uist," said Glynn, repeating his lesson.

"And you have come on to us! That is kind of you! Martin, you must take Mr. Glynn's bag up to the guest-room. I expect you will be wanting your dinner."

"I sent you a telegram asking you whether you would mind if I trespassed upon your hospitality for a night or so." He saw Linda's eyes fixed upon him with some anxiety, and he continued at once: "I sent it from Loch Boisdale."

A wave of relief passed over Linda's face.

"It will not come up until the morning," she said with a smile.

"As a matter of fact, the driver brought it up with him," said Glynn. And Martin handed to Mrs. Thresk the telegram. Over his shoulder Glynn saw Thresk raise his head. He had been standing by the table listening to what was said. Now he advanced. He was a tall man, powerfully built, with a strongly-marked, broad face, which was only saved from coarseness by its look of power. They made a strange contrast, the husband and the wife, as they stood side by side; she slight and exquisite, delicate in her color, dainty in her movements, he clumsy and big and masterful. Glynn suddenly recalled gossip which had run through the town about the time of their marriage. Linda had been engaged to another, a man whose name Glynn did not remember, but on whom, so the story ran, her heart was set.

"Of course you are very welcome," said Thresk, as he held out his hand, and Glynn noticed with something of a shock that his throat was bandaged. He looked toward Linda. Her eyes were resting upon him with a look of agonized appeal. He was not to remark upon that wounded throat. He took Thresk's hand.

"We shall be delighted if you will stay with us as long as you can," said Thresk. "We have been up here for more than three months. You come to us from another world, and visitors from another world are always interesting, aren't they, Linda?"

He spoke his question with a quiet smile, like a man secretly amused. But on Linda's face fear flashed out suddenly and was gone. It seemed to Glynn that she was at pains to repress a shiver.

"Martin will show you your room," said Thresk. "What's the matter?"

Glynn was staring at the table in consternation. Where had been the use of all the pretense that he had come unexpectedly on an unpremeditated visit? His telegram had only this minute arrived, and yet there was the table laid for three people. Thresk followed the direction of his visitor's eyes.

"Oh, I see," he said with a laugh.

Glynn flushed. No wonder Thresk was amused. He had been sitting at the table; and between himself and his wife the third place was laid.

"I will go up and change," said Glynn awkwardly.

"Well, don't be long!" replied Thresk.

Glynn followed Martin to the guest-room. But he was annoyed. He did not under any circumstances like to look a fool. But he had the strongest possible objection to traveling three hundred miles in order to look it. If he wanted to look a fool, he grumbled, he could have managed it just as well in the Midlands.

But he was to be more deeply offended. For when he came down into the dining-room he walked to the table and drew out the vacant chair. At once Thresk shot out his hand and stopped him

"You mustn't sit there!" he cried violently. Then his face changed. Slowly the smile of amusement reappeared upon it. "After all, why not?" he said. "Try, yes, try," and he watched Glynn with a strange intentness.

Glynn sat down slowly. A trick was being played upon him, of that he was sure. He was still more sure when Thresk's face relaxed and he broke into a laugh.

"Well, that's funny!" he cried, and Glynn in exasperation asked indignantly:

"What's funny?"

But Thresk was no longer listening. He was staring across the room toward the front door as though he heard outside yet another visitor. Glynn turned angrily toward Linda. At once his anger died away. Her face was white as paper, and her eyes full of fear. Her need was real, whatever it might be. Thresk turned sharply back again.

"It's a long journey from London to North Uist," he said pleasantly.

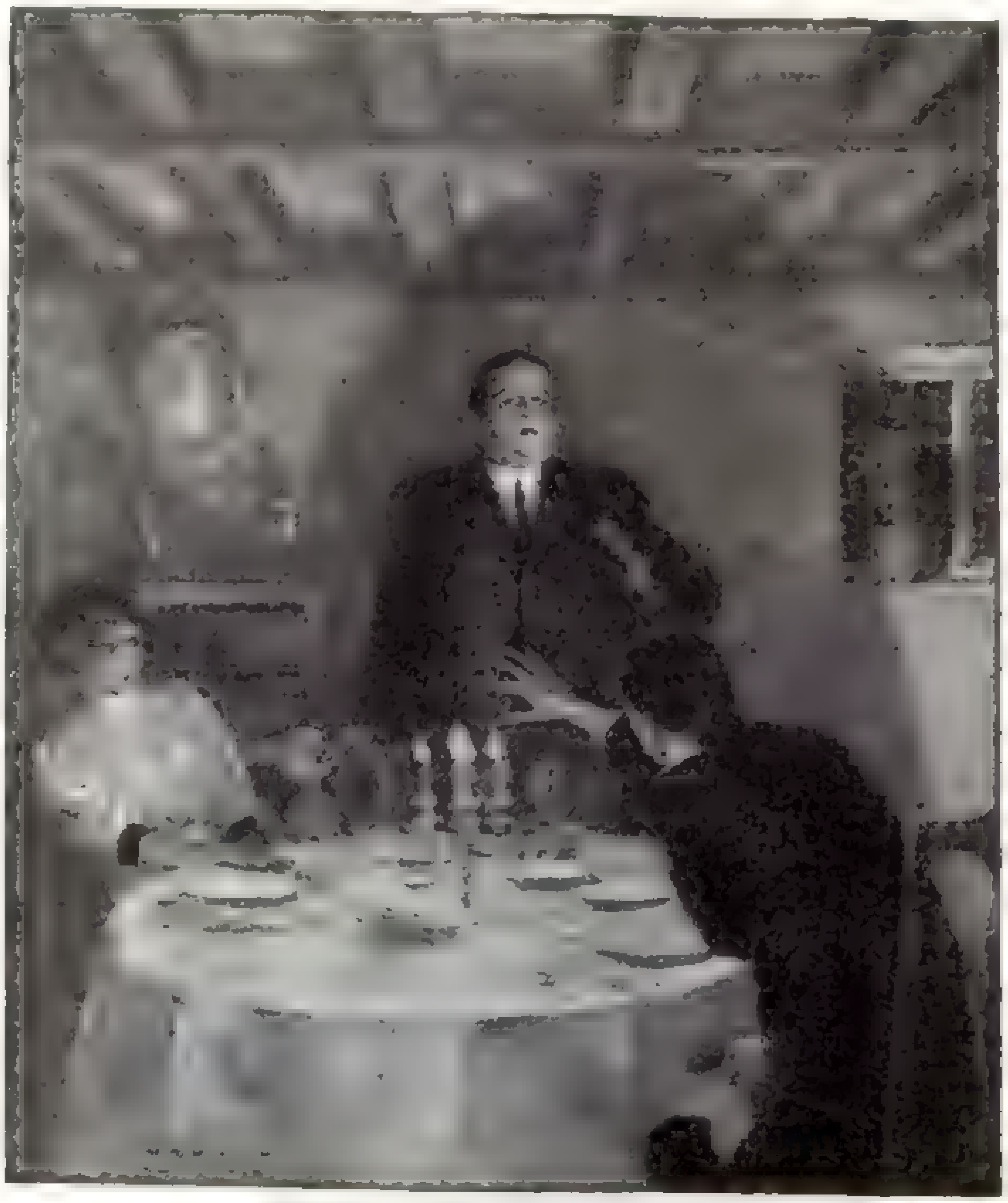
"No doubt," replied Glynn, as he set himself to his dinner; "but I have come from South Uist. However, I am just as hungry as if I had come from London."

He laughed, and Thresk joined in the laugh.

"I am glad of that," he said. "For it's quite a long time since we have seen you."

"Yes, it is," replied Glynn carelessly. "A year, I think."

"Three years," said Thresk. "For I don't think that you have ever come to see us in London."



"You Mustn't Sit There!" He Cried Violently

"We are so seldom there," interrupted Linda.

"Three months a year, my dear," said Thresk. "But I know very well that a man will take a day's journey in the Outer Islands to see his friends, whereas he wouldn't cross the street in London; and in any case we are very glad to see you. By the way," and he reached out his hand carelessly for the salt, "isn't this rather a new departure for you, Glynn? You were always a sociable fellow. A hunting-box in the Midlands, and all the lighted candles in the season. The Outer Islands are hardly in your line." And he turned quickly toward him. "You have brought your guns?" he asked suddenly.

"Of course," said Glynn, laughing as easily as he could under a cross-examination which he began to find anything but comfortable. "But I won't guarantee that I can shoot any better than I used to."

"Never mind," said Thresk. "We'll shoot the bog tomorrow, and it will be strange if you don't bring down something. It's full of duck. You don't mind getting wet, I suppose. There was once a man named Channing ——" he broke off upon the name and laughed again with that air of secret amusement. "Did you ever hear of him?" he asked of Glynn.

"Yes," Glynn replied slowly. "I knew him."

At the mention of the name he had seen Linda flinch, and he knew why she flinched.

"Did you?" exclaimed Thresk with a keen interest. "Then you will appreciate the story. He came up here on a visit."

Glynn started.

"He came here!" he cried, and could have bitten out his tongue for uttering the cry.

"Oh, yes," said Thresk easily. "I asked him;" and Glynn looked from Thresk to Thresk's wife in amazement. Linda for once did not meet Glynn's eyes. Her own were fixed upon the tablecloth. She was sitting in her chair rather rigidly. One hand rested upon the tablecloth, and it was tightly clenched. Alone of the three James Thresk appeared at ease.

"I took him out to shoot that bog," he continued with a laugh. "He loathed getting wet. He was always so very well dressed, wasn't he, Linda? The reeds begin twenty yards from the front door, and within the first five minutes he was up to the waist!" Thresk suddenly checked his laughter. "However, it ceased to be a laughing matter. Channing got a little too near the sapling in the middle."

"Is it dangerous there?" asked Glynn.

"Yes, it's dangerous." Thresk rose from his chair and walked across the room to the window. He pulled up the blind and, curving his hands about his eyes to shut out the light of the room, leaned his face against the window-frame and looked out. "It's more than dangerous," he said in a low voice. "Just round that sapling it's swift and certain death. You would sink to the waist," and he spoke still more slowly, as though he were measuring by the utterance of the syllables the time it would take for the disaster to be complete, "from the waist to the shoulders, from the shoulders clean out of sight, before any help could reach you."

He stopped abruptly, and Glynn, watching him from the table, saw his attitude change. He dropped his head, he hunched his back and made a strange, hissing sound with his breath.

"Linda!" he cried in a low, startling voice. "Linda!"

Glynn, unimpressionable man that he was, started to his feet. The long journey, the loneliness of the little house set in this wild, flat country, the terror which hung over it and was heavy in the very atmosphere of the rooms, were working already upon his nerves.

"Who is it?" he cried.

Linda laid a hand upon his arm

"There's no one," she said in a whisper.

And looking at her quivering face Glynn was inspired to ask a question, was wrought up to believe that the answer would explain to him why Thresk leaned his forehead against the window-pane and called upon his wife in so strange a voice.

"Did Channing sink—by the sapling?"

"No," said Linda hurriedly, and as hurriedly she drew away in her chair. Glynn turned and saw Thresk himself standing just behind his shoulder. He had crept down noiselessly behind them.

"No," Thresk repeated. "But he is dead. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes, he is dead," and suddenly he broke out with a passionate violence: "A clever fellow—an infernally clever fellow. You are surprised to hear me say that, Glynn. You underrated him, like the rest of us. We thought him a milksop, a tame cat, a poor, weak, interloping, unprofitable creature who would sidle obsequiously into your house and make his home there. But we were wrong—all except Linda there."

Linda sat with her head bowed and said not a word. She was sitting so that Glynn could see her profile, and though she said nothing her lips were trembling.

"Linda was right," and Thresk turned carelessly to Glynn. "Did you know that Linda was at one time engaged to Channing?"

"Yes, I knew," said Glynn awkwardly.

"It was difficult for most of us to understand," said Thresk. "There seemed no sort of reason why a girl like Linda should select a man like Channing to fix her heart upon. But she was right. Channing was a clever fellow—oh, a very clever fellow," and he leaned over and touched Glynn upon the sleeve. "For he died."

Glynn started back.

"What are you saying?" he cried.

Thresk burst into a laugh.

"That my throat hurts me tonight," he said.

Glynn recovered himself with an effort. "Oh, yes," he said, as though now for the first time he had noticed the bandage. "Yes, I see you have hurt your throat. How did you do it?"

Thresk chuckled.

"Not very well done, Glynn. Will you smoke?"

The plates had been cleared from the table and the coffee brought in. Thresk rose from his seat and crossed to the mantel-shelf, on which a box of cigars was laid. As he took up the box and turned again toward the table a parchment scroll which hung on a nail at the side of the fireplace caught his eye.

"Do you see this?" he said, and he unrolled it. "It's my landlord's family tree. All the ancestors of Mr. Robert Donald McCullough right back to the days of Bruce. McCullough's prouder of that scroll than of anything else in the world. He is more interested in it than in anything else in the world."

For a moment he fingered it, and in the tone of a man communing with himself he said:

"Now, isn't that curious?"

Glynn rose from his chair and moved down the table so that he could see the scroll unimpeded by Thresk's bulky figure. Thresk, however, was not speaking any longer to his guest, and Glynn sat down again. But he sat down now in the chair which Thresk had used: the chair in which he himself had been sitting between Thresk and Linda was empty.

"What interests me," Thresk continued like a man in a dream, "is what is happening now—and very strange, queer, interesting things are happening now—for those who have eyes to see. Yes, through centuries and centuries McCulloughs have succeeded McCulloughs and lived in this distant little corner of the Outer Islands, through forays and wars and rebellions and the oversetting of kings, and yet—nothing has ever happened in this house to any one of them half so interesting and half so strange as what is happening now to us, the shooting tenants of a year."

Thresk dropped the scroll, and coming out of his dream brought the cigar-box to the table.

"You have changed your seat!" he said with a smile, as he offered the box to Glynn. Glynn took out of it a cigar and, leaning back, cut off the end. As he stooped forward to light it he saw the cigar-box still held out to him. Thresk had not moved. He seemed to have forgotten Glynn's presence in the room. His eyes were fixed upon the empty chair. He stood strangely rigid, and then he suddenly cried out:

"Take care, Linda!"

There was so sharp a note of warning in his voice that Linda sprang to her feet with her hand pressed upon her heart. Glynn was startled, too, and because he was startled he turned angrily to Thresk:

"Of what should Mrs. Thresk take care?"

Thresk took his eyes for a moment only from the empty chair.

"Do you see nothing?" he asked in a whisper, and his glance went back again. "Not a shadow which leaned across the table there toward Linda, darkening the candle-light?"

"No. For there's nothing to cast a shadow."

"Is there not?" said Thresk with a queer smile. "That's where you make your mistake. Aren't you conscious of something very strange, very insidious, close by us in this room?"

"I am aware that you are frightening Mrs. Thresk," said Glynn roughly; and, indeed, standing by the table, with her white face and her bosom heaving under her hand, she looked a statue of terror. Thresk turned at once to her. A look of solicitude made his gross face quite tender. He took her by the arm and in a chiding, affectionate tone he said very gently:

"You are not frightened, Linda, are you? Interested—yes, just as I am. But not frightened? There's nothing to be frightened at. We are not children."

"Oh, Jim!" she said, and she leaned upon his arm. He led her across to the sofa and sat down beside her.

"That's right. Now we are comfortable." But the last word was not completed. It seemed that it froze upon his lips. He stopped, looked for a second into space, and then dropping his arm from about his wife's waist he deliberately moved aside from her and made a space between them.

"Now we are in our proper places—the four of us," he said bitterly.

"The three of us," Glynn corrected as he walked round the table. "Where's the fourth?"

And then there came to him this extraordinary answer given in the quietest voice imaginable:

"Between my wife and me. Where should he be?"

Glynn stared. There was no one in the room but Linda, Thresk and himself—no one. But—but—it was the loneliness of the spot, and its silence, and its great distance from his world, no doubt, which troubled him. Thresk's manner, too, and his words were having their effect. That was all, Glynn declared stoutly to himself. But—but—he did not wonder that Linda had written so urgently for him to come to her. He felt an ice-cold finger laid upon his spine, and the hair stirred on his scalp.

"Who is it, then?" he cried violently.

Linda rose from the sofa, and took a quick step toward him. Her eyes implored him to silence.

"There is no one," she protested in a low voice.

"No," cried Glynn loudly. "Let us understand what wild fancy he has! Who is the fourth?"

Upon Thresk's face there came a look of sullenness.

"Who should he be?"

"Who is he?" Glynn insisted.

"Channing," said Thresk. "Channing." He sat for a while, brooding with his head sunk upon his breast. And Glynn started back. Some vague recollection was stirring in his memory. There had been a story current among Linda's friends at the time of her marriage. She had been in love with Channing, desperately in love with him. The marriage with Thresk had been forced on her by her parents—yes, and by Thresk's persistency. It had been a civilized imitation of the Rape of the Sabine Women.

That was how the story ran, Glynn remembered. He waited to hear more from James Thresk, and in a moment the words came, but in a thoroughly injured tone:

"It's strange that you can't see, either."

"There is some one else, then, who couldn't see?" said Glynn.

"Yes, yes, the dog," replied Thresk, gazing into the fire. "You and the dog." He repeated wearily, "You and the dog. But the dog saw in the end, and so will you, Glynn—yes, even you."

Linda turned quickly, but before she could speak Glynn made a sign to her. He went over to her side. A glance at Thresk showed him that he was lost in his thoughts. "If you want me to help you, you must leave us alone," he said.

She hesitated for a moment and then swiftly crossed the room and went out at the door. Glynn, who had let his cigar go out, lit it again at the flame of one of the candles on the dining-table. Then he planted himself solidly in front of Thresk.

"You are terrifying your wife," he said. "You are frightening her to death."

Thresk did not reply to the accusation directly. He smiled quietly at Glynn.

"She sent for you."

Glynn looked uncomfortable, and Thresk went on.

"You haven't come from South Uist. You have come from London."

"No," said Glynn.

"From Melton, then. You came because Linda sent for you."

"If it were so," stammered Glynn, "it would only be another proof that you are frightening her."

Thresk shook his head.

"It wasn't because Linda was afraid that she sent for you," he said stubbornly. "I know Linda. I'll tell you the truth," and he fixed his burning eyes on Glynn's face. "She sent for you because she hates being here with me."

"Hates being with you!" cried Glynn, and Thresk nodded his head. Glynn could, even so, hardly believe that he had heard aright. "Why, you must be mad!" he protested. "Mad or blind. There's just one person of whom your wife is thinking, for whom she is caring, for whose health she is troubled. It has been evident to me ever since I have been in this house, in spite of her fears. Every time she looks at you her eyes are tender with solicitude. That one person is yourself."

"No," said Thresk. "It's Channing."

"But he's dead, man!" cried Glynn in exasperation. "You told me so yourself not half an hour ago. He is dead."

"Yes," answered Thresk savagely. "He's dead. That's where he beats me. You don't understand that?"

"No, I don't," replied Glynn.

He was speaking aggressively; he stood with his legs apart in an aggressive attitude. Thresk looked him over from head to foot and agreed.

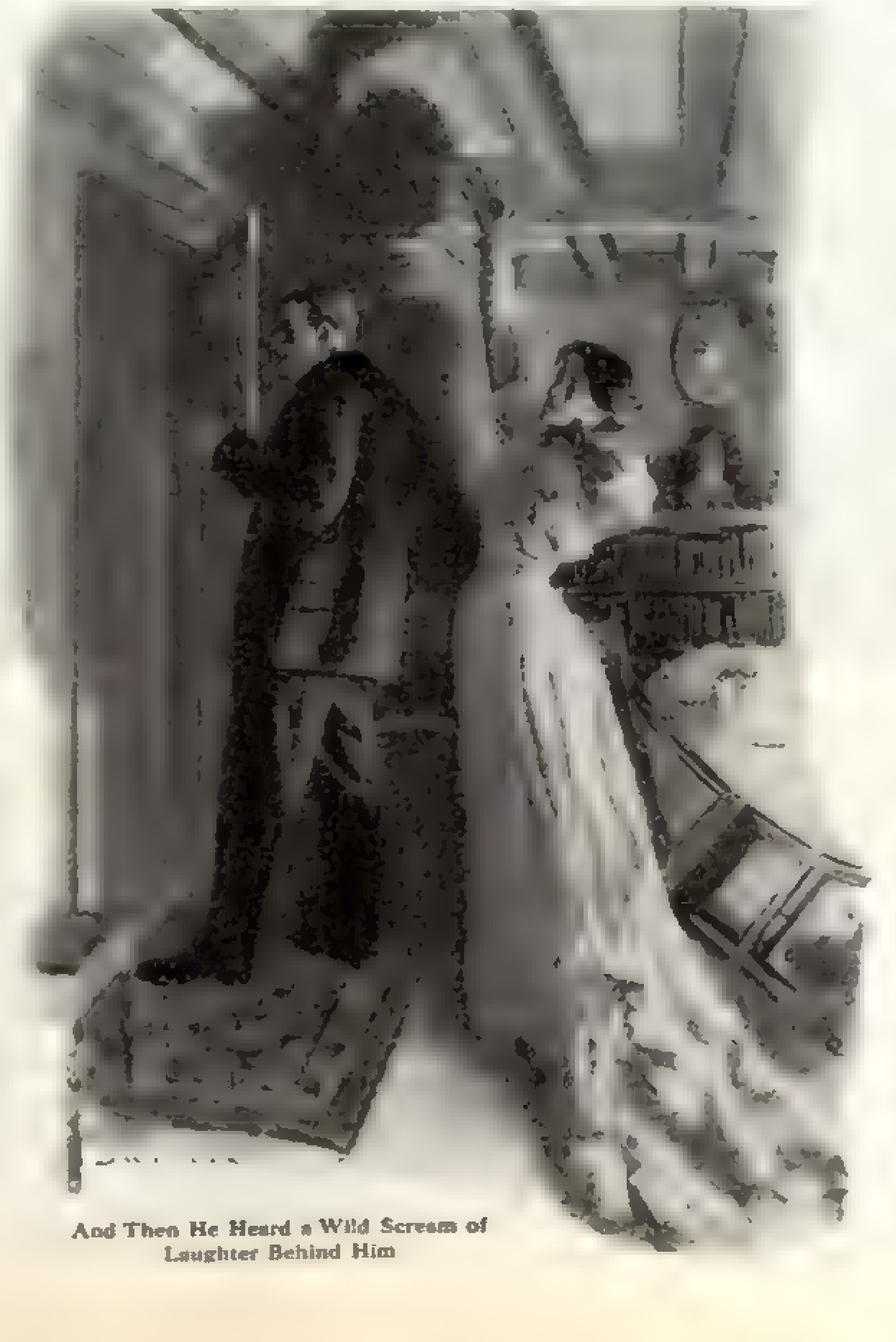
"No," he said, "and I don't see why you should. You are rather like me, comfortable and commonplace, and of the earth, earthy. Before men of our gross stamp could believe and understand what I am going to tell you they would have to reach—do you mind if I say—'refinement'—by passing through the same fires which have tempered me."

Glynn made no reply. He shifted his position, so that the firelight might fall upon Thresk's face with its full strength.

Thresk leaned forward with his hands upon his knees, and very quietly, though now and then a note of scorn rang in his voice, he told his story:

"You tell me my wife cares for me. I reply that she would have cared if Channing had not died. When I first met Linda she was engaged to him. You know that. She was devoted to him. You know that, too. I knew it, and I didn't mind. I wasn't afraid of Channing. A poor, feeble creature—heaps of opportunities, not one of them foreseen, not one of them grasped when it came his way. A grumbler, a bag of envy, a beggar for sympathy at any woman's lap! Why should I have worried my head about Channing? And I didn't. Linda's people were all for breaking off their engagement. After all, I was some good. I had made my way. I had roughed it in South America, and I had come home a rich man—not such a very easy thing as the superior people who haven't the heart even to try to be rich men are inclined to think. Well, the engagement was broken off. Channing hadn't a stiver to marry on, and nobody would give him a job. Look here!" And he suddenly swung round upon Glynn. "I gave Channing his chance. I knew he couldn't make any use of it. I wanted to prove he wasn't any good. So I put a bit of a railway in Chile into his hands, and he brought the thing to the edge of bankruptcy within twelve months. So the engagement was broken off. Linda clung to the fellow. I knew it, and I didn't mind. She didn't want to marry me. I knew it, and I didn't mind. Her parents broke her down to it. She sobbed through the night before we were married. I knew it, and I didn't mind. You think me a beast, of course," he added with a look at Glynn. "But just consider the case from my point of view. Channing was no match for Linda. I was. I wanted time, that was all. Give me only time and I knew that I could win her."

Boastful as the words sounded there was nothing of aggression in Thresk's voice. He was speaking with a quiet simplicity which robbed them quite of offense. He was unassumingly certain.



And Then He Heard a Wild Scream of Laughter Behind Him

"Why?" asked Glynn. "Why, given time, were you sure that you could win her?"

"Because I wanted to enough. That's my creed, Glynn. If you want enough, want with every thought and nerve and pulse, the thing you want comes along all right. There was the difference between Channing and me. He hadn't the heart to want enough. I wanted enough to go to school again. I set myself to learn the small attentions which mean so much to women. They weren't in my line naturally. I paid so little heed to things of that kind myself that it did not easily occur to me that women might think differently. But I learned my lesson and I got my reward. Just simple little precautions, like having a cloak ready for her, almost before she was aware that she was cold. And I would see a look of surprise on her face, and the surprise flush into a smile of pleasure. Oh, I was holding her, Glynn, I can tell you. I went about it so very warily," and Thresk laughed with a knowing air. "I didn't shut my door on Channing, either. Not I! I wasn't going to make a martyr of him. I let him sidle in and out of the house, and I laughed. For I was holding her."

He broke off suddenly, and his voice, which had taken on a tender and wistful note incongruous in so big a creature, rose in a gust of anger.

"But he died! He died and caught her back again."

Glynn raised his hands in despair.

"That memory has long since faded," he argued, and Thresk burst out in a bitter laugh.

"Memory," he cried, flinging himself into a chair. "You are one of the imaginative people, after all, Glynn," and Glynn stared in round-eyed surprise. Here to him was conclusive proof that there was something seriously wrong with Thresk's mind. Never had Mr. Glynn been called imaginative before, and his soul revolted against the aspersion. "Yes," said Thresk, pointing an accusing finger. "Imaginative! I am one of the practical people. I don't worry about memories. Actual, real things interest me—such as Channing's presence now in this house." And he spoke suddenly, leaning forward with so burning a fire in his eyes and voice that Glynn, in spite of himself, looked nervously across his shoulder. He rose hastily from the sofa, and, rather in order to speak than with any thought of what he was saying, he asked:

"When did he die?"

"Four months ago. I was ill at the time."

"Ah!"

The exclamation sprang from Glynn's lips before he could check it. Here to him was the explanation of Thresk's illusions. But he was sorry that he had not kept silent. For he saw Thresk staring angrily at him.

"What did you mean by your 'Ah!'?" Thresk asked roughly.

"Merely that I had seen a line about your illness in a newspaper," Glynn explained hastily.

Thresk leaned back satisfied.

"Yes," he resumed. "I broke down. I had had a hard life, you see, Glynn, and I was paying for it. I am right enough now, however," and his voice rose in a challenge to Glynn to contradict him.

Nothing was further from Glynn's thoughts.

"Of course," he said quickly. "I saw Channing's death in the obituary column whilst I was lying in bed, and to tell you the truth I was relieved by it."

"But I thought you said you didn't mind about Channing?" Glynn interrupted, and Thresk laughed with a little discomfort.

"Well, perhaps I did mind a little more than I care to admit," Thresk confessed. "At all events, I felt relieved at his death. What a fool I was!" and he stopped for a moment as though he wondered, now that his mind was so clear, at the delusion which had beset him.

"I thought that it was all over with Channing. Oh, what a fool I was! Even after he came back and would sidle up to my bedside in his old, fawning style I couldn't bring myself to take him seriously. I was only amused."

"He came to your bedside!" exclaimed Glynn.

"Yes," replied Thresk, and he laughed at the recollection. "He came with his humble smirk and pottered about the room as if he were my nurse. I put out my tongue at him and told him he was dead and done for, and that he had better not meddle with the bottles on the table. Yes, he amused me. What a fool I was! I thought no one else saw him. That was my first mistake. I thought he was helpless. That was my second."

Thresk got up from his chair and standing over the fireplace knocked the ash off his cigar.

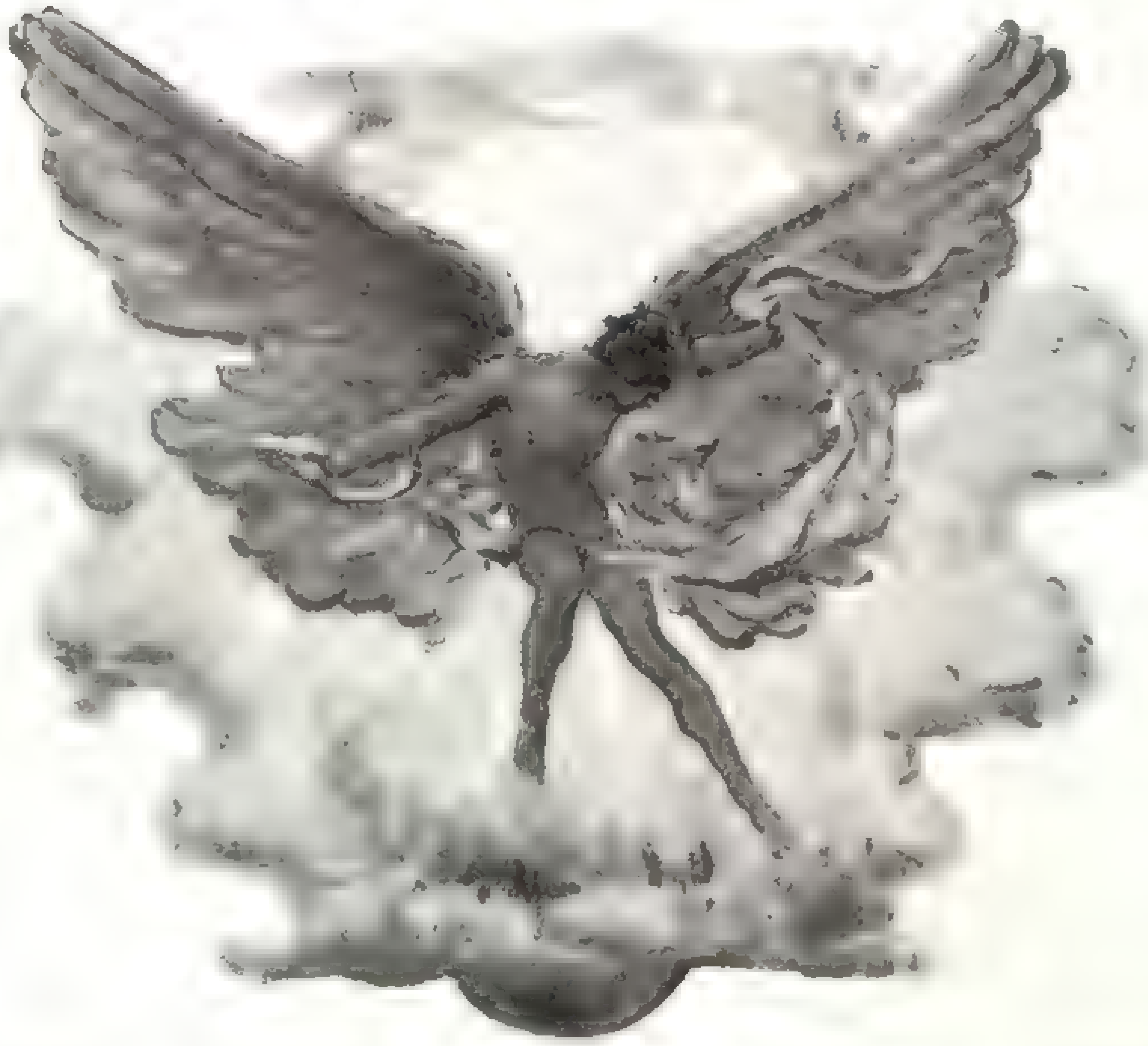
"Do you remember a great Danish boarhound I used to have?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 48)

GOOSIE

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



XII

DOLLY was getting along very well, thank you. Mostly, she was reading the papers. For if Charles-Norton thought for a moment that his indiscretions were to go unrecorded he was very much mistaken.

Cuddled in the big Morris chair of the little flat, a beribboned sack loose about her comfortable little body, her head golden in the soft cascade of light from the lamp, an open box of candy at her elbow, Dolly was reading the evening paper. It was all about Charles-Norton Sims, the paper, though it did not mention him by name, but variously, according to the temperaments of its correspondents, as a condor, an ichthyosaurus, the moon, an aeroplane, a Japanese fleet, a myth, a cloud, a hallucination, a balloon and a goose. As she read she alternately frowned and laughed. Her brows would draw together very seriously, and then suddenly her red lips would part to let through a sparkling rocket of laughter, and then her brows would again knit in concern. The laughter was of triumph at seeing her prophecy come true, for of course all the time she had known that Charles-Norton, left alone, would make a fool of himself; the concern was at the thought that, still alone, he would continue to make a fool of himself

"Well," she said finally, as the paper slipped from her knees to the floor; "well, it's about time I rescued the poor dear. I must go to him."

She sat mentally gazing back over the lonely two months, the period of her existence now about to terminate, and was astonished to find that, after all, it had not been so bad. Ever since the first crisis, ever since she had made up her mind to hold on to Charles-Norton, the worst, somehow, had been over. It had seemed as if that determination once made there was little left to worry over, that things could not possibly come out wrong, that the cosmos itself was with her. And so she had not worried. And she had had a pretty good time; a pretty good time. Better, in fact, in some ways than ——

"Sh-sh-sh," she hissed, stilling the thought.

But why was that?

Well, first of all, there had been the engrossing mystery of the spring hat; this followed by the still more exciting problem of the summer hat; and now she was planning for the fall hat—she had seen the cutest feathery toque, that came low down about her face, pushing to all sides little wisps of golden curls and making her look—well, very nice indeed. Then, of course, there had been less housework, and she had had much more time to herself, more time and more freedom. The acquaintance with Flossie, the young wife of the floor-walker in the flat across the landing, had helped a lot. Together they had plunged deep into the intoxication of the shops. And several times they had gone off, a bit defiantly, on little orgies. They would go to the matinée, and then have a chocolate ice-cream soda, and called that "having a fling." All this, of course, had been impossible when Charles-Norton had been about. But why? Oh, because he worked so hard, and there wasn't much, there wasn't so much ——

Dolly paused and blushed. "Oh, that money," she said deprecatingly; "that horrid, horrid mon ——"

She rose to her feet at a sudden new thought and went into her room, where from beneath ribbons, stockings, gloves and theater programs she drew out of a drawer a little yellow book and a longer, more narrow green one.

When she returned she was a bit pale, and sank rather limply into her chair. "Oo-h!" she exclaimed disconsolately. "Oo-h, now I've *got* to get to him; get to him soon!"

Go to him. But where—how—where?

She knew where he was now, it is true—but only relatively. The first report of his antics had come from a little town in the California foothills; the second from a summer resort in a valley of the Californian sierra. Now he was being reported pretty well all over the United States, but the first news in all probability was the only valuable clew. That was desolately vague, though. A man who flies covers much ground. Where did he sleep? Where was his lair or his nest, rather? It was sleeping, not flying, that he was to be caught. How could she locate him? It would take time to do this, and money. And the checkbook—oh, that checkbook!

Little Dolly, always at the bottom a pretty level-headed creature, had become wonderfully patient in the past month. Patient with a determination fixed as a star, as a law of Nature; a determination which was stronger far than herself; which was outside herself; which she could feel, almost, a huge pressure behind her, as of great reservoirs filled through trickling æons; and which astonished her. She had written of it, once, to her aunt.

"Dear Dolly," had answered this Darwinian lady; "you are right. It is not of you. It is of all women that have gone before you, of the millions and millions of women who have fought and plotted and intrigued in order to keep alive the spark of life and hand it down to you. It is, Dolly, the persistence of Woman; the inexorable persistence of Woman, Dolly, holding Man. Holding Man, Dolly, in spite of his superior physical strength, of his superior brutality; holding him through the ages. The terrific persistence of Woman holding Man, Dolly, Man—the restless, the moody, the incomprehensible; the erratic one, ever dissatisfied, ever bounding to the end of his chain in blind surges toward painted things of the air which we know do not exist.

"Oh, no; you cannot help it, dear little Dolly. Cling, Dolly, cling!"

"That's horrid," Dolly had said when she had finished this epistle.

And then after a while, but this time with a smile: "How perfectly horrid!"

But now this patience, this persistence, was indeed a precious thing. It enabled her to wait calmly for the turn of chance which would enable her to find Charles-Norton. She read the papers every day. Truth to tell, they promised little help, for by this time they were announcing Charles-Norton simultaneously in New Orleans, Quebec, Key West and Victoria. Wisely, Dolly had preserved the first clippings. And after all, it was from the papers that was to come the solution. The paper, one morning, after describing appearances of Charles-Norton in Vladivostok, Paris and Timbuctoo, had slid from her knees to the floor, when her eyes lit upon an advertisement on the upturned back page.

BISON BILLIAM AND HIS
WORLD-RENOWNED WILD-WEST SHOW
PERMANENTLY NOW
AT THE HIPPODROME NIGHTLY
HENRIQUE FARMANA, IN HIS AEROPLANE
WILL FLY FIFTY FEET

"Ooh!" said Dolly, suddenly clapping both her hands to her heart. "Ooh! I've got it!"

She sat there a little weak with excitement, while a rosiness came to her cheeks and a light in her eyes. "Yes," she said at length; "yes—that's it!"

Upon which she dressed very carefully, put on her hat and went downtown to the Hippodrome.

Once there she hesitated a moment before the glazed-glass door with its shining brass plate, then knocked like a little mouse. A big bass voice told her to come in.

The owner of the voice was seated at the desk, leaning back in his rolling-chair, a big firecracker of a cigar in the corner of his mouth. His feet were on the desk and Dolly noticed them first: they were encased in high-heeled boots that seemed very soft and fitted like gloves. A soft, wide-brimmed felt hat sat rakishly upon his head. Hat, cigar and boots dropped to a simultaneous disappearance.

The man rose, and Dolly saw that his hair was very white and long, and cascaded in curls to his shoulders; and that, what with this hair, the little white goatee at the end of his chin, and the long, rapier-like mustachios of the same color upon his upper lip, he looked like a French musketeer of the seventeenth century. He bowed sweepingly. Now he was like a Spanish grandee. But the little eyes beneath his bushy eyebrows were blue and shrewd.

Recovering from her first movement of surprise Dolly made straight for the desk, her eyes set, her lips firm. "Mr. Bison Billiam?" she asked.

He bowed again in assent. "And at your service, madam," he said, and bent his head down toward her in courteous attention.

But at the first rush of words from her an agitation came over him; his shrewd little eyes fitted here and there about the room as though suspicious. He stopped her with a wide gesture. "Sh-sh," he hissed gently; "this is very important indeed; we must not be overheard. Won't you step into my private office? Do me this favor," he asked, opening a heavily-paneled door behind him.

Dolly had a glimpse of a broad, polished mahogany table, of heavy chairs. She went in; he followed her; the door closed.

Fifteen minutes later she stood again at the outer door, Bison Billiam, knob in hand, arching above her in deferential leave-taking. "I will see to everything," he assured her; "everything. This is certainly most worthy of being looked into. And I shall do it myself. My-self," he repeated, emphasizing the two little words as though that fact were of tremendous importance; "my-self." He bowed again to the ground. The door closed.

Dolly, alone on the landing, suddenly slid the length of the hall in a little jig. "Oh," she said, "we're going to be rich. I'll have a butler; and things!"

"Clang!" went the elevator, stopping at the floor. Dolly abruptly became again a very dignified little lady. Once out on the street, however, she went straightway to the milliner's, where she purchased almost with the last of her bank-account the coveted fall hat. It was a furry toque with a white aigrette; it came down to her ears and made her look like a little Cossack.

XIII

ON THE other side of the Continent, Charles-Norton's retreat began to be haunted.

He was taking his flight above the lake, one morning, in the cool gold of sunrise, when suddenly a suspicion, a vague sensing of peril, passed like a cloud between him and the sun. Immediately he let himself eddy to the beach, and there, stretched low along the sand, with craning neck he peered carefully about him.

At first he could see nothing. Twice he half rose to resume his flight, but each time flattened out again to the same subtle sense of presence. And at last, with a thump of his heart, he saw him—on the edge of the meadow, a man upon a horse in the dusk of the pines.

They stood there, man and beast, framed by the pines, immobile and silent. The horse was a beautiful silken-white, with a bridle of twisted rawhide heavily plaqued with silver; the saddle, of high-pommeled Spanish style, was also heavily incrusted; and the man sat it as though he had been poured molten into it. He wore a wide, flapping sombrero, set cavalierly upon long, white hair that descended to the shoulders of his fringed buckskin jacket; the belt at his waist drooped loosely to the weight of a great holster, out of which protruded the lustrous butt of a silver-mounted revolver; long, gleaming boots rose to his hips, their toes within carved *tapaderas*, their heels, high to the point of femininity, roweled with long, rotary spurs.

They stood there a long time, man and beast, motionless, a sculptured group but for the slight, forward pricking of the horse's pointed ears, and the man gazed steadily at Charles-Norton, his eyes shaded by his heavily-buckskinned hand. Charles-Norton, hypnotized, gazed back. There was something about the man, his flaming accouterment, especially about the gesture—that theatric peering from beneath gauntleted hand—which somehow stirred Charles-Norton with a sense of past experience. They gazed thus long at each other in immobility and silence; then suddenly there ran lightly through the meadow the resonance of a champed bit; the horse, rising on his hindlegs, pivoted, the man's waist bending pliably to the movement—and they were gone. A soft thudding of hoofs came muffled through the trees; it rose to a flinty clatter, which in its turn diminished and ceased.

Charles-Norton after a while went on with his usual routine. He had his swim, his breakfast and his pipe. But an uneasiness was with him now; he cast abrupt, suspecting glances about him, about his profaned retreat. And during the day's long flight something seemed to follow him like an impalpable menace.

When he returned at sundown the man was again there. This time he was among the rocks overlooking the cabin, and was afoot, his white horse motionless behind him, with long bridle dropped to the ground. Charles-Norton watched him from behind a tree. He stood there long, his right hand negligently upon the horse's neck, his left hand shielding his eyes as he looked; and to the posture, somehow, the whole landscape gradually changed its aspect, seemed to take on an air subtly theatrical, the waning sunlight like calcium, the rocks like cardboard, the trees painted. "Where, oh, where have I seen that before?" murmured Charles-Norton, intrigued in the midst of his panic.

The man mounted, the horse came forward, and with a silvery tinkling of spur and bit they went slowly across the meadow and into the forest, toward the trail that led to the camp.

"Where have I seen that geezer before?" murmured Charles-Norton again as he was going to sleep that night.

The question was to remain unanswered. The man did not appear again. But on the Sunday following at dusk, as the lake was aflash with leaping trout, Dolly came running to him out of the trees.

XIV

DOLLY came suddenly out of the fringe of the trees. It was dusk; the lake was aflash with leaping trout. And she came to him across the darkened meadow like a fawn panting for her retreat. He stood there petrified, but, as she neared, felt his arms open in an irresistible and large movement; she nestled within them, her head on his heart.

They stood there long without speaking a word, in the center of the dusky meadow, by the sparkling lake. Her face was on his breast; his arms were about her, but his eyes were looking straight ahead into the obscurity. He could feel her palpitate softly against him, and a tenderness like a warm pool was collecting in his heart.

"Dolly!" he said at length.

But she did not answer; only pushed farther into his embrace in a blind little snuggling movement like that of a puppy. He dropped his eyes down upon her, slyly. He could see her shoulders, agitated as though she were weeping, and a wisp of her hair, and one tip of a rosy ear; and then, nearer, he saw the furry toque with its white aigret.

"You little Cossack!" he said a bit huskily.

Again there was a silence; then he felt the vibration of her muffled voice against his chest. "Do you like it?" she asked timidly.

"It's dandy," he said.

The silence that followed was like that of a kitten after a cup of cream. Then the voice sounded again within the depths of his embrace. "Oh, Goosie!" she sobbed; "I've been so miserable!"

"Poor little girl," he growled above there in the dark; "poor little girl!"

"All my money is gone, Goosie—and the janitor was impolite and treated me dreadfully; and oh, Goosie, I've had such a terrible time!"

"Yes, yes, yes," he said soothingly. ("I'll kill that janitor," he thought, gnashing his teeth

"Goosie," began the voice again, "you won't drive me away, will you? You won't drive me away—I can stay tonight, can't I? It's so dark and so cold! And in the morning, if you still don't want me, I'll—I'll go away, Goosie. I'll go away and never, never bother you any more, Goosie; never! But let me stay tonight, Goosie; don't drive me away tonight!"

"Dolly! Dolly!" groaned Charles-Norton, horrified at the very possibility, and suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of the enormity of his past conduct. "Don't, Dolly, don't ——"

"I can stay—then—tonight?" she asked with a glimmer of humble hope, of hope that cannot believe itself. "I can stay tonight, Goosie?"

"Oh, Dolly, you can stay tonight, you can stay tomorrow night, you can stay always, Dolly, poor little Dolly," moaned the agonized Charles-Norton. "We'll stay here always, together, Dolly. Never will I move from you again, Dolly; Dolly, my little wife, my love, my ——"

Dolly snuggled back close. "Oh, Goosie," she said, "if you let me stay I'll be so good! I won't bother you at all, Goosie. You can do just what you want; I'll let you have—anything! I won't bother you—you won't know I'm there; I'll just hide around and take care of you, Goosie. Oh, Goosie, I'll do anything! If only you'll let me stay, Goosie!"

"Come," he said, not daring to give his voice much of a chance—"Come; let us go in."

The little nose suddenly popped out. She no longer wept, though he could see a tear still at the end of one of her lashes, agleam in the dark. She raised her head out of his arms and looked about her. "Oh," she cried, "is that your house? What a cute baby-house! It's pretty here, isn't it?"

"It is beautiful!" he said enthusiastically. "We'll be happy here. Come," he said; and very close, her head upon his shoulder, his arm about her waist, they went slowly across the meadow to the cabin.

It was pleasant, somehow, the next morning, to loll about with trailing wings undesirous of flight. The cabin, the meadow, had taken on a certain intimacy, a coziness; it was pleasant to remain there all day, upon earth, idle-winged.

Charles-Norton had his morning swim alone after vain attempts to entice Dolly, her eyes still full of blue sleep, into the crystal waters. Then he fished from his rock—twice as long as he usually fished. And when he returned with his string of rainbows Dolly, uncovering the Dutch oven which he had bought on his arrival, but the mystery of which he had never mastered, proudly showed him the cracked golden dome of a swelling loaf of bread. Its warm fragrance mingled with the pungent puffs coming from the curved nozzle of the coffee-pot, set in the glowing coals. He gave her the fish, all cleaned, and rolling them in cornmeal she laid them delicately in the sizzling frying-pan, each by the side of a marbled strip of bacon.

There was no doubt that this breakfast was an improvement on breakfasts that had gone before. Bread is mighty good when one has not had any for nearly two months; and warm, golden bread just out of the oven and made by Dolly was more than mighty good. The coffee had undeniably an aroma that it had not had of past mornings. And as you held up to the light, delicately between thumb and finger, a little trout with crisply-curved tail, and slipped it head first between eager white teeth, your eyes smiled into two other eyes (like blue stars) smiling back at you over just such another troutlet, golden-crisp, entering in successive movements between just such eager teeth (small, pearly ones, these).

Oh, you Charles-Norton!

He wore a blanket on his back, undulating from his shoulders, over his wings, to the ground. Dolly had put it there, fearing he would catch cold. Now and then, by some reflex action of which Charles-Norton was unconscious, the wings stirred uneasily to the burden and let it slip to the ground, upon which Dolly, springing up with a laugh, quickly replaced it. This happened so often that it became a game

After breakfast Dolly, instead of throwing the dishes in a shallow spot of the lake, as was the habit of Master Charles-Norton, placed them in a pot of boiling water, at the bottom of which, with wonder-eyes, he saw them miraculously dissolve to brightness. "You're a genius, Dolly," he said. She laughed, a silver peal that filled the clearing, then, going into the cabin, returned with his pipe all filled. Nicodemus came to them for his salt, then wandered off again. They sat side by side, their backs against the cabin wall, the meadow before them, sloping to the lake; he smoked, and she was silent. The sun had risen. It inundated the western slopes with a cascade of light; here and there, on the crest, glaciers flashed signals; far to the west the plain palpitated liquidly; and above, the sky domed very high, a miracle of pellucid azure. A big sigh escaped Charles-Norton in a blue wafture of smoke. "Isn't this beautiful!" he said; "isn't it beautiful!"

She said nothing, and so he repeated his words: "Isn't it beautiful!"

And then, curious at her silence, he turned to her. She was looking about her, at the trees, at the lake and the great crags above, and as she looked, with an unconscious movement she drew closer to him. "It's awfully big," she said, and her voice was almost a whisper.

"It's big with beauty," he said. "Look at the lake," he went on, detailing with the pride of a suburban proprietor; "isn't it silvery and fresh and clean!"

"It's cold, isn't it?" said Dolly.

"And the crest, up there. Look at it. It is sculptured—domes, spires, castles. And those Gothic arches. They are like joined hands; the granite prays. And see the glisten of that glacier in the haze, like a star in the veil of a bride! It's all beautiful!"

"They're terribly big mountains, aren't they?" said Dolly.

"See the plain, away down there. It seems to heave slowly, like the Flood after the rain had ceased."

"Do people live there?" asked Dolly.

"And the sky; did you ever see such sky? And the meadow here, how fresh and lush; and the pines, and the cabin, and the lake—isn't it all quiet and peaceful!"

She was silent, and after a while he turned to her. A tear was trembling at the end of one of her long lashes. "Goosie," she whispered, and she snuggled up against him—"Goosie, isn't it a bit—lonely here?"

"We won't find it lonely," he answered stoutly, and drew her close within his arms.

The day drawled on, slowly and deliciously. "Let's take a little walk," said Dolly after a while.

"All right," said Charles-Norton. "I guess I still know how. I haven't walked much lately."

"I suppose not," said Dolly hesitatingly. They were going side by side across the meadow, and Charles-Norton could feel her looking at him out of the corner of her eye. "I suppose—you have been—doing something else."

"Yes," laughed Charles-Norton, flushing a bit; "yes—something else."

Somehow, they did not look at each other for a time after that, and walked a bit apart.

They drew together again, little by little, as they wandered over the clearing, in a close examination of their domain, which Charles-Norton, with his passion for big flights and sweeping outlooks, had up to now neglected. They found a miniature cascade that purled over a mossy log; a cave so small and clean and regular that it seemed not the work of the big Nature about them, but of delicate, elfin hands; and then, on the edge of forest and grass, a flower, a trembling white chalice, upon the virginal bosom of which one small touch of color burned like a flame. And thus, little step after little step, they went from little wonder to little wonder. Dolly liked small things; it was the microscopic aspect of Nature that touched her heart; she had an adjective all her own for them: they were "baby" things—baby flowers, baby brooks, baby stars. This appealed less to Charles-Norton, hungry for big sweeps. And, even now, he caught himself yawning once, and casting a look at the crest, far away.

In the afternoon, in the full warmth of the clear sun, he inveigled her into the lake for a swim. They splashed in the silver waters like merman and mermaid; and when, after a glistening disappearance within the cabin, Dolly emerged again, she was tucked in a fuzzy bathrobe that made her look like a little bear.

They sat long, afterward, on a warm slope in the sun. Crickets hopped about them; Charles-Norton at intervals heard by his side Dolly's musical giggle as one of them struck her. A bird on a long twig balanced above them, and, for a time, a squirrel chattered at them in mock scolding from the top of a pine. Little by little Charles-Norton sank into a profundity of well-being. He could see ahead now, his life stretching placid and colored, solved at last, with both Dolly and the wings, uniting love and freedom, the ecstasies of flight with the tenderness of home ——

"Goosie," said Dolly; "let's go in."

The sun was gone. It had sunk into the plain, far off. "Wait," he whispered, looking toward the crest, inflamed with living light. The peaks gleamed, the domes glowed, the glaciers flashed, the whole skyline crackled with a great band of color. Then swiftly from the plain a shadow ran up the mountainsides, extinguished, one after the other, peak and dome and glacier; it went up toward the clouds with its long, swift lope; the clouds became burned rags.

"Let us go in," said Dolly.

"Wait," he said.

The night was pouring in over the crest, filling the meadow, the dome above; a velvety blueness palpitated vaguely about them; a star, as if touched by an unseen torch, suddenly sprung to light.

"Wait," murmured Charles-Norton; "it is beautiful at this hour."

But Dolly pressed against him with a little shiver. "I'm cold, Goosie; let us go in."

They rose, went down the slope and across the meadow. Along the grass a frigid little haze was forming; it was true that it was cold. If Charles-Norton had been a practical man he would have observed that, for the last two weeks, in fact, the nights had been growing more and more cold—which might have introduced a disturbing factor in his dream of the coming days. But Charles-Norton, as has been seen, was not a practical man.

They sat within by a glowing fire. "It's nice to be home," said Dolly.

"It's fine," said Charles-Norton stoutly.

XV

FOR three days Charles-Norton remained on earth sedulously. It was a pleasant earth. They wandered together in the small area about the cabin; they walked, swam, fished, picked flowers, and spent hours concocting, on the fire before the cabin, nice little dishes which they negotiated gourmandly, like children. On the second day Nicodemus, furry and fat with idleness, was saddled, and they three went down the trail toward the camp. Charles-Norton hid on the fringe of the forest while Dolly shopped sagely in the general store, to the general approval of the somnolent inhabitants, who, by this time, had diminished to five; and then they returned in the twilight, Nicodemus a bit wistful with the weight of the many useful and good things within his bags. They worked about the cabin the next day, and Dolly performed wonders with burlap and chintz. Curtains draped the three small windows, a carpet spread upon the floor, and on the big tree-trunk which, sawed off evenly in the center of the cabin, served as a table, a shining lamp was set, promising of calm evenings.

"We'll live here forever!" cried Charles-Norton enthusiastically.

Dolly did not answer; her back was turned and she was busy tacking chintz along one of the bunks.

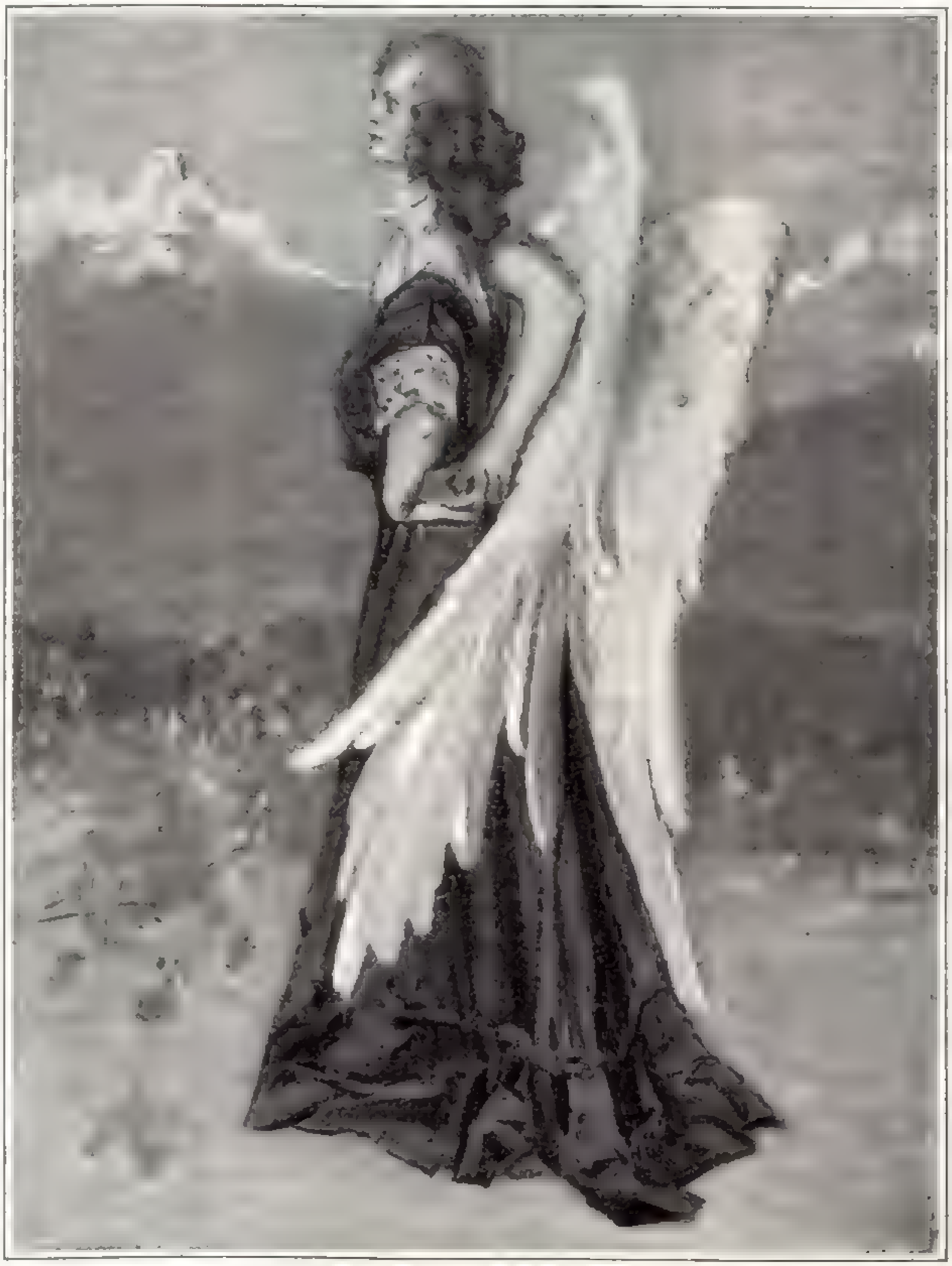
On the fourth morning, Charles-Norton felt a vague hunger which breakfast did not satisfy. It was with him all day as he wandered on the ground, the tips of his long wings stained with grass. It was with him, stronger, the following morning; and after breakfast he sprang suddenly into the air. "Look!" he cried to Dolly.

And before her, above the meadow, he went through his flying repertory. He cut slashing diagonals through the air; he rose and fell in undulations like music; he shot about, gleaming white against the blue sky; and finally, he came down to her, from the zenith of the dome, in a very sizzing, straight line which opened, almost at her feet, in a white explosion of suddenly extended wings.

"You baby!" said Dolly, as once more he stood before her, panting slightly and his eyes dilated. "You baby!" she said indulgently.

Charles-Norton, shifting his position to one foot, scratched his head. Somehow, this was not quite what he had expected. He had thought Dolly more changed about this flying business; and here she seemed—well, not so very much changed. Within him he felt something bristle. It was still bristling the next morning and gave to his voice a brusqueness when, kissing Dolly on the forehead after breakfast, he said: "Well, so-long, Dolly!"

"So-long," he said; and Dolly, from her seat on the sward, saw him leap from her and wing away in powerful flight. He made straight for the crest; she saw him, flitting up there, a little white confetti in the eddy of a breeze. Rising, falling, darting capriciously, he gradually slid off down the range, and was gone.



"Oh, Goosie, I'll Do Anything! If Only You'll Let Me Stay, Goosie!"

Dolly rose. The meadow suddenly had become very quiet. A tree, sap-bursting, cracked resoundingly; the sound went through her like a shiver. She stood there, poised as if for flight, feeling upon her from every tree, rock and bush the hostile eyes of peering things; and she was mighty glad when Nicodemus came running to her resonantly across the clearing, demanding a pancake.

Somehow, Charles-Norton did not enjoy his flight so much as he had expected. He bore with him a vague uneasiness which no amount of speeding could quite lose. He could feel all the time Dolly away down there alone in the deserted meadow. He returned much earlier than usual. Dolly was cooking by the fire in the clearing, and she greeted him cheerfully without the slightest sign of reproach. After a while, though, he noted upon her right cheek a little smudge. It was shaped like a miniature comet; it was, rather, like the slight sediment left upon a window-pane by a drop of rain. Charles-Norton determinedly refused to see it; but it was there, all the same.

And it was there the next day when he returned, and the next, and the next. Each night as he lit again upon earth after his long voyaging of the air, Dolly greeted him with an ostentatious cheerfulness beneath which could be felt something subtly plaintive, and on her cheek—sometimes the right, sometimes the left—always would be the little accusing smudge.

It spoiled his flights. Following the three days spent on earth, the hunger of the spaces had come back to him, gnawing at his vitals; each morning he was leaving earlier, each evening he was returning later. But all the time, in his wildest soarings—a secret uneasiness at his heart, like a little leaden pellet, a little lead pellet, black, heavy and indissoluble—there went with him the knowledge that, alighting, at the end he would have to face that little black smudge; that he would have to meet Dolly's cheerful greeting with its subtle, plaintive undercurrent, and the faint smudge upon her cheek.

Dolly, as a matter of fact, was not weeping all the time, down there in the meadow. The care of the cabin, the preparation of the meals, gave her each day several hours of humming content; and in the afternoon she would have several good romps with Nicodemus. But there were also heavy hours during which the solitude of the land seemed to draw nigh from all sides; when she panted, almost, to its pressure, and felt very little and miserable indeed. So that Charles-Norton, dropping like an archangel out of the sky, found always upon her cheek the trace of an erasure made completely enough to show a determination to hide tears, but not quite enough to conceal the determination; and leaving in the morning he felt her eyes wistful upon him in humble and unspoken reproach which all day followed him, stubborn as his own shadow. He fought well, did Charles-Norton. He tried hard not to see the little smudge, not to think about it; and above all not to let her know that he saw it. But, all the time, the weight was there within him, spoiling his flights.

One morning, seeing in a sudden flash of naive hope a solution of their problem, he tried to take her with him. Making a sling out of a strip of blanket, he passed it about his waist, sat her in the slack, and rose in the air. Thus, holding her beneath the shadow of his wings as in a swing, he flitted about, above the meadow, rising, chuting down in long smooth slants, circling, soaring. Once he thought he heard from her a suppressed cry, and then after a while, astonished at her silence, he came down to the shore of the lake.

Her eyes were closed, her cheeks were white and her hands were cold; and it was only after he had dashed water upon her that she revived.

"Dolly! Dolly!" he murmured.

She looked at him, smiling bravely with her white lips. "Goosie, dear," she said, a bit wearily; "Goosie, dear, I can't. I can't, dear. I get dizzy. It makes me dreadfully sick."

He stood there on one leg, embarrassed. He wanted to take her in his arms in great tenderness, but was held back by the tenacity of his purpose, by the knowledge of the peril of such a course.

"Go on," said Dolly finally. "Go, Goosie; go on and fly. I'll stay here with Nicodemus," she added wistfully.

And Charles-Norton, the brute, still inexorable, flapped his great wings and went away, leaving her there alone in the meadow with Nicodemus.

But he was to get his punishment. A few days later, returning at night, he found Dolly truly weeping.

She was kneeling by the fire, frying-pan in hand, preparing the evening meal; and at regular intervals two big dewdrops trickled out from her lowered lashes and dropped

(Continued on Page 58)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 22, 1909

The Foolish Sherman Law

MORE significant, probably, than Attorney-General Wickersham's recent speech on the Sherman anti-trust law, is the nearly contemporaneous action of the Pennsylvania Railroad in resuming a dominating interest in the Norfolk and Western.

The Pennsylvania parted with this interest, it will be recalled, in the strenuous days of 1906. So astute a corporation would hardly buy back the Norfolk and Western stock at this time, if it apprehended being hauled up under the Sherman law. Yet, to the lay mind, its ownership of Norfolk and Western stock looks very like Union Pacific's ownership of other railroad stocks, which is even now under attack by the Government.

The fact is that violations of the Sherman law, as it has been interpreted by the courts, especially in the Tobacco Trust case, are fairly innumerable. Who can doubt that the Steel Trust's acquisition of Tennessee Coal and Iron would fall under the ban of the Tobacco decision? A few of these violations the Government has attacked. The others go unquestioned. We really have, in fine, the condition recommended by Mr. Roosevelt — prosecution of a restrictive combination being simply a matter of Executive discretion, one such combination to be permitted and another not, as the President deems fit.

The amendment of the Sherman law which Mr. Wickersham suggests ought to be made by striking out all after the title and beginning over again.

One Victim of Protection

IT IS a pleasure to notice that the Harvester Trust — almost alone among big industrial enterprises — made more money in 1908 than in 1907 or 1906. The pleasure would be keener if it arose from possession of a comfortable bunch of the stock. It is, however, merely philosophic, arising from contemplation of the fact that while the average wage per employee was a little higher than in 1906, the labor cost was lower.

The average amount paid in wages and salaries per man rose a trifle, but for each dollar so paid, more goods were sold. Also, the sales abroad were larger than ever before. The trust is, of course, a victim rather than a beneficiary of protection. The tariff raises the price of iron and wood, the trust's raw materials, besides incidentally hampering it in France. In spite of this handicap, and of the fact that it pays American wages, it is the world's great exporter of farm machinery.

The usual answer to this conundrum is that the trust has a lot of valuable patents and special devices. In other words, it has brains. Without casting any aspersions upon the intellectuals of the Harvester Trust, we may say that it has no monopoly in that particular. Other American industries have as much brains as the Harvester Trust, and can get along as well without protection.

Bad Eyes and Backward Pupils

OF THE five hundred and sixty thousand pupils in the first eight grades of the public schools of New York City, one hundred and sixty thousand, or nearly a third of the whole, are above the normal age for their grades; and the great cause of this backwardness or "retardation" is not late entrance into the schools, but slow progress.

The subject has been investigated for the Board of Education, and the results of examining some ten thousand cases were published the other day in the School Superintendent's report. The most surprising result is that in the cases examined, physical defects were slightly less common among the backward children than among those who were not backward. The only exception was defective vision, which was more prevalent among retarded than among unretarded pupils. These cases show, also, that all physical defects except those of the eye tend to decrease with age — that is, forty per cent of seven-year-old children had enlarged glands, but only six per cent of fifteen-year-olds. At seven, twenty-five per cent of the children had adenoids; at fifteen, only three per cent. But among eight-year-old children, seventeen per cent had defective vision, and among the fourteen-year-olds, twenty-seven per cent. This report, of course, is not conclusive; but, in any event, it will do no harm to keep watch of the child's eyes.

That Socialistic Income Tax

THE revenue, from taxation, of the British Government last year was six hundred and thirty-five millions, or nearly the same as that of the United States. Two hundred and sixty millions, or forty per cent of the total, was produced by taxing incomes and estates.

The new budget proposes a decidedly heavier levy on both items. Consequently, it is denounced as "the most Socialistic ever laid before any legislature," and "the last free-trade budget." The death duties, beginning at four per cent on estates of twenty thousand dollars, rise to ten per cent on estates of seven hundred and fifty thousand, and fifteen per cent on five million or above. The tax on earned incomes below fifteen thousand dollars a year is not changed. Above that the levy is nearly six per cent.

The opposition contends that England simply will not stand this. Rather than pay, roughly, three hundred millions a year in income and estate taxes, she will resort to indirect taxation by way of protective duties on imports, which, for every dollar that they put into the treasury, will raise the cost of commodities to consumers by several dollars.

There is evidently a firmly-rooted opinion in England and in this country that Socialism is an exceedingly menacing thing, and that the only possible way to avoid it is to tax heavily the body of consumers — that is, the mass of the public. We have anxiously examined a number of standard works on Socialism to discover the foundation of this belief, but without success.

Prosperity and Who Made It

SINCE Jacob Sharp bought his celebrated Broadway franchise from a body of obliging aldermen, scandal has been a chief product of the transportation industry in New York City. The amazing juggling, inflation and final bankruptcy of the surface lines; the merger of surface, elevated and subway systems with a vast additional injection of water, are fairly familiar to most newspaper readers. Is it any wonder that a great many people in New York are sick of the whole mess, and want the city not only to build the additional subways that are needed — as it built the first ones — but to control them? Naturally the company that controls the present subways wants control of the new ones. Whereupon it prints a large advertisement, beginning:

"With only three express tracks to lower Manhattan, the Bronx today has a greater realty value than the State of California. To these three express tracks we now ask to be allowed to add four more. Consider what astonishing increase in realty value these new transit lines must bring."

The above, you will see, is the high-tariff argument to the letter. "Hasn't the country been amazingly prosperous? Hasn't Bronx realty greatly increased in value? Don't you want prosperity? Don't you want Bronx realty to advance? Then you must vote for us."

The Mother and the Census

THERE is, we suspect, considerable merit in a woman's contention that household work performed by females without wages should receive national, official and scientific recognition. The importance of such labor — the sweeping and baking and mending, instructing and spanking the children and administering the family budget — is beyond question; yet it seldom receives public mention except incidentally, as in the popular ditty, Everybody Works but Father.

The census classes married women living at home as of "no occupation." There is endless political discussion about hours and conditions of labor by females in factories and shops, but none about female labor in the household. This universal neglect, it is urged, reacts upon the woman worker at home; makes her think that society at large sets little store by her, and, if she is young, often sends her out to look for a job that somebody is talking about.

Personally we haven't the least doubt that washing dishes would be more attractive if there were a warm controversy in the newspapers over it, and college professors were discussing it, and learned persons were writing pieces for the magazines analyzing the labor power expended in dishwashing as shown by the last census. A political campaign on the issue, May Your Neighbor Have Coal Laid in on Wash Day? would rob blue Monday of half its tedium. But we don't see how in the world the statistical bases for discussion are to be gathered — unless mother issues herself a time-check and punches it at the recording clock when she begins and quits work.

Holding the Boss' Job

MR. HARRIMAN is trying out what is, we believe, a new idea in railroad organization. A division superintendent should spend much time on the road; also, much time in the office. The sum of these two factors may amount to more time than there is. Mr. Harriman's plan is to make the chief subordinates of the division — the superintendents of terminals, master mechanics, train masters, division engineers and so on — assistant superintendents, each of whom in turn is to act as superintendent in the chief's absence from the office. And while the master mechanic, for example, is acting as superintendent, his assistant will act as master mechanic. In a general way, among the higher employees, everybody will hold his boss' position for a while. The advantages seem clear. Not only will a considerable corps of prospective bosses be constantly in training, but the assistant will appreciate the boss' difficulties, while the boss will appreciate that there are a number of persons right at hand who can hold down the job about as well as he can — all of which will tend to establish a sympathetic, human relationship.

It is a plan which we should be happy to see very extensively applied. To a person of ability scarcely anything is more precious than an opportunity to show what he can do; and even a dull person resents the imputation that because another fills a higher office, that other must be the better man.

Running the Department

OF THE merits of the late controversy between Mr. Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and Mr. North, Director of the Census, we know as little as anybody else who has discussed it; but we agree with many of the commentators that the principle involved is highly important. Mr. Nagel, of course, is Mr. North's official superior, and there must, of course, be due order and subordination in a great department; but we don't see how it follows that Mr. Nagel should have anything in particular to do with running a specialized bureau about which, in the nature of the case, he can know very little.

The reason for Mr. North's appointment to take the census is that he is supposed to be especially qualified for the work. Nobody dreamed that skill at census-taking figured among the reasons for Mr. Nagel's appointment to the Commerce and Labor portfolio. There have been other similar controversies at Washington, and the important principle involved, it seems to us, is that the man who knows how to do the work ought to do it. There must be subordination. The bureau chief must not stand in line ahead of the Secretary, nor interrupt his speeches with disagreeable remarks; but the recent history of the Cabinet shows that the actual working of the departments — especially of such a department as that of Commerce and Labor — must depend mostly on the bureau chiefs. Long before Mr. Nagel can familiarize himself with the census he will, no doubt, be Secretary of some other department.

Water and Heroism

THE United States is not an amphibious country like Holland, nor a seafaring nation like England. We are rather at a loss, therefore, to explain the distinctively aquatic character of American heroism. From April 15, 1904, to January 31, 1909, the country officially discovered two hundred and forty-six heroes in private life, as we learn from the last annual report of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission — which, of course, was the medium of discovery. No less than one hundred and fifty-six of them rescued, or attempted to rescue, persons from drowning.

It should be noted, however, that the Commission excludes those who perform acts of heroism in the way of their trade, such as soldiers, policemen, firemen, doctors and nurses. This exclusion obviously extends to mothers, of whom, at the writing, we presume, some hundreds of thousands are offering their lives for others quite in the way of their trade. It is a question whether the nineteen female life-savers upon whom the Commission bestowed the medal — with Mr. Carnegie's portrait on it — should not have been shut out on the general ground that it was merely part of their job of being women.

Considering the Commission's limitations, we think the image on the medal ought to show the distinguished founder in a bathing-suit instead of a sack coat.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Doubtless He Was a Fair-Haired, Laughing Child

Ollie

DOUBTLESS he was a fair-haired, laughing child, a chubby cherub with eyes of sunny blue when they gave it to him; doubtless he was all of that and more. Nor is it likely they peered with loving eyes far enough into the future to see the six-feet-six of brawn and muscle that would wear it; else they would have called him Bill or Ben or Jim. But then it was Ollie and now it is Ollie, and more power to him for wearing it thus, instead of changing it to Oliver or Olaf or Olympic, any one of which would be more appellatively apt.

Ollie—a tender diminutive, rhyming with Cholly and Molly—the one the Irish actors sing about, not of the well-known Coddle family—and you expect to see a slender and bandboxy person, perfumed and pompadoured. You expect to see that, but do you? You do not; take it from me, you do not. What you do see is a large and robust Kentucky citizen, half a foot over six feet, with shoulders a yard across, weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds, with a big head on a big neck, with arms that look as if they could out-squeeze a cotton compress and with legs that weigh, apiece, more than any Cholly that ever cholled, concluding in pedestals amply constructed to bear their burden—Ollie.

'Tis he—Ollie; the pride and joy of the Blue Grass, the mighty mountain of Marion, the peerless peak of the Pennyrile, who, although he may not be exactly of the Pennyrile, is of the Pennyrile, just the same, symbolizing, as he does, all Kentucky and, besides, making the alliteration stick. Dost not remember, Sweet Alice, the day he dawned on Congress, the day he dawned on Congress and sent Cy Sulloway into partial eclipse; Cy Sulloway, who, for years and years, had posed and postured as the biggest — in beef—statesman of modern times?

Well, Ollie's here, good people, has been here for six years going on seven, and looming up, looming all the time, until now he sits at the right hand of Champ Clark, sits at his right hand except when it is necessary to lambaste the lining out of some recalcitrant Democrat and Ollie does the job. Ollie, you know, is a regular. In vain does the wily Uncle Joe Cannon put out birdlime for Ollie, in vain does he spread fly-paper in front of those Kentucky feet. Not for Ollie the lures of the majority, not for him the padded mahogany of the select committee-rooms—nay. A Democrat, he works with but one inspiration, the same being that all Republicans are, to say the least, under suspicion of being villains and traitors to the State, and that, as for him, his personal suspicion factory is always behind with its orders and working overtime.

Casting about for a line of procedure when he arrived in the Halls of Congress, Ollie determined on oratory as his main prop, but, unlike a good many other persons in similar case, he did not determine on oratory as his only prop. Working gradually up to the higher levels, he let go a speech or two that attracted attention, and continued with occasional utterances, from time to time, until he landed in the front row of the Democracy's champions. Ollie, you must understand, was for Bryan, and in those pleasant days before the last election he handed out a laudatory line of language concerning the Peerless that was a notice to all concerned that here was an orator who had the courage of his conversation.

The Bloody Path of the Pioneer

STANDING triumphantly in the House on March 17, 1908, but in nowise celebrating St. Patrick's Day, for all that, he reached his next-to-grandest flight when he exclaimed, viewing the abashed Republicans with eagle eye: "He"—meaning Bryan—"cut his way through the wilderness of greed and was the pioneer. It is great to be a pioneer, Mr. Chairman; his path is always red with blood and wet with tears. The people of this Republic are going to reward him, and the hand that will bear the Democratic standard is the same one that wielded the first sword in defense of the American people against organized greed. They only wait, sir, with restless anxiety the opportunity to elect that grand, that splendid, that matchless Democrat, William J. Bryan, President of the United States."

Of course, Mr. James was mistaken in the trifling detail concerning the restless anxiety of the American people to do what he said; but that is neither here nor there, for even a Kentucky orator may confuse restless anxiety to elect with restless anxiety to do the other thing, and a prognosis made on the Seventeenth of Ireland ought to have something about the harp that once through Tara's halls in it to make it good. The point is that not even Gus Thomas ever soared any higher into the empyrean than Ollie did then; and on that other, that grandest occasion, when Ollie and Gus were both seconding the nomination along about four A. M. in Denver last July, Ollie put it all over Gus when he said, in similar strain: "I saw him in Buckingham Palace when the King of England cast his priceless diadem at his peerless feet"—meaning Bryan this time, too, or Bryan's feet, to be exact—or words to that diadem-casting effect.

Well, there's no use casting up, or diadems, either. It is all over long ago and Ollie has his unruffled front turned toward 1912; and, in the mean time, is continuing at the old stand in Congress tearing off a few, now and then, to the utter discomfiture of the Republicans, except, it must be said, when the Republicans come to vote. He took a hack at the tariff the other day and it must have been a mighty uncomfortable quarter of an hour for Andrew Carnegie, for what he said about that canny philanthropist was a caution. He swatted Andy about those libraries, "where," he said, "hungry and ragged men might read of feasts they could not attend and of comforts they could not enjoy"; which was hardly fair, at that, for certainly there are other books in Carnegie libraries than cook-books and clothing catalogues.

Still, that is a minor matter, for in this tariff speech Ollie showed that he now is a real orator, knowing all the little bag of tricks, and that he may be looked at hereafter as one of the biggest guns on that side. Referring to Alexander Hamilton, Mr. James let loose a few conclusions on that deceased patriot's tariff ideas. It was a good paragraph. Then, as if inspired, up rose Representative Cox, of Indiana, also a Democrat, and inquired if Mr. James would yield for a question.

"Certainly," said James, looking toward Cox with a surprised air.

"Then," said Cox, "was not the same doctrine advocated and believed in by such stalwart Republicans as James A. Garfield and John Sherman?"

"And Horace Greeley?" put in Champ Clark, when it wasn't his put-in, thereby messing things a bit.

"Yes," said James, "and Horace Greeley also, BUT in regard to the position of Garfield and Sherman I desire to read from a speech made by Mr. Garfield." Which he did, and from one of Sherman's also.

Wasn't it a curious coincidence that Mr. Cox should have asked Mr. James about Mr. Garfield's position and Mr. Sherman's position at the exact moment when Mr. James had extracts from their speeches on his desk? Odd, I should say, but giving an added emphasis to the point because of the reiteration of the names of Garfield and Sherman, notwithstanding Champ Clark's throwing Horace Greeley in, just as if a Kentucky orator could have speeches of *everybody* on his desk ready for quotation.

And from all this it may be gathered that Mr. James has been coming pretty steadily since he landed in the House in the Fifty-eighth Congress. Naturally conspicuous because of his huge bulk, he has made a big place for himself on the Democratic side and will be a prominent citizen if the Democrats get control of the House. He is a good debater, a hard worker, a fine story-teller, and has all the real Kentuckian's fondness for a horse and a horse-race. He has been active in Kentucky politics for many years and is the strongest kind of a partisan. He has developed from a rather awkward country lawyer to a floor antagonist that not many of the Republicans tackle carelessly.

Through it all he has remained Ollie—that's the way he signs it—Ollie M. James. He never lets the public in on what that "M" stands for, but, perhaps, it is Megalophonus—of grand and imposing sound—which he is; and that would help some, as they say down Paducah way.

The Man From Buffalo

A HYPERBOLIC toastmaster introduced Job Hedges, of New York, as the King of After-Dinner Speakers.

"It reminds me," said Job, "of a man I knew who went into the Shoreham Hotel, in Washington, after he had had a long session with the Demon Rum.

"He looked at the register and saw on it: 'Charles I. King, Buffalo.'

"'Gee!' he said, 'I knew they wash a Charles first, but I didn't know before he wash King of Buffalo.'"

Growing Up to His Name

"THERE is a certain story," said President Eliot, of Harvard, at a Harvard dinner in Baltimore, "that is always told by some speaker at every dinner I attend, and if you will pardon me I will take this opportunity to tell it right, so all may have an equal chance at it hereafter.

"When I was twenty years old and a tutor in mathematics and a special student in chemistry at Harvard I was a proctor in one of the halls. One night I heard a disturbance and hurried down to see what was happening. There were no lights in those days, and as I moved about among the disturbers I heard them say: 'Look out, or old Eliot will catch us.'

"Now, not long ago, when I ,was well past seventy, I was going from Cambridge to Boston one night about eleven o'clock, and I met a party of students returning from Boston to Cambridge. They recognized me and asked among themselves: 'Where the devil is Charlie going at this time, do you suppose?'"

Secure in One Man's Heart

THERE was a pompous judge in Chicago who got into difficulties with the editor of one of the Chicago papers because the editor did not publish a few bales of the judge's journal on a trip abroad.

Presently the editor had a civil suit in the judge's court and the judge soaked the editor good and hard. A short time afterward when the judge was up for reëlection the editor met the judge on the street.

"Judge," he said, "I observe that in the present campaign you are making for reëlection to the bench there has been a good deal of mud slung at you and a good many charges made, but I want to say, Judge, that no matter what may be said, no matter what has happened, there is one man in Chicago, Judge, one man who will always think you are the best judge in the Western Hemisphere."

"Well," replied the judge, puffing out, "that is very kind of you. I hardly expected it. Of course, in your case before me I had to decide against you on many points, but I take it that is all forgotten and I am very glad to hear you say what you have said."

"Yes," continued the editor, "bygones are bygones. No matter what they may say against you or prove against you, there is one man in Chicago who thinks you are the greatest, most upright and most learned judge on the bench; one man, Judge, and that is yourself."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Secretary Nagel is the tallest man in the Taft Cabinet. He is almost three times as high as Secretary Knox.

¶ Governor Marshall, of Indiana, tried his hand at being an editor when he was a young man, but finally got into politics.

¶ R. P. Schwerin, the Admiral of the Pacific Mail, graduated from the Naval Academy in 1879, and was in the Navy for many years.

Will you accept $5.00 a day for your services?

Whatever your present employment may be—man or woman—this offer is open to you.

You can establish yourself in a **pleasant, profitable**, and **permanent** business that will pay you a lucrative income from the start—and will pay you as **much more** as you care to make.

You can learn this business in **less than a week**—and make **good money** while you are learning it. You will have practically no competition.

You Take no Risk Whatever

You will invest no money in this business until you are **absolutely sure** you can earn the money at it. You therefore **run no risk** of losing money. You are **paid well** for all you do.

You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner. It sucks up **dirt** and **dust** from floors, carpets, rugs, furniture, walls, woodwork, etc., and takes **all** the dirt and dust **out of the house**—quickly, easily, economically.

It makes housecleaning the work of **hours** instead of the work of **days**—and it does the work **ten times as thoroughly** as any other method.

How the Business Increases

Every housewife who has a rug, a room or a house cleaned by this process, is so **thoroughly satisfied** that she wants a Duntley Cleaner for her own use—which you sell to her at a **handsome profit**.

She tells **her friends** about you. You get **their orders**. They tell **their friends**—and you get **more orders**, both for cleaning and for machines.

You get the work month after month, season after season, year after year, and you keep right on **selling** Duntley Cleaners to old and new customers. The more **customers** you get—the more **they get for you**.

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaners

embody **every principle** and **every improvement** known in the vacuum cleaner business—and combine all these advantages in a **portable machine**, weighing about 50 pounds, that can be easily carried from room to room, or house to house.

You can take one of these machines into a residence and remove **every particle** of dust and dirt, from **every room**, without taking up carpets or rugs—without removing furniture—without taking down curtains or portières—and do it in **one-tenth time** it could be done otherwise.

What This Invention Means

Before the invention of the Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner, this work could only be done with a big, cumbersome, costly wagon apparatus—yet these wagon outfits earned for their owners **immense profits**.

The Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner does the same work that the big wagon outfits do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and much less to operate. It will, therefore, pay you **far larger profits**.

My Pay From Profit Plan

I want one good, earnest, honest, active **man or woman** in **every** [illegible]—**no matter how small**—where residences are **lighted by electricity**, to engage in the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner [illegible] "Pay From Profit Plan."

I will **establish** you in business—**show** you how it is done—enable you to make good money while you are learning it—and **assure you a good income**.

Or, should you want a Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner **for use in your own home**, I will prove its **value**, its **economy**, and its **necessity** to you—and give you an opportunity to use it, **at my expense**.

Let me Prove These Truths

I do **not** ask you to invest one dollar. All I ask is that **you** fill out the **coupon below**, and let me **prove to you** the truth of every statement here made.

This offer is made to **you**—**now—today**. It is **your great** opportunity [illegible] a **new** business—in a **coming** [illegible] into a **profitable** business—in a business of **your own**, that will grow **bigger each year**. Mail the coupon **right now**.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., Duntley Mfg. Co., Chicago

– – – – – – Fill out and mail this coupon today. – – – – – –

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 400 Plymouth Bldg., Chicago.

Dear Sir: Tell me how I can earn $5.00 or more a day with a Duntley Cleaner, on your "Pay from Profit Plan."

Name ....

Street and No. ....

Town .... *State* ....

Occupation ....

Will you engage in business yourself? ....

Or, are you interested for use in your home? ....

The Senator's Secretary

TO HEAR the Association of Former (T. R.) Fair-Haired Boys tell it, the Uplift is all shot to pieces. They say we are reacting so fast that even the experienced reactionaries have to sprint to keep up with us, and that from "Speak softly and carry a big stick" the motto of this Administration has been changed to: "Speak softly and leave the big stick at home."

Well, it is a cold and cheerless situation for the Fair-Haired Boys, sure enough. You see, instead of turning a double somersault out of bed each morning and harpooning a trust or corporation or individual before breakfast, as occurred daily before March fourth last, President Taft is getting up in a leisurely manner and is eating his bacon and eggs before he harpoons anybody, to say nothing of passing days and days without using the harpoon once. He is going to baseball games, to the theater, out riding, to play golf, to see a brother get his in a Masonic lodge, to have pretty girls sing Can't We Call You Bill Any More? at him, to laugh and speak at Gridiron dinners, and, to tell the truth, he hasn't put a malefactor of great wealth or a predaceous plute on the pan since he took the job.

It is enough to make any conscientious Fair-Haired weep and wail, and that is what they are doing. They are moaning at the decadence of the times and bemoaning the masterful mornings at the White House when all who were not Fair-Haired and were not thrown out of the window were dropped through the trap in the floor. It is a sad affair, this Administration, to take it from the chaps who were uplifting along with Colonel Roosevelt, a sad and dismal affair, in the clutches of the powers of wickedness, darkness and sin, instead of subject to the advice and aid of the Little Brothers of Sweetness and Light.

It isn't exactly clear what has happened, but either the Fair-Haired haven't so much to talk about as they used to have or the talking concession for the White House hasn't been given out. Anyhow, the Republic is on the rocks, the Nation has stranded on the shore of the sea of progress, and the Fair-Haired have got the book.

You remember the man who used to come out at the railroad eating-houses and hammer on the big gong when the train arrived? Well, that was the job of the Fair-Haired. Every morning they went to the White House and hammered on the gong. "Right this way, gentlemen!" they shouted. "Here is where the only original uplift is at work. Come in and be elevated. We give our able assistance gratis for the good of the cause. Come one, come all, and give us a call and get it good!"

How Taft's Methods Work Out

So near as can be figured out, the difficulty is that Mr. Taft is endeavoring to do legal things in a legal way. He is taking his time and sending up no sky-rockets. He is actually conversing with men who haven't been in the White House in years. He is working with Congress instead of harping at it. Presidents' messages, instead of being the most frequent symptoms of current literature, have become so scarce the output may be said to have stopped. Naturally, the Fair-Haired are sore. Naturally, the former members of the Tennis Cabinet and the Muckrakers' Association and the Uhlans of the Uplift are chagrined. They are out of it. Instead of being Presidential advisers they are now merely members of the plain people, and the grouch is the outcome.

The story is that a combination has been formed to tell the country that this man Taft has been captured by the reactionaries, has been tied to his chair and gagged and that there is positively no hope for anything. It is a total loss and no insurance, the movement for extrication of the masses from the sodden but apparently rather comfortable slough of despond. That may be true or it may not be. It certainly must jar a good deal to have one's privileges of grabbing the Presidential ear at any time of the day or night politely but firmly taken away.

Now, the facts about what has happened have been stated here before, but seem to be worth re-stating. President Taft hasn't taken anything back nor has he done anything to lead to such a conclusion. What he is trying to find out is the right and effective way to get after the offenders against our laws instead of getting after them anyhow and letting the initial stir cover up the lack of final result. He has not capitulated to any reactionary or to any set of reactionaries, and it can be put down for future reference, by any one who is interested, that when he gets under way, which will not be until he is good and ready, no matter how much the Former Fair-Haired may howl, he will have terminal facilities as well as a starting-place.

Meantime, the new Cabinet members, the men who came to Washington fresh from their law offices to be Important Sounds in this Administration, are having their own troubles. "It is utterly impossible," said one of them the other day, bewildered by what he was finding out, "for me to earn my salary or do anything for the country by spending three or four hours a day signing my name." That is the old cry. That is the yell of the man used to doing things his own way who comes to Washington and finds he must do things the way they have always been done or not do them. It is hard to make a man accustomed to orderly and expeditious dispatch of business understand why he cannot hurry along any governmental project he has in mind. Most of them never do understand why, but all of them learn they cannot.

Secretaries Strangled by Red Tape

They rage at the system, but the system has them tied hand and foot. The maze of departmental procedure, red-taped by years and years of expertness, is so complicated, so slow, so inefficient, so wasteful that any clear-headed man who gets into it beats his breast and shouts for a change. The change never comes. Always things are done in the same way. Always the wheels go on moving in the same direction. Always the little bureau chiefs, the little heads of departments, the little self-important clerks are in the background, and no matter how powerful a Cabinet member may be he soon realizes that he must do what there is to do the way the little chaps want him to—do it their way, not his way, or leave it undone.

A Cabinet member is at the mercy of his clerks. The law provides that the letters, in most cases, must be signed by the secretary. A proposition comes up: an opinion is given or a letter written by some fellow in a back room. The paper comes along, viséed and initialed by half a dozen others, taking its slow, circuitous route until it reaches the desk of the secretary along with a hundred others, all initialed and viséed. If the secretary wants to inquire into the matter the thing must go back along the weary route over which it came up. There is no help for it. The system forbids cutting the red tape. Most new Cabinet officials try red-tape cutting and find themselves soon so snarled and tangled that they give it up.

The Cabinet member gets the letter or the paper. A negro messenger, who stands with blotter in hand, shoves the document in front of him for his signature. If he stops to examine all the letters and all the papers he will never get away. "Sign here," says the messenger suavely, and he signs. The little clerk away back yonder has promulgated the policy or set forth the opinion, and the Cabinet member is responsible for it and he cannot help it.

A new man came into one of the departments as assistant secretary. He is a business man, accustomed to large affairs. He thought he was going to help make Government policies, take part in constructive work, but a few days after he arrived he threw up his hands and said: "Look at this, will you! I have been an hour this morning on the important matter of whether a clerk in one of the offices in this department in San Francisco shall have a new fifteen-dollar desk. The report on it comes to me initialed and indorsed by half a dozen officials all along the line. I have examined them all. It takes time. I figure that it has cost the Government about five hundred dollars in time of employees to decide whether that clerk shall have his new fifteen-dollar desk."

They all rage, impotently, the new ones. They tear their hair and threaten to take an axe to things, but the system never

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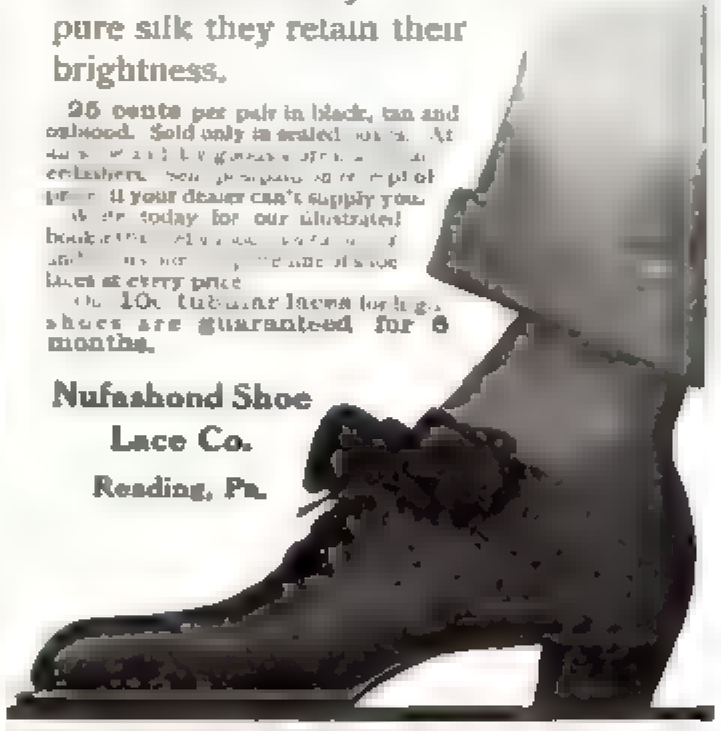

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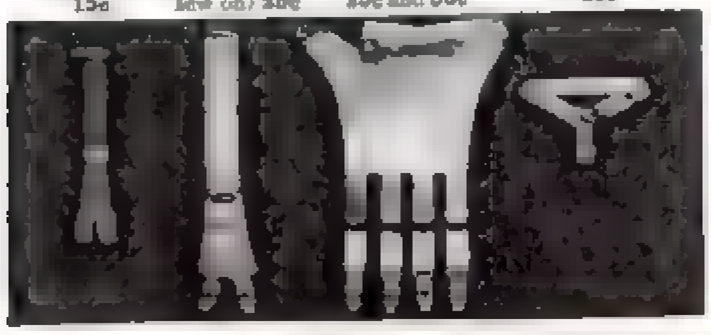

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varies. It moves always in the same way, noiselessly, relentlessly, eternally, and there never has been a Cabinet official or a first or second or third or fourth assistant who has had power enough to delay it for an instant. Cabinet members come and go, but the system is there forever, a maze of politics, of subserviency, of favoritism, but always there, complex and continuous, not to be hurried, not to be harried, not to be swerved from its regular course. Every paper goes up in the same way and goes back in the same way, no matter how much a Cabinet member may protest. Precedent is the law. It is useless to buck against it. Scores of new, enthusiastic, ambitious Cabinet members have found that out, for clerks and department heads look on new administrators and executives in their departments as mere incidents, which, in truth, they are, the executives being temporary and the subordinates permanent.

"Sign here!" That is the mandate of the system, the mandate that must be obeyed, and is.

That genial and accomplished tariff-maker, Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich, Senator from Rhode Island, is slowly hammering his tariff bill into shape. When he finishes it will be found that he has had, all along, a very good idea of what the outcome will be.

Mr. Aldrich knows more about the intricacies of the tariff than all the rest of the Senate put together, which is not strange, for he has been a tariff-maker all the time he has been in public life, for many years; and though many Senators are accurately informed on special phases of the tariff, when it comes to a comprehensive knowledge of the whole subject they are mere children in the kindergarten as compared with Aldrich, who has his Doctor of the Tariff degree from the greatest tariff school in the world, the Senate Finance Committee.

There is nothing in the way of legislation so complicated as tariff legislation. A man of good education and ordinary intelligence and with a knowledge of business conditions might understand the steel schedule, for example, if he studied it for several months, but Aldrich knows all about it now. He can take a piece of cloth in which several yarns are used, for example, and tell what the duty should be on each grade of yarn, what the cost of production should be, where the yarns are produced and how much protection is required on each kind of yarn, according to the Republican theory, adequately to protect American manufacturers.

Hancock's Immortal Tariff Truth

Colonel Jonathan Silver-tongued Dolliver, of Iowa, who left the Republican reservation when the bill was on its first reading, knows a good deal of tariff lore, too, for he was a member of the House Ways and Means Committee when the Dingley bill was framed. Inasmuch as the original Aldrich version of the Payne tariff bill is more or less a paraphrase of the Dingley bill, Dolliver was well at home and he insurged to his own great delight and to the edification of the galleries.

More and more it is becoming apparent that when Winfield Scott Hancock said the tariff is a local issue, and was hooted at from one end of the country to the other, he let go an immortal truth. A perfectly just, proper and scientific tariff is a tariff that protects the goods that you, personally, manufacture or that you, personally, produce. That is all there is to that. The South, politically and theoretically for free trade, or, at least, for a tariff for revenue only, is really more anxious for protection than the North.

Mr. Aldrich handed Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, a twister not long ago, when rice was reached under the "Agricultural products and provisions" schedule. Senator McLaurin was keeping an eagle eye on that schedule. He asked that the paragraphs relating to live animals, barley, barley malt, corn or maize and oats go over for further discussion or amendment, but when the amendment relating to rice came along Mr. McLaurin sat silent. The amendment was agreed to.

"It seems, Mr. President," said Senator Aldrich pleasantly, "that the attention of the Senator from Mississippi should be called to this paragraph which, apparently, has escaped the vision of the Senator and which refers to the duty on rice."

"Mr. President," Senator McLaurin returned, "I take it the Senator from Rhode Island desires to be humorous this morning. We can go back to rice if we like."

"Ah, yes," replied Senator Aldrich, "I did not know. You see, there are no duties on the objects to which the Senator from Mississippi has objected so high as the duty on rice, to which he does not object."

Now that summed it up about as it stands, for rice, you know, is a Mississippi and a Louisiana product. But the tariff isn't a local issue? Of course not. It is more than that, it is a personal issue, and a mighty personal one at that.

Whereupon the city has been bulging for weeks with the chaps who have personal interests to subserve, who are looking for protection on their own manufactures and products. One cannot go through a corridor in the Capitol without stepping on the toes of a patriot who is here to look out for the schedule that affects his interests.

The Prayers of the Patriots

Associations are sending committees to make a last stand. Everybody, from cattle-raisers to watchmakers, from miners to fruit-growers, is represented by crowding, jostling, worried men who see dire failure ahead of them unless they get as much protection as they have had or more, or unless they get what they want on the free list. The zinc man doesn't give a yip about the oil man, and the oil man wishes the citrus fruit man would quit cluttering up the doorway of the Finance Committee room so he can get at Mr. Aldrich. The free hide man yowls mournfully about his pet project, and the lumber man tells tales of sorrow and desolation that will ensue unless things are fixed his way.

"I don't care what you do with anything else," is about the burden of the conversation, "but, please, Mr. Aldrich, p-l-e-a-s-e, do not do anything to me. Think of what I represent! Of course, if you want to hand it to any other branch of trade or commerce or manufacture or industry you are at liberty to do so. Those fellows are making too much, anyhow. But, good, kind, dear Mr. Aldrich, oh, my dear sir, do not, we pray you, do anything to us, who are, as you very well understand, the backbone of the Republic, the salvation of the industrial prosperity of the Nation and have always been your friends."

The discussion in the Senate, whenever it ends, will be but the second process. The first was the making of the Payne bill, on which the Senate Finance Committee has used its celebrated Aldrich and absolutely removed all Payne. These two processes are merely the coarse work. The real bill will be made in conference, when the Senate appoints its conferees, who will be headed by Mr. Aldrich and the House appoints its conferees, who will be headed by Mr. Payne. That will be the struggle. Then the genial and accomplished Mr. Aldrich will get in his work. Then the schedules that have been artfully fixed for trading purposes will be traded. Then stuff that has been fixed too high will be lowered at some demand, provided some other schedule that either body, by vote, has fixed too low, is raised. It will be a long, hard fight, but the odds are ten to one, with no takers, that when the bill is finished and ready to go to the President it will be about seventy-five per cent Mr. Aldrich's way. Moreover, the President will sign it.

The tariff, as we all know, is the mother of trusts, but what is home without a mother?

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OUT-OF-DOORS

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A BOY

THERE is little remarkable about the following story, except that it is wholly impossible and absolutely true. It is only the story of a man who decided to be a boy.

The subject of this sketch, as the illustrated county histories say, grew up in the learned profession of the law, and long was a member of the largest and most successful corporation law firm in one of the principal Western cities. He succeeded in practically all of his business ventures and became wealthy. It serves our purpose to observe that he was noted above all things for his coldly-analytical turn of mind. Always there fell to his lot the law cases which had a touch of the Sherlock Holmes in their requirements. For instance, a man was pursued by a series of blackmailing anonymous letters which the best detectives could not trace to their writer. Our friend took on the case for the pastime of it. He developed the fact that it is impossible to disguise a handwriting by means of a typewriter. He learned the numbers of all the typewriters sent out by the agents of the largest firm in his city, and checked the repair slips handed in by the repair men of this firm. These he compared one with another until presently he found the machine on which the writing had been done and, incidentally, a certain discharged employee who formerly had worked for the man that had been receiving these anonymous letters. To this stenographer he went with the calm question: "Why have you been writing these letters to Mr. So-and-so?"

"How did you find it out?" was the first surprised question of the detected one.

"By reason," calmly replied the attorney.

This incident is offered as one of many similar proofs of the undeniable fact that here was a sane man, a man of wholly logical mind.

The subject of this sketch was perhaps forty-five years of age, or thereabouts, when it first occurred to him that he had never been a boy. He had been studious; he had been successful; he had become widely respected in his profession and in his community, widely known in his state, indeed in his nation. He was what is called a brilliant American business success. But he had never been a boy. Now, reasoned he, coldly, analytically, it is an excellent thing for a man to have been a boy at some time of his life.

A Sudden Attack of Sanity

Many successful business men retire for reasons of ill-health, but, in the case of the subject of this sketch, body and mind ran like well-made and well-cared-for machines under intelligent control. Our friend was never in better health than he was one day when, having finished his morning's work systematically, as was his wont, having filed away his papers tidily in his desk, closed up his dictation and marked off his memorandum sheet, he calmly turned about in his swivel chair in the solemn and well-appointed office, and remarked to his brother and partner in the law firm: "James, I am going out to lunch directly; and, by the way, I'm not coming back." Whereupon he pulled down the top of his desk.

"What's that, Will?" exclaimed his brother. "Aren't you forgetting the Mutual Assimilation case that we've got on in Boston next week?"

"No, James, I'm not forgetting that case; in fact, I have just gone over it with McHenry, our senior clerk. And, by the way, if I were in your place, I'd take McHenry into the firm."

"What are you talking about, man?"

"Well, the truth is, James, I'm not coming back this afternoon, nor tomorrow morning; nor any other morning nor afternoon."

"Why didn't you tell me you were sick? What's the matter?"

"I'm not sick at all. There's nothing wrong with me."

"Maybe not, physically, but it seems to me your mind is a trifle disordered."

"My mind was never clearer, old man; in fact, it never was so clear."

His brother reasoned with him soothingly. "Where are you going to take your vacation? You ought to let us keep in touch with you, you know."

"I'm not going to have anything *but* a vacation after this," said the senior partner. "Here's my key. I'm not coming back."

"But what's up? What are you going to do?"

"Nothing much. I'm just going to be a boy. Watch me perform!"

They did watch him—his firm and all his family—convinced that he had gone utterly mad. They called into secret consultation the family physician and others. They pleaded, reasoned, threatened, besought, all without avail.

"No," he answered, smiling; "it's all right. I'm perfectly sane. I just want to be a boy. Watch me!"

Most business men who retire on a competency become unhappy and presently return to die in the game. This one did not. His story was something more than a nine-days' wonder in his city. Indeed, even yet there may be found those who assign nothing better than madness to one who gave up a practice netting him fifty thousand dollars a year and surrendered a professional future holding promise of many honorable years' continuance.

A Curious Partnership

None the less, our friend, who had lost his reason or who had found it, as you please, went up into the northern part of his native state and bought for himself the finest trout stream he could find. He abandoned the city, immured himself in a log cabin which he erected in the woods, and for the first time in his life began to enjoy the sweet irresponsibility of boyhood. He was a bit gray about the temples now. He had read and studied, he had lived and loved, and had therefore enjoyed all the earthly fortune there is, according to the German poet. But now he began a strange, new, sweet, fascinating life. He began to love the feel of the soil under foot, began to learn the voices of the birds singing in the quiet woods when he awoke at sunrise. At first, he was ignorant. Never having been a boy, he did not know about fish or birds or grass or flowers. He could not name the trees which stood around his cabin. He could not catch the trout which struck at his fly and were away again. He did not know the names of the birds which he saw. All the noises of the woods were strange to him. The boyhood of his nature was a blank. But he felt something rising, new and strange, in his soul. New delights were his. Sometimes he heard himself humming a tune. Once he whistled, and paused, startled at the sound. Life began to seem a wondrous and beautiful thing. He wanted to live; although hitherto his philosophy had taught him that life holds not much to long for.

Now in his grim and somewhat desperate mental fashion, accustomed to success, he resolved that if he were going to be any kind of a boy he would be a successful one. He needed aid and counsel in this matter, so he took on, as his streamkeeper, preceptor and next friend, a man who had never been anything but a boy all his life; who had in his soul all the youth and freshness of a life spent wholly in the out-of-doors. Once a lumberman, then a raftsman, then a stage-driver, a cowpuncher, a scout on the plains; a giant in stature and strength, his life had hardly known a dozen consecutive nights under a dry roof. The two made a partnership for the practice, not of the law, but of life. It was perhaps as beautiful a partnership as one is apt to see in all one's travels. It has lasted now for many years. Where one member of this singular firm is weak, the other is strong. Each reverences the other, seeing in him, perhaps, that which he himself lacks. They are both past fifty now, but there is not a better team of boys to be found in all the countryside. To this day the grizzled woodsman calls his employer by no other name than "The Kid" when he speaks of him, and when he addresses him it is only by his first name.

When the first winter came, the country partner took the city partner out and taught him about tracks. It was a new world to the belated boy, and one which made appeal to his keen and well-trained mind.

"Henry, come here!" he would cry out. "Here is something on the snow. What made this—was it a bird, or a little animal with four feet? And what made this big one here? Tell me, what made them all—I want to know at once!" So then Henry would point out the difference between the spoor of a field mouse and that of a snowbird. He showed him the path of the swamp rabbit, made plain the way of the mink along the stream, showed him the difference between the squirrel's track and that of the rabbit. He pointed out where the grouse had run when startled and had at last taken flight, leaving prints of its wing-tips each side of the trail in the snow. He taught him the names of the trees, explained what this shrub was, and why these grasses grew thus and so. In fine, he showed him something of the out-of-door world.

Spring came at last, and with it a wider curriculum. The owner of the trout stream, always grim and sober of habit, got every book printed about rods and trout tackle. He purchased specimens of every first-class rod made on either side of any sea, and added literally thousands of artificial flies of every pattern and every maker. He got about him eventually what is very likely the most scientific equipment for trout fishing in America. This took years of study and experiment. Any new wrinkle heard of in any corner of the world is sure even yet to be tried out on this stream.

But this new boy at first knew nothing of fly casting; so he began by inviting to his stream every man who seemed of interest, as a possible aid in this ambition. He wanted to know how this thing was done. Timidly, at first, then with greater confidence, he began to cast. Today there is no expert who visits that stream who compares with him at fly casting.

Our friend discovered that on his trout stream there were such things as mosquitoes: and to his wholly-analytical mind it seemed well to learn about mosquitoes. Never a fly-dope heard of in all the land which has not found trial on this stream, with some inventions added thereto. This, however, did not serve. There came to the cabin, also, every book on mosquitoes ever written in any language—their owner could read them in several languages. He bought a high-power microscope, and many phials to hold his specimens. Today he is one of the authorities on mosquitoes.

The Amateur Boy's Studies

His boy's mind widened. The curriculum broadened. It next seemed well to learn the theory of the rifle and fowling-piece. He is a fair rifle shot now, and is taking up the shotgun in his matter-of-fact, methodical, calmly-desperate way. Presently he will excel with both of these weapons, for he is a cold-nerved as well as a cold-headed boy. For some years he and his partner have had an annual big game hunt—now in Wisconsin, now in Michigan, again for elk in Wyoming or for moose in New Brunswick. There are few wild countries now that the belated boy does not know. He has fished New Zealand as well as Scotland and England, and has upheld the glory of our flag, wherever he has been, against all comers. He has crossed Siberia and Australia, is familiar with Africa, knows his Mexico, his Soudan, his India and his Ceylon. In short, there is no corner of the world at present in mind which he has not seen, and, thanks to his scientific knowledge of mosquitoes, he has come out from all these journeys sound and hearty.

No matter what corner of the world our friend may visit, always he comes back each spring to the scenes of his boyhood—that is to say, to the little trout river where he first met his boy friend. He brings with him, betimes, specimens from the Zambesi or the Nile, the wild rivers of New Zealand, Labrador or Japan; but

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always this for him is home, the place where he lived when he first began to be a boy.

The stream-keeper, the partner who has always been a boy, has by the nature of his calling been obliged to lick almost everybody in the county, since the general public still covets this little river. But when obliged to thrash his fellow-men he does it gently, because that is the counsel of his senior partner. When he throws a man into the creek to cool his ardor he does so with polite regrets. Thus the two gradually are coming to be loved and understood by all that countryside. When any neighbor wishes a mess of trout they are his if he can take them fairly. When a man is a boy he means well to all the world. That is the spirit of this singular partnership of two boys. It seems enough to hear the birds sing in the morning, to see the trout break as they feed, to watch the sly mink at his work, to see the sun shine, bathing the clouds, the plowed fields, the grasslands and the forest-tops in the radiance of a summer day.

These things are delightful to most men who for a time find freedom; but not in this broad fact lies the main charm of this certain cabin in the woods. Neither does it consist in the library of well-selected books. It does not lie in the accumulated excellences of sport intellectually pursued. It is not the comfort of the surroundings—not luxurious, never faddish, but simple and useful—which invites return. Not one of these things explains the charm, which is no more physical than mental. The singular quality of this extraordinary place is the charity which there is felt to all the world. It is the wish for success and comfort to all the world, the willingness to share with all the rest, the wish to be true and fair with all the world—the intent, indeed, to practice the splendid creed of boyhood which loves fair play and which delights in being alive. The atmosphere of that place is one which does not surround the man who has made his fortune and retired. Money can buy a cabin and a stream and a keeper for both; but not content thereto, not philosophy therewith.

It is no hermit who acts as senior partner in this establishment. Men of all ranks have visited this place, persons of power and influence in the state. Automobiles sometimes creep through these woods, and ladies have been entertained there. They come, perhaps, in curiosity, willing to take a day out-of-doors, willing to have a day's fishing or a meal or so under unusual circumstances. Sometimes they smile in patronizing fashion when first they see these surroundings. Sometimes they think to themselves that he is mad. Again there have been found those who shook their heads and sighed, as if to say, "Perhaps, after all, he is not mad. Can it be ourselves who are mad?"

Back in the city, the mill of the old law-firm still grinds on. There is a fortune made each year at those desks. The brother, who became senior partner, has grown very rich. He runs to automobiles and summer "cottages," as do most rich folk. He is very busy. He does not shoot or fish. He is a success, of that sort. He is getting old now. On the wall of the old office there is a picture of the man who was once the senior partner but who now has no connection with the firm. There's a brother's heart that's broken; there's a name that's never spoken! The dust lies thick on the desk of the man who would be a boy. But the ex-lawyer and ex-business man never will go back to the old desk and the old problems. He is working too hard on the case of the serpent on the rock and the trout in the stream, the bird in the air and the wind in the trees. He says the greatest case in constitutional law he ever won was when he reasoned it out that each human being has some inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Profits by Accident

By ROBERT S. WINSMORE

IN ANY line of business a mistake usually means a loss. Make an error in a specification or a bid or an order and you will suffer for it ninety-nine times out of a hundred. It may be contrary to the laws of chance, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and any business man will attest it, possibly in impolitely emphatic language. If you seek an explanation it is to be found in the theory of the Total Depravity of the Inanimate Thing which any philosopher will demonstrate from the customary performance of a dropped shirt-stud. Yet there are times when, instead of disappearing, the button will remain in plain view. So are there occasions when an accident will result in a profit. Keep that in mind and then turn your attention to Wall Street, where they harvest a bumper crop of blunders every working day in the year.

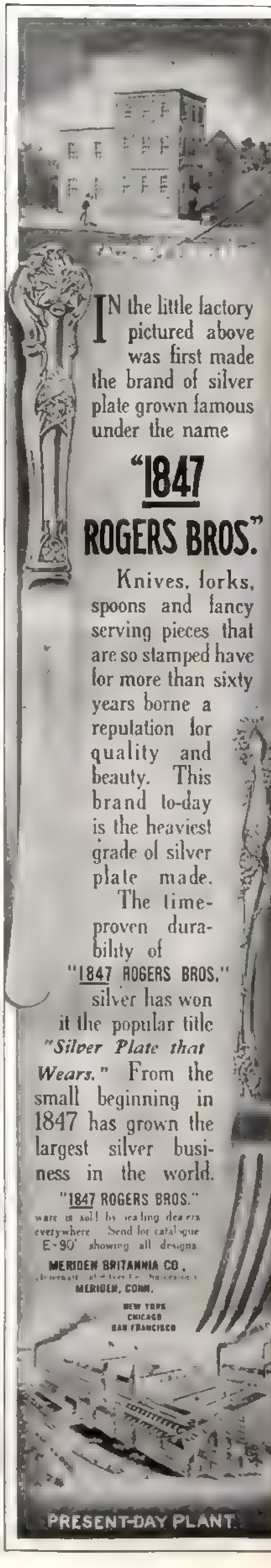
Strange as it may seem, Wall Street makes errors with great ease and frequency in the transaction of its ordinary routine business. That conflicts with the popular notion, but it is true, nevertheless. There is much boasting of the precision of the delicately-adjusted machinery whereby the stock market is conducted. The facilities and safeguards provided by an intricate Stock Exchange system also get much publicity. But you have to be one of the cogs to get an idea of how much slipping and grinding and clashing there is, and of the dollars scattered when the gears do not mesh. The accidents are numerous and their results frequently are illogical. They testify with some eloquence to the character of the game of stock speculation.

Most of these errors are penalties paid for speed. On the American plan, speculation calls for that, above all things. Nine-tenths of all speculative operations are conceived in impulse and executed in great haste. Stock Exchange transactions must be handled with the utmost dispatch. Your Wall Street man resembles somewhat the lily of the field. He does not spin and his raiment often exceeds Solomon's glory. But he does hustle. He works always at top speed with his muffler cut out. His motto is, "Be both quick and accurate, but, anyhow, be quick." His pencil is too slow, so he uses it as little as possible and does things vocally. Every day he makes thousands of transactions, each involving thousands of dollars, with a shout or a nod or a mere gesture. Every one of these he concludes and settles for within twenty-four hours. Always he is precipitate, headlong. Necessarily, therefore, he makes mistakes and, moreover, he considers them unavoidable. He treats them as part of the day's work. Every stock-broker carries upon his books an Error Account that is always open for entries. Hundreds of disputes arise from misunderstandings; misconstructions have to be adjusted daily; and the various exchanges maintain arbitration committees to settle those that are troublesome. Every one having to do with the business of the stock market, both broker and office-boy, plunger and piker, can tell his own story of some order misunderstood, some figure mistaken, some instruction overlooked, some accident encountered.

Now, it is the nature of the Wall Street game that errors involve much money. On the Stock Exchange values change not every minute, but every second. Rarely, therefore, can a mistake be rectified before there has been a variation in prices; and the smallest possible change means a difference of $12.50 in the value of every hundred shares concerned. So it is obvious that a blunder involving five hundred or one thousand shares may also involve a great deal of money within a very short time, and the amount is likely to swell rapidly if the error is not righted. But it does not follow that the money is lost. It may be gained. Security prices move up and down with equal facility and lack of apparent reason. Hence there is a chance that an accident in stocks, like any gambling operation, will give plus results instead of minus. It may be the hundredth time, and the stud may not roll away into a dark corner. For instance:

There is an active young operator in Wall Street, rich, popular and now regarded as a genius at stock gambling, who laid the foundation for his fortune and his reputation a few years ago by making a stupid mistake that first chilled his marrow and then enriched him to the tune of $40,000. This young broker was only a novice at the time and quite unfitted to handle large transactions on the Stock Exchange. But a friendly fellow-broker, who desired to cover his own tracks, intrusted the fledgling with the execution of an order to sell five thousand shares of Union Pacific stock. The young man did very nicely in all but one particular—he bought that stock instead of selling it. So, when he emerged from the blue cloud of unceremonious comment that arose when he attempted to make a report he found himself responsible for the purchase of five thousand shares of a very lively security, with no means to finance the error. His first impulse was to sell out immediately, but that was checked when he found the price had dropped so as to impose a larger loss than he could well afford to carry. For a while it looked as though a promising Stock Exchange career was about to be nipped in the bud. But he went looking for advice and found assistance. He discovered friends who took his word as collateral, and who paid for and carried the big block of stock for him. Then something happened in the market and Union Pacific began to jump. Presently the blunderer found himself not only without loss, but actually with gain. The profit grew rapidly and, in the course of time, that block of five thousand shares was sold out at a price that yielded $40,000. This was the net result of inexperience, plus carelessness, plus good friends. Mistaking buying for selling orders and vice versa is the most common of stock-market errors. Every broker, every clerk and every speculator has made the blunder at one time or another. But it is not often that the amount of stock involved is so large, and rarely will any one wait for such profits. In fact, most men of experience make it a rule to get out of mistakes as soon as they discover them, no matter what the loss or gain may be. They know that waiting to get even is expensive nine times out of ten. One of the largest of Wall Street commission houses keeps in its strong-box a reminder of this in the form of one thousand shares of the stock of old Northern Pacific Railroad which it acquired through an error and which now is without value. The shares were assessed when the Northern Pacific property was reorganized and the firm, refusing to throw good money after bad, did not pay up. Consequently, its stock was wiped out.

Back in the days when Governor Roswell P. Flower was the foremost citizen of Wall Street he was conducting a daring and spectacular bull campaign in half a dozen stocks, one of the most conspicuous of them being Federal Steel. Later, that company was taken in the United States Steel Corporation, but, at the time, it was a popular Stock Exchange football. One day, when Federal Steel had been made particularly active and buoyant by Flower manipulation, a firm of young brokers received by telephone from a client an order to sell three hundred shares of the stock. In some way an additional cipher found its way into the order, so that when it reached the Stock Exchange it was for three thousand shares instead of three hundred, and that amount was sold just before the closing of business. The error was discovered too late to be rectified, and consequently the firm was obliged to remain short over night of the twenty-seven hundred shares that it had oversold. There was every prospect that the stock would climb still higher next day, and the partners in the firm spent their evening calculating how much the mistake would cost them. But that afternoon Governor Flower traveled down to a summer resort, exercised too violently, sat down to cool off, and helped himself liberally to a dish of radishes. Acute indigestion followed, and he died that night. Next morning the market opened with the Flower stocks demoralized, and the twenty-seven hundred shares of Federal Steel, over which three young brokers had been worrying greatly, were bought in at a profit of something like $8000. If there had been time the day before they would have been bought in at a loss, and those three young men would have missed a personal experience tending to show that speculation can hardly be regarded as an exact science.


IN the little factory pictured above was first made the brand of silver plate grown famous under the name

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces that are so stamped have for more than sixty years borne a reputation for quality and beauty. This brand to-day is the heaviest grade of silver plate made.

The time-proven durability of "1847 ROGERS BROS." silver has won it the popular title *"Silver Plate that Wears."* From the small beginning in 1847 has grown the largest silver business in the world.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."
ware is sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "E-90" showing all designs

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
[illegible]
MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

PRESENT-DAY PLANT.

THRIFT True Economy as A Business Asset

A GREAT department store in the East has several hundred buyers and assistant buyers, some men, some women, some veterans, some ambitious youngsters. Every one of those buyers is responsible to the merchandise manager and he is also responsible for them. Naturally, his responsibility is heaviest. Not only the purchases and methods of the buyers must be supervised by him, but also their personal characteristics be taken into account.

This merchandise manager divides his buyers into two classes. Those who lay aside something from their personal incomes are put into a group which he calls "conservers." Those who save nothing, yet have manifest ability as merchants, are placed among his "promoters."

"Only the man who has saved money for himself," says he, "realizes the enormous part played in *making* money by little savings here and stopping leaks there. People grin when told that Rockefeller's fortune began with fifty dollars saved and put out at interest before he was ten. That looks ridiculous, considered as the basis of his present wealth, and there isn't much romance in such a start. But most of the great moneymakers have begun in just this way. First of all, they were savers—conservers. Small savings gave them their first opportunity to apply their abilities in a productive field, and once a business was set going, the lessons learned from first savings enabled them to stop waste and leaks, making every dollar work."

Team-Work That Tells

There was one department of this big store in charge of a buyer who illustrated the promoter type exactly. He had a positive genius for getting the right goods at the psychological moment. That buyer turned stock nearly five times a year, which is unusual with his particular kind of merchandise. Technically, a fine profit was made. Actually, however, the department earned less hard net profit than others that turned stock but three times a year. What the buyer cleared through his genius as a promoter he lost through lack of ability as a conserver. With goods sold chiefly during two brief selling seasons, he had to have a large force of clerks at those busy periods. Instead of watching this detail closely, transferring superfluous clerks to other departments when trade fell off, he carried them through the dull seasons, so that part of his profit went into wages paid to employees who had little to do. There were other leaks of the same nature. He never saw them. His time was given to planning and buying on a large scale and he allowed himself an ample margin for wrong purchases and errors of judgment because, twice a year, he held clearing sales at which everything left over in stock was sold at prices that would move it, even though below cost. These sales were excellent advertisements for his department because they attracted people who had never shopped there before, turned some of them into good customers, and let the public know that each season was begun with fresh stock of absolutely the latest goods. It takes an extraordinary volume of business to offset such sales, however, and though the buyer had a great turnover his leakages absorbed the profits he actually made as a merchant. Something had to be done in this department. The merchandise manager investigated, talked with the buyer, learned that he managed his own personal finances on about the same plan, never saving anything, and decided that a conserver was needed to give balance. So a young clerk was made assistant.

The latter had come up slowly by hard work, saving something even from his first small salary. With none of the promoter in his nature he lacked the instinct for timely merchandise, and would never have taken the gambling chance on goods had he possessed it. As a discoverer of waste and a repairer of small leaks, however, he was highly valuable. That department began making money normally in three months. In other words, after the chief buyer made the profits this assistant saved them.

The conserver type has its shortcomings, too. Another department of the same store made normal profits, but was continually absorbing new capital. Given ten thousand dollars, for instance, the buyer, who was in the conserver class, would do ten thousand dollars' worth of business in a season, turn in a good profit on that capital and then ask for two thousand dollars more for the coming season. On this he would do only ten thousand dollars' worth of business, and yet six months later ask for still another thousand. The merchandise manager investigated. Not a day's work or a dollar's worth of space was wasted in that department. But, like every good buyer, the conserver got a certain proportion of goods that did not sell as briskly as he had calculated. Instead of clearing these off by special sales the conserver stored them for next season, and next, and next. Some of this merchandise that he had in pickle was ten years old. It locked up dollars that should have been working. Goods depreciated and there was six per cent yearly interest on sleeping money. Personally a thrifty man, this buyer made the error of thinking that goods can be put away like dollars. So his department had to be reorganized. The first step was a big special sale of storehouse stock under the supervision of the merchandise man.

Two Types of Buyers

Conservers and promoters are so distinct as types, this merchandise manager finds, that the qualities of one are seldom found in the other. Men are not made that way. Between the two, however, he prefers the conserver. He may lack the snap and dash of the promoter, but in the end a business man who has learned to save will be more solid and go further.

Rather oddly, the two proprietors of this store are opposites, one being a promoter and the other a conserver. Show the first something new in merchandise and he exclaims: "That's fine! Where did you get it? How many can we buy right off? That'll go like hot cakes. Fine, fine!" But never a query about cost or profit. The other proprietor, though, is just the reverse, and when shown new goods asks only two questions: "What do they cost? Humph! How much will you get for them?"

A certain world-wide tourist business is peculiarly one of small profits and large leaks, according to a manager familiar with its vast ramifications. It began with a Sunday excursion planned to save money for a trainload of English people who wanted to attend a temperance meeting in a neighboring town. During nearly seventy years the house has had innumerable competitors springing into the field, usually to disappear as quickly as they came. The most dangerous rival started fourteen years after the pioneer company and lasted until about ten years ago. The strength of the first organization has been personal supervision by descendants of the founder and stoppage of waste and leaks. It is still a family business. The largest competitor, too, lasted as long as his business was purely a family one with close supervision of the leaks. When a company was formed, however, and less intimate supervision given, the business was soon wound up.

For the salesman or solicitor merely selling goods there would appear to be little opportunity for profitable economies. Yet even here thrifty stopping of the leaks will work wonders.

Saving Leakage of Time

The greatest leakage a salesman has to contend with is that of his time. In one of the New York branch offices of a life-insurance company the canvassing agents have steadily increased their earnings since they began tabulating their calls on prospects, counting the call as a "unit" and figuring commissions every three or six months in profit per call. The agent who inaugurated this plan was one who found, after keeping count of calls for a year, that his average commission per call was a trifle over five dollars despite numerous visits that resulted in no business and apparently paid him nothing. At the rate of seven or eight calls per day, which was the number he had averaged, it would be possible to add fifteen hundred dollars a year to his income by making one more visit daily. So he willingly went out earlier, stayed later and took less time for lunch. When fellow-workers in that office realized what calls meant as units they began keeping count, too. One agent even got a mechanical counter to carry in his pocket. That office is now fairly free from the great cause of waste in insurance selling—procrastination. For the average insurance man, being his own boss, is tempted to take things placidly the first half of each month and then hustle during the final week of each month and for two weeks at the end of each year, so as to catch up with last year's record. With the call-unit plan showing his time leakage day by day he hustles every minute.

There is all the difference in the world, however, between shrewd stopping of leaks and the downright penny-saving parsimony that stops the business instead. Little use tightening the hoops unless something is running into the cask.

A certain factory had got into difficulties through extravagance in management followed by parsimony. First, a prodigal superintendent who was not very far from being criminal in some of his expenditures, then a superintendent whose eyes were very close together, denoting stinginess. On annual running expenses of two hundred thousand dollars the second man managed to trim off more than fifteen per cent in actual money. Yet the factory paid no better. This manager cut salaries and wages, increased the hours, reduced the number of electric lights, picked up all the bent pins. Outcome: discontent and resignation of the better employees and reduction of output which gave higher cost and smaller profits. After two years of this, the directors engaged a third superintendent, a true economizer, whose first act was to restore old wages and attract the best employees. Hours were shortened, electric lamps replaced.

What a New Plan Accomplished

Cost of production dropped lower than it had ever been in that plant, thus giving a higher profit on the goods. Some of this profit was divided with customers, giving a larger outlet. Yet, after all such liberal increases in wages the new superintendent was able to bring about economies that resulted in greater savings than his stingy predecessor had effected. For he cut down waste in departments established by the first superintendent, the prodigal. With all his cheese-paring the stingy superintendent hadn't really touched the purchasing department, where money was being thrown away on shoddy materials bought at shoddy prices and in buying more than was needed because no accurate records were kept.

He went down into the boiler-room and taught the firemen to stoke as though they were shoveling in their own coal. He saved good percentages on freights, on bad credits, and on unnecessary money borrowed from banks to keep the business running. That man is thrifty in his private affairs. But he has always saved through economies in his outgo—not by cutting down his income. He did the same for this factory where the stingy superintendent thought he was effecting economies when he tried to see how little would run into the barrel.

A similar story is that of two superintendents in a shoe factory. One was parsimonious merely, and lost his place because a true conserver got it. The latter was needed badly. He found the men working with skimpy patterns and patching together several pieces of poor leather in lieu of the single piece of sound material which should have gone into the product. This newcomer shut the factory down tight for two weeks, sent a lot of worthless junk to be burned in the boiler-room, bought new patterns, dies, lasts. Two years later he was taken into the firm, while today the parsimonious superintendent, with perhaps a better actual knowledge of how shoes should be made, is wandering from place to place.

The Birth of A Strange Style

A new—and strange—style in men's clothes is made every minute.

It is made by the tailor who starts out with you as his "dummy" and with a fashion plate style in his mind.

He cuts and he bastes and he chalks. He tries it on you sleeveless, with a sleeve, collarless, with a collar, shapeless, with too much shape—he fusses it up one side and down the other—until the only thing left of the *good original idea* is a memory.

You settle the bill—and try to make yourself believe you have an *almost stylish suit.*

But your *Stein-Bloch* suit or overcoat is not the result of one effort. Infinite pains are taken to gather fashion facts and to make the original model *exactly* what the best styles in the world call for.

Proportions are then *exactly maintained* for every possible size, so the lines of the desired style are preserved intact.

Ask to see Summer models at your leading clothier's. Write for "Smartness," full of fashion photographs.

Insist on this label:

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops, Rochester, N.Y.
New York. Fifth Avenue Bldg.

London Agency, SELFRIDGE & COMPANY, Ltd., Oxford Street West, London.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Beauty and Speed

AFTER a well-known Kentuckian had been elected to the Congress, he visited the mountain county in which he was born, and the admiring neighbors called on him for a speech.

The newly-elect was not a speechmaker and he demurred, but they put him up on a wagon and told him to go ahead.

He said: "My old friends and neighbors, I am glad to be here tonight and I am highly complimented that I have been elected to the United States Senate, not for anything personal, but because of the compliment to my old home county where I was born and where, as everybody knows, we have the prettiest horses, the best whisky and the fastest women ——"

And then somebody hit him with a brick.

Hints on Farming

Here are timely hints for farmers:
Now that spring is coming on,
Don't waste time in growing blue-grass—
Get some nice, green, Irish lawn.
At the dry-goods store you'll buy it
At a very slight expense,
You can get enough to cover
One whole yard for thirty cents.

If your garden needs more water
You can gain the end you seek
Just by planting, in your plumbing,
Here and there a lusty leek.
If you're fond of birds it's easy
To produce them, fine and thick;
Just a pound of birdseed scattered
All about will do the trick.

Or if poultry is your hobby
Get some eggplants—Plymouth Rock,
Wyandotte or Cochin China—
Or some other standard stock,
And just grow them like tomatoes,
And, with no expense for food,
You can pick a fowl or pullet
Any time you're in the mood.

If you're fond of milk you ought to
Have it always right at hand;
Sow your garden full of milkweeds
Of the Jersey-Holstein brand.
And of butter you can always
Have the very best supplies
If you'll pasture on your milkweeds
Just a few good butterflies.

If you crave some hours of leisure
You should plant a lot of thyme;
And if tasks remain unfinished
When you hear the village chime
You can ketchup with tomatoes,
As has oft been truly said;
But you ought to plant a cabbage
If you wish to get a head.

You should plant, of course, some pie-plant—
Mince and custard—every kind;
'Tis a joy to see them waving,
Rich and luscious, in the wind!
Turnips you can raise so quickly—
Take them by their tops and pull;
And of celery you'll have plenty
If you'll plant your cellar full.

If you're gardening for profit,
And your fortune would increase,
You should sow your farm with onions,
For they bring a scent apiece.
And if you are scent-imental
You should plant, in nook and ell,
Something you can cauliflower
And a vegetable as well.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Diamonds to the Dogs

JOHN BARRETT, Director of the International Bureau of American Republics, was telling to an entranced dinner-party of the vast stores of jewels owned by some of the princes of India. He is a great word-painter, is John, and he dazzled those present with his tale of diamonds and pearls and rubies and such, dazzled everybody but one quiet chap who sat at the end of the table, listening intently.

When Barrett had finished the quiet man said: "I remember once when I was traveling in Mexico and I came across the cabin of a miner and prospector. He had been there for many years, had married an Indian woman and had half a dozen children. I stayed over night with him and he told me of the richness of the country.

"I politely doubted one of his statements, and he called in his wife and spoke to her in the patois of the land. Turning to me he said: 'I'm sorry I can't prove it just now, but if you will wait a couple of days I will get some more.'

"'Some more what?' I asked

"'Some more diamonds. You see, the last two barrels of diamonds I fetched in are all lost. The children got at them and threw them at the dogs.'"

Particular About the Plates

A WASHINGTONIAN, who has lived at hotels and restaurants nearly all his life, and who is notably absent-minded, especially when absorbed in talking about a subject that interests him, went out to dinner the other night.

He had plunged into a discussion before dinner and was continuing it animatedly throughout the oyster and soup courses. When the fish plates were placed on the table he followed the usual custom of the man who lives at hotels and wiped the plate off with his napkin. Instantly, a butler removed it and placed another.

Deep in his discussion, the guest wiped that one with his napkin and the butler replaced that. This happened a third time, and then the hostess said: "Please do not do that any more. I assure you the plates are perfectly clean, and, besides, I have no more of that pattern."

Ballade of Babylon

The City-hunger grips my heart,
The street-call clamors in my brain;
With field and wood I have no part,
No part with silent hill and plain.
I want to get back to Town again,
Back to her garish sidewalks, free
To find my pleasures à la carte—
Hands of Babylon beckon me.

I hear the man-tide in the street,
Her narrow, cañon street, where grand,
Up-towering, sheer four hundred feet,
The hivelike Mammon temples stand.
Her fun is fashioned to my hand,
Her miracle of meats I see,
Her voices whisper, "Slay and eat!"
Babylon sets a feast for me.

Her prima-donna, saint and priest,
Astrologer and harlequin,
And all her Wise Men of the East,
Her snow-white Good, her crimson Sin,
In one great chorus call me in
To sit by footlights' flare and be
At great Belshazzar's tragic feast—
Babylon plays a play for me.

Her foolish virgins and her wise
In long dream-pageant past me flit,
Gay-colored, dainty butterflies,
Fierce, feline Ladies of the Pit,
Queen-dames of noblest grace and wit—
With lips that laugh alluringly,
Or saintly face and earnest eyes,
Babylon's daughters wait for me.

L'Envoi

Take, Prince, your flower-favored lea,
Great, solemn hill and silent plain;
The Siren-City sings to me—
Oh, give me Babylon again.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

Once in a While

MR. JUSTICE BREWER, of the United States Supreme Court, told this story on himself in an after-dinner speech a time ago:

"In my early days, when I was on the Bench, I had a very good friend who was counsel in several actions before me. It so happened that most of my decisions, in these cases, were against my friend.

"After court adjourned one day he came to my chambers to have a chat with me, and while we were talking a very raw young country boy came in, with a card of introduction, asking for my advice on the choice of a profession.

"'What do you want to do?' I asked him.

"'I think I would like to be a lawyer.'

"'Why do you want to be a lawyer?'

"'Oh, because I think it must be fine to be a judge. They make judges out of lawyers, don't they?'

"Before I had a chance to reply my friend broke in and said: 'Once in a while they do, my boy, but not often.'"

The Whims of the Automobile

10 o'Clock

THE day is cool and bright and fair and odor-laden is the air. Ah, me, I have a jolly crowd who voice their joy in songs aloud. What rarer beauties could there be than thus to spin so gay and free along the road, and then and now observe some farmer's patient cow astride a fence or up a tree, as though good reason there could be for any fear of us who sing nor would do harm to anything.

10:15 o'Clock

I seem to run so well today; my wheels just spin and spin away without a single hitch or jar. I surely am a perfect car. I start and move and seem to feel the light touch of the steering-wheel. I glide and skim without a shock o'er many a rut and bit of rock. Just now a rooster stood and crowed right in the middle of the road, and, with no effort that I knew, I struck and cut him square in two and scattered feathers in the air, and spurs and drumsticks here and there.

10.30 o'Clock

Beneath my seat I have a hunch there is the finest picnic lunch you ever saw—someway I seem to feel the drip of nice, thick cream upon my gearing underneath, and, as we skim the glade and heath and glide along by wood and creek, I fear the lunch has sprung a leak. I don't want to be sour or mean, but if this cream and gasoline go mixing in my inner works, the stubbornness that in me lurks is apt to get me on my ear and make me balk, and balk right here. And when I balk I'm hard to start. I sit and let them take apart my wheels and cogs and bolts, and fill the air with words, and sit right still.

10:45 o'Clock

I'm feeling somewhat better now because I struck a passing cow and toppled o'er a huckster's gig and cut a pig's foot off a pig. I like to make a good, clean hit, although it jars me up a bit, for though it spatters me with dirt I'm only jarred and not much hurt. Cows seem to be my one best bet. I never struck a man as yet, but I have hopes, and when I do I'll make up for past failures, too. We must be near the picnic grounds, and from the way my axle sounds I guess I'm pretty apt to balk and let these folks get out and walk.

11 o'Clock

I feel as though I had a touch of fever in my slipping clutch; I think my steering-gear is loose, for just back there I missed a goose by much as half a yard or more, a thing I never did before. I'm wobbling back and forth as though I had a spell of vertigo. If some one don't get out and crank I'll tumble down this stony bank. Look out there, Chauffeur! Don't you be too smart up there and gay with me, or I will skid my wheels and wreck myself and break your jolly neck.

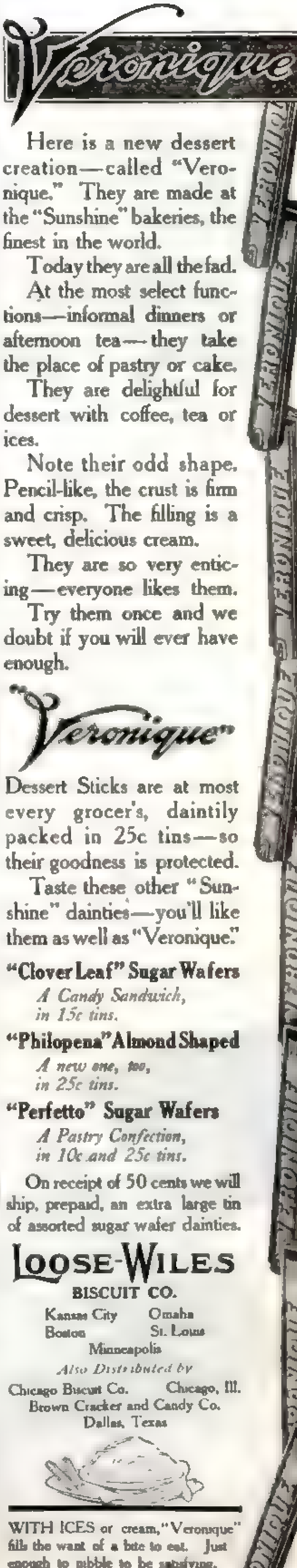
11:15 o'Clock

This seems a pleasant place to stop. Now, Mr. Chauffeur, you may hop down here and crank and rave and swear, but I've got hours and hours to spare. Oh, you can dance and run about and take my works and insides out, but I would modestly suggest you get a horse and let me rest. Tell those dear girls to get right down, and if you find a 'phone to town just ring 'em up and say we're stuck some ten miles out and bless the luck. And you can take me all apart, but I'll bet you don't make me start with any steering-gear so loose I miss such targets as a goose! —*J. W. Foley.*

Economical

A stingy old man of Malacca,
Who wore clothes of the thinnest alpaca,
Would remark with a groan:
"I've a match of my own;
Will you lend me a pipe and tobacco?"

—*Nixon Waterman.*



Veronique

Here is a new dessert creation—called "Veronique." They are made at the "Sunshine" bakeries, the finest in the world.

Today they are all the fad.

At the most select functions—informal dinners or afternoon tea—they take the place of pastry or cake.

They are delightful for dessert with coffee, tea or ices.

Note their odd shape. Pencil-like, the crust is firm and crisp. The filling is a sweet, delicious cream.

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Try them once and we doubt if you will ever have enough.

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Dessert Sticks are at most every grocer's, daintily packed in 25c tins—so their goodness is protected.

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A Candy Sandwich, in 15c tins.

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A new one, too, in 25c tins.

"Perfetto" Sugar Wafers
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On receipt of 50 cents we will ship, prepaid, an extra large tin of assorted sugar wafer dainties.

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WITH ICES or cream, "Veronique" fills the want of a bite to eat. Just enough to nibble to be satisfying. Try them at dinner.

A Sunshine Dainty

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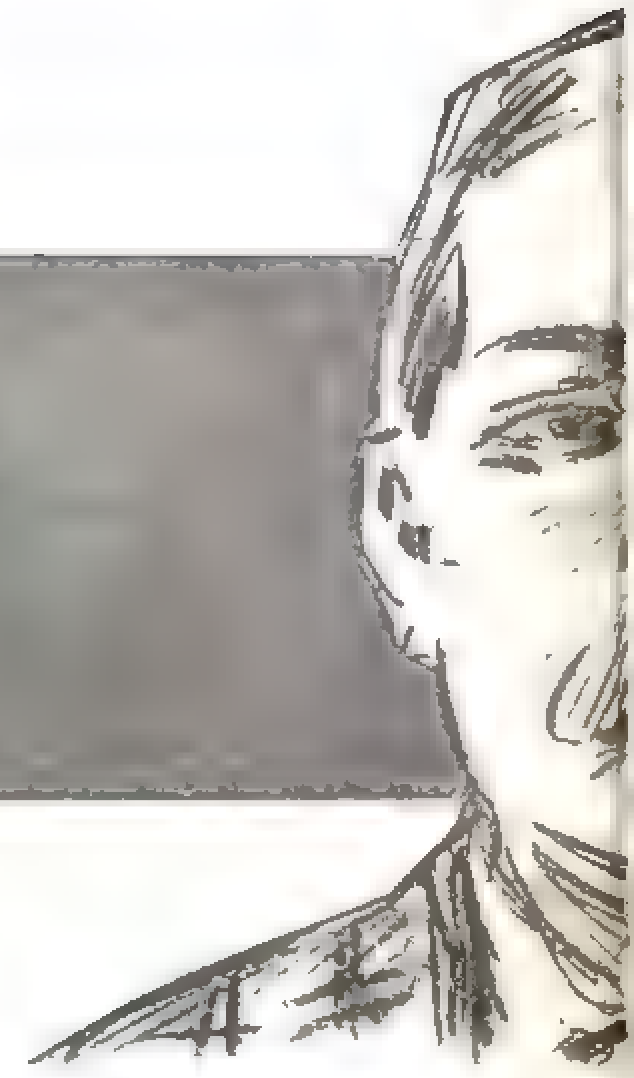
—whose "veto" power is wisely considered by discriminating owners, from his technical acquaintance with every form of roof construction, is professionally justified at all times in specifying The Carey Roof Standard Experience of over twenty years has demonstrated its unvarying uniformity and Standardized Construction, dependability and durability the world over. Neither the architect nor the manufacturer of "Built up" roofs can be held responsible for the inexperienced mistakes in "making them" by laborers on a building

The Contractor

—knows that his obligation to the Architect and Owner can be fulfilled without question as to the Roofing of any building where Carey Standardized Construction is specified. Also that the cost is uniform the World over, delivery prompt, and that any of his workmen can lay Carey's perfectly as it is delivered, manufactured complete under the most satisfactory guarantee of the largest roofing factory in the world. Not so with "Built up" roofs, as Contractors know to their frequent loss. The manufacturers of Carey's are the Guarantors of every Carey Roof



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Even inexperienced workmen
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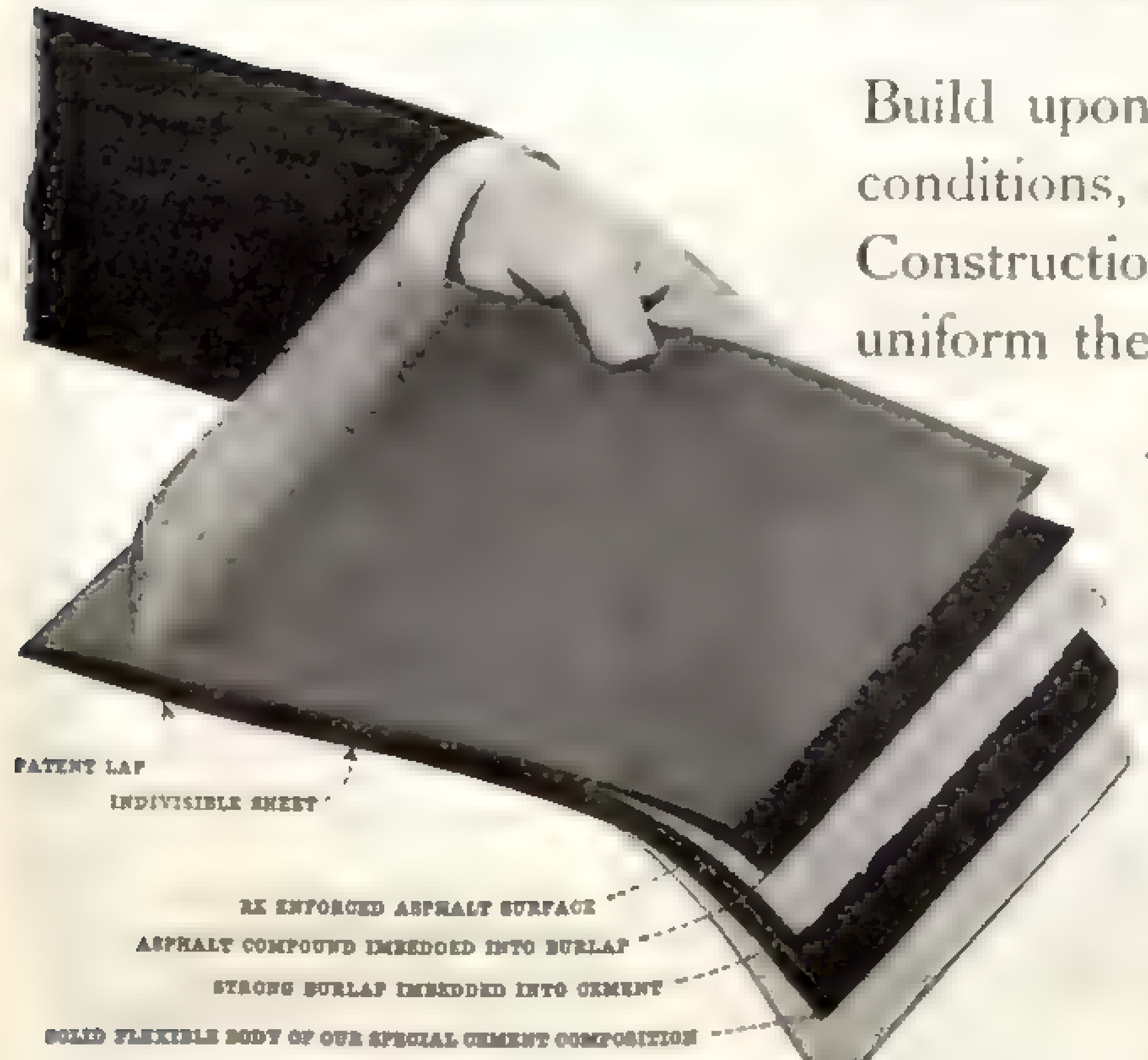
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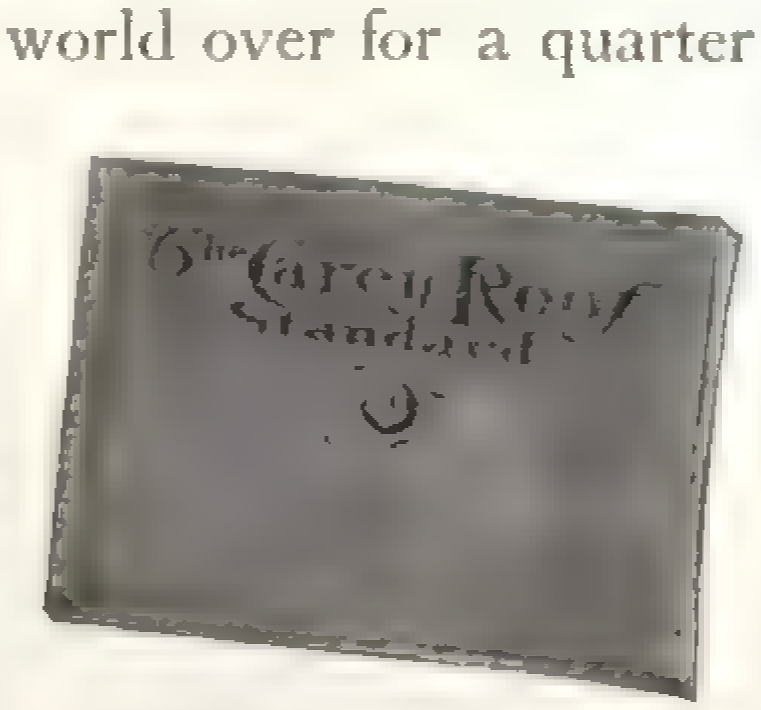

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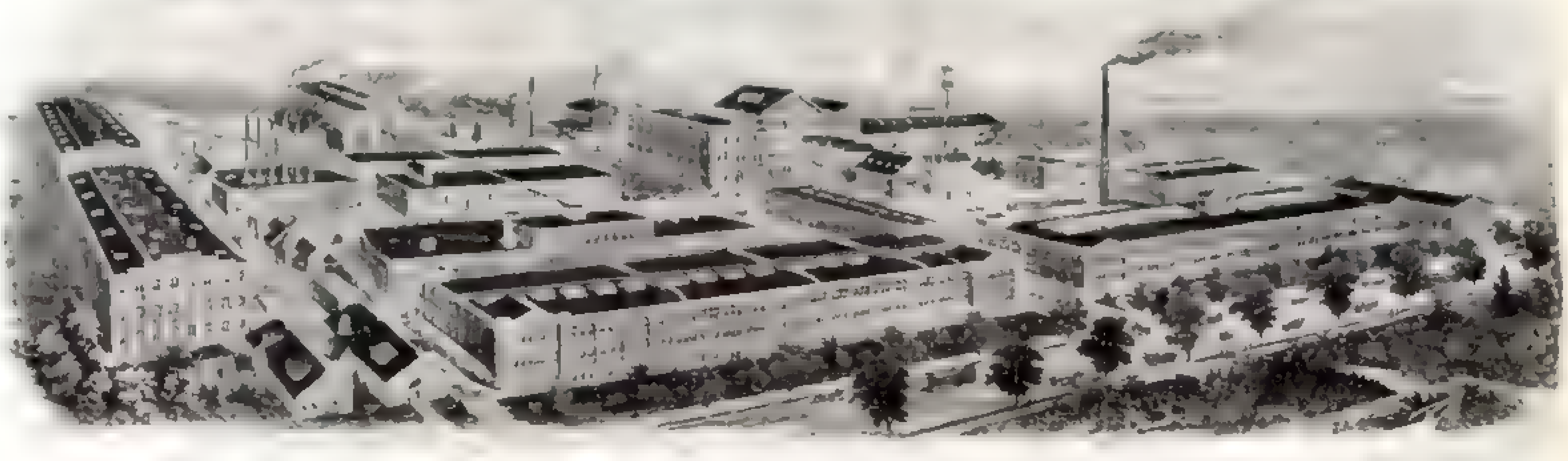

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The bonds are issued under the "Carey Act." The land which secures them has been segregated with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior and the Idaho State Land Board.

The land is located in the Snake River Valley, in the heart of the irrigated district of Southern Idaho. It adjoins the famous Twin Falls Tract. This is the Idaho fruit district, where land has exceptional value. Mean annual temperature, 54 degrees.

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The bonds mature serially, commencing in 1911. They are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Interest six per cent.

The ample security and high interest rate place these among the most attractive bonds we have handled. The bonds are likely to sell very quickly. Those who are interested should write for full information at once.

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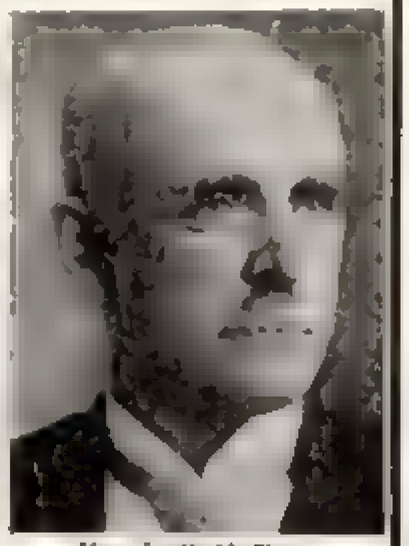

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YOUR SAVINGS

The Earning Power of Money

IGNORANCE and exaggeration of the earning power of money have combined to keep many people poor. The average man possibly does not stop to realize that money has a working capacity like a human being. When that capacity is taxed too much it sometimes collapses, just as a man collapses under too much work. Money that is hoarded by a miser, or kept in a stocking or a tin bank, is simply so much metal. It is really inert power. The ability to make money do the greatest possible amount of work in the safest possible way is the secret of all investment. Benjamin Franklin summed it up when he said: "Money makes money, and the money that money makes makes more money." Therefore it is important that men and women should know just what their money ought to yield.

This yield depends upon a great variety of conditions. One of these is locality. In some parts of the United States money is worth more and yields more than in other sections. It is like a laborer who can get bigger wages in regions where labor is scarce than in places where it is plentiful. There is a market for money just as there is a market for corn, and the price it brings depends upon the law of demand and supply.

Many people have been lured to financial ruin by dazzling promises of big returns. They are told that their money *ought* to yield a certain big sum. Had these people stopped to consider, before making the plunge, just what their money *could* earn in this particular enterprise, they would probably not have risked it. Hence, in any advice regarding the earning power of money, one of the first matters to be considered is the source of the money. Some people can afford to take chances and some cannot. In the case of a widow's savings safety must be considered first of all. A man with a large surplus, on the other hand, need not be so careful.

The Different Channels of Investment

The late H. O. Havemeyer, who was a sugar king, always declared that he would never invest money unless it could earn him 15 per cent or better. Now the average man or woman could not follow this rule, for the reason, first of all, that ventures that now pay 15 per cent or more, almost without exception, lost a good deal of money before they reached that highly-profitable basis. Take Mr. Havemeyer's case. He had lots of money and could easily risk many thousands before he got any profit at all. He had extensive knowledge and experience in business, and in many cases where he got 15 per cent he was either a director in the company, had inside information about it, or was connected in some way, directly or indirectly, with it. The average man does not have this opportunity. If you will go into the financial history of any great corporation of the type of the Standard Oil Company that is now paying a very large dividend, you will find that the concern went through many precarious years of upbuilding, adverse legislation and competition before a huge surplus was piled up or a steady earning capacity attained. The losses of early years fell, in most instances, on stockholders, and the small man would have been wiped out in short order.

Money that works may roughly be said to be divided into two classes: that which is put out as investment in stocks, bonds, real estate and real-estate mortgages; and that which is directly invested in business. Since each is a separate channel, it follows that the earning power is widely different.

What should the average man's money earn for him? If he puts it into a bank of discount or a trust company he might get from 2 to 2½ per cent for it. In a savings-bank, in those states where there are the most rigid laws safeguarding such institutions, he would get from 3½ to 4 per cent. But if the bank's money is earning more than the depositor is getting in interest, why should not the depositor get the difference? There was a time when the bank and the rich man had the monopoly on investing advantages; now they are accessible to everybody. The depositor has the right to get the full earning power of his savings or other funds. Therefore let him buy the securities that savings-banks buy in New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

When people take their money out of the savings-bank they very often overestimate its earning power, and this is why they sometimes lose it. One important fact to be remembered is this: as a rule, the higher the yield the greater the risk. In business there are exceptions, of course. No earning power or yield is worth while unless it carries absolute security of principal. Some people get 10 per cent for one year and no per cent for many years. Their money is useless to them. Rather take 4 or 5 per cent, which is the normal earning power of the average man's money, steadily over a long period of years, and know that your money is safe. An investment that yields a moderate return also is apt to increase in value all the time.

Take half a dozen standard gilt-edge railroad bonds (they are the best measure of safe investment), and you will find that on the day this article is written the yield ranges from approximately 4 per cent on a Union Pacific First and Refunding 4, due in 2008, to 4.30 per cent on a Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Division 3½, due in 1925. Or take half a dozen of the standard investment railroad stocks, and you find the range in return from 4.44 per cent on Pennsylvania to 5.30 per cent on Baltimore and Ohio common

Of course, the actual gross earning power of money in railroads is more than this. A railroad may earn 15 per cent on its stock and yet only pay a dividend of 6 per cent. The difference goes for fixed charges and many other expenses. Here is where the average man is often fooled in calculating the earning power of money. He knows that a certain business can earn a certain amount, and immediately thinks that the stockholder should get this. But many items cut down this gross earning capacity. What the average man gets is the net return.

This net return, taking the whole conservative investment field, is between 4 and 5 per cent. When it goes above 6 per cent the investor must almost invariably forego some element of security in the investment.

There are various individual plans by which the earning capacity of money, so far as buying stocks is concerned, may be increased. These apply to men who have a surplus. One plan is to keep a certain sum of money in a savings-bank which pays on an average 3½ per cent and wait for bargains. Thus the money is earning money while it waits. Then, when a break in the market comes, the man can step in with the cash and buy gilt-edge stocks outright. At such times he can get the stock at prices to make the yield as high as 7 per cent. He salts this stock down and gets an income from it each year. All the while he knows that the market must recover and that the value of his securities is increasing. The little loss in income from keeping the money in the savings-bank, at 3½ per cent, is more than offset by the big yield from the bargain prices. This same rule may be followed with bonds, for there are seasons of bargains in bonds as in stocks.

How Money Works in Business

The earning power of money in business is much greater than it is in what might be called straight investment. It depends upon the kind of business. If you made a canvass among business men generally you would find that they are not content with less than 10 per cent return. This is for the man who sells merchandise. He takes risks with big stocks. The manufacturer whose machinery suffers wear and tear and who must run the hazard of a change in public taste and style, expects and gets even more. A manufacturer who operates under a patent gets a larger earning power (25 to 40 per cent) out of his money than one who makes an article that anybody can make. But the public does not often get a chance to invest under these exceptional circumstances.

Yet the manufacturers of patented articles must keep a surplus to meet improvements and patents. One large maker of surgical instruments and microscopes invests his surplus in gilt-edge bonds. These

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not only earn money for him, but also provide an anchor to windward. Then, if a new invention comes along, he can sell the bonds at once and buy it or use the proceeds of the sale to perfect his old inventions. This same rule may be applied to any kind of business.

The whole matter of employing surplus is of great importance, no matter how small the business. A surplus is always a sort of bulwark, and when properly invested serves many purposes. A real surplus—that is, an actual excess from business—should be invested in long-term bonds. It provides a sort of business insurance. Money that is set aside temporarily should be employed in the most active of bonds or short-term notes, for the reason that they are liable to be put on the market on very short notice in case funds are needed in a hurry.

There is a very general misapprehension as to the earning power of money in real estate. Because the spot where the Astor House in New York stands was once sold for $2000 and is now worth $3,000,000, thousands of people have bought real estate in various and obscure places expecting the same thing to happen. You are told that the farms of yesterday are the thriving cities of today. Yet, stripped of "boom town" or "choice subdivision" glamour, money in improved real estate fetches on an average only from 5 to 6 per cent. The lowly tenement brings more than the ornate skyscraper.

Perhaps the highest return on improved real estate in big cities is on tenements. Where there is no mortgage the yield is about 7 per cent; where there is a mortgage it is about 10 per cent. The difference that the mortgage makes works out this way: You buy the tenement for $30,000 and give a mortgage on it for $21,000. The mortgage costs you 4½ per cent, or $945. The return on the house in rents is 6 per cent, or $1800. The difference between these sums is $855. You borrowed $21,000, which makes the actual cash outlay that you made only $9000. On this outlay of $9000 you ge $855, or nearly 10 per cent. A tenement house is difficult to operate; rents are hard to collect and the class of tenants is often undesirable. It is sometimes possible to get a return of 15 per cent on small cottages.

There is much more hazard in buying unimproved real estate. There is no definite earning power for money employed in this way. There have been almost fabulous returns in Western towns and heavy losses elsewhere. Many people miscalculate when they try to figure out the earning power of money in unimproved land. One of the best-known and shrewdest real-estate operators in New York has a rule which makes it quite easy. Here it is: Every man who buys unimproved real estate should charge himself interest on the investment at the rate of 5 per cent a year. He should do this because he loses interest on the money that is put into the property. This interest, together with the taxes and assessment, make the annual charge on it. In other words, he can figure up at any time the total cost. Then, when he sells the property, he can tell to a dollar just what his profit is and just what his money has earned.

Closely allied with real estate is the real-estate mortgage. Money in choice real-estate mortgages brings from 4½ to 5 per cent. Employed in the best type of farm mortgages it earns from 5 to 7 per cent, but rarely 7 per cent.

Thus you have seen that when money is put out to work in the safest way its average earning power is from 4 to 5½ per cent. You cannot get big return without big risk. Safety always costs a premium.

Watching Earnings

A CERTAIN advertising solicitor earns about $3500 a year. But his income and outgo are as complicated as if he made $50,000. He has a small, fixed salary, then his commissions from sales, and on top of that a drawing account for expenses. The latter has to be watched very carefully. Neglect to jot down an item means that he is spending money for the house and paying the bill himself. His work takes him on the road half the month. When he is traveling the outgo is variable, with many opportunities to spend.

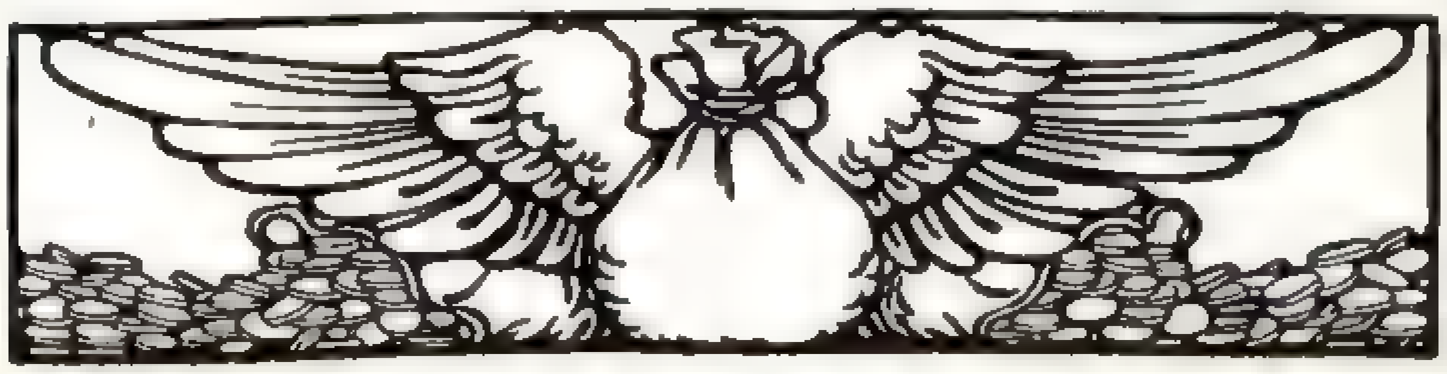
This man never saved anything until he adopted the plan of putting his own income in a bank, paying all bills by check, and making it the rule that his bank balance must never fall below a certain sum which will provide for a regular percentage of saving. Household expenses are taken care of by his wife, who receives a weekly check. His own pocket money is provided for by drawing so much each Monday morning on a currency check.

It is the first of the month, say. He gets his salary and commissions for last month. Reference to his check stubs shows that there is $380 to his credit in the bank. Of this, $350 is his permanent balance that must not be touched—the amount set for savings; $30 represents what is left of last month's working balance. According to the amount of his earnings the past month, as well as his estimates of outgo for the coming month, he decides upon a percentage to be saved. If it is $50, then the amount of his permanent balance is increased to $400, and he must get through the next month without falling below this figure. All money between the permanent balance and his actual bank balance, after salary has been deposited, represents his working balance. Whatever is left of this working balance at the end of the month pays ten per cent to the permanent balance—an additional saving.

This plan simplifies the solicitor's finances. Every dollar of income and outgo must pass through his bank, and by consulting his working balance at any time he knows where he stands and can decide whether he is able to afford a contemplated purchase. When his permanent balance runs up to enough money he draws and makes an investment. At the outset this investment was life insurance, and he felt elated when the plan paid sufficient to take out policies. Today he buys bonds with the permanent balance, and the percentages saved on his working balance have almost paid the life-insurance premiums.

A thrifty salaried man, whose work takes him on the road half the year, is a consulting engineer. In traveling about on construction jobs he finds that the entertainment he receives amounts to a decided balance on the right side of his personal expense account. In one town he is the guest of an architect, and in another the contractor or owner entertains him. Acquaintances made in traveling pay for lunches and take him to the theater. Of course, he entertains others himself. But the nature of his occupation is such that he cannot return all this hospitality.

This engineer started a bank account for his children some years ago, putting into it everything saved through the hospitality of others. If a contractor puts him up at a camp all night, or a corporation official takes him to his home, the engineer credits his children with hotel money. If he is taken to the theater by an acquaintance he credits the price of the ticket. Even carfares paid by others are jotted down, and when he gets home from one of his trips a check for the total amount of these credits is drawn and deposited to the children's account. What goes into that fund never comes out. No record is kept of his expenses in entertaining others. In five years the fund has grown to nearly $1000.



The Hartford Fire Insurance Company
and
The National Association of Credit Men

The National Association of Credit Men, representing the leading mercantile houses of the United States, in addressing merchants throughout the country on the need of adequate and responsible fire insurance protection, says:

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2. "Has it (the insurance company) a record of paying its debts (losses) promptly and without unjust deductions?"	2. After San Francisco, in putting the Hartford on its **Roll of Honor,** this same National Association of Credit Men said, "Considering that its gross loss was the immense sum of $10,275,000, the company is worthy of the highest commendation."
3. "Are the men who manage its affairs men of character and high standing in the community, upholding the principles of business which assure a long and honorable existence?"	3. The Hartford's reputation for commercial honor is its most cherished asset, and its continued observance of good faith with its policy-holders is attested by its popularity and success. It is 99 years old and does the largest fire insurance business in the United States.

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SOUTH OF THE SLOT

(Continued from Page 4)

with a fat hand on her shoulder. She glanced around and saw Bill.

"Here you, Mr. Totts," she called. "Lend a hand. I want to get in."

Bill experienced a startle of warm surprise. She had remembered his name from his union card. The next moment the superintendent had been plucked from the doorway, raving about rights under the law, and the girls were deserting their machines. During the rest of that short and successful strike, Bill constituted himself Mary Condon's henchman and messenger, and when it was over returned to the university to be Freddie Drummond and to wonder what Bill Totts could see in such a woman.

Freddie Drummond was entirely safe, but Bill had fallen in love. There was no getting away from the fact of it, and it was this fact that had given Freddie Drummond his warning. Well, he had done his work and his adventures could cease. There was no need for him to cross the Slot again. All but the last three chapters of his latest, Labor Tactics and Strategy, was finished, and he had sufficient material on hand adequately to supply those chapters.

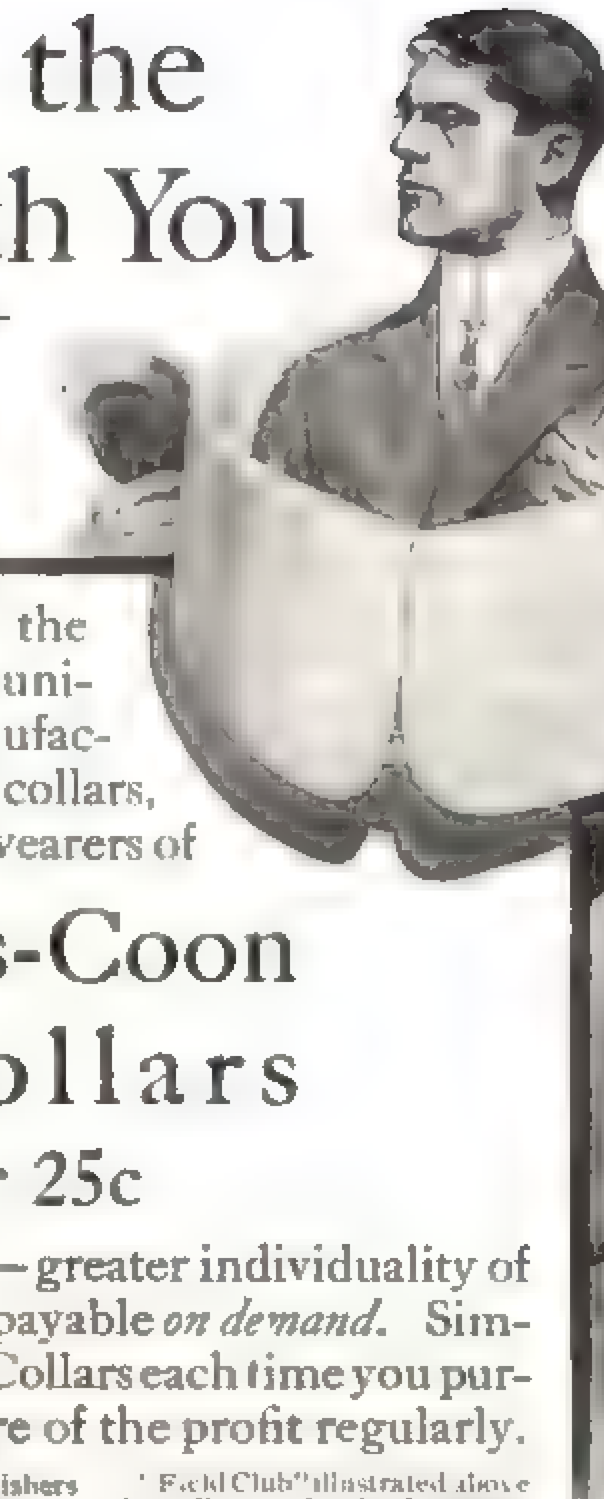
Another conclusion he arrived at was that, in order to sheet-anchor himself as Freddie Drummond, closer ties and relations in his own social nook were necessary. It was time that he was married, anyway, and he was fully aware that if Freddie Drummond didn't get married Bill Totts assuredly would, and the complications were too awful to contemplate. And so enters Catherine Van Vorst. She was a college woman herself, and her father, the one wealthy member of the Faculty, was the head of the philosophy department. It would be a wise marriage from every standpoint, Freddie Drummond concluded when the engagement was entered into and announced. In appearance, cold and reserved, aristocratic and wholesomely conservative, Catherine Van Vorst, though warm in her way, possessed an inhibition equal to Drummond's.

All seemed well with him, but Freddie Drummond could not quite shake off the call of the underworld, the lure of the free and open, of the unhampered, irresponsible life South of the Slot. As the time of his marriage approached he felt that he had indeed sowed wild oats, and he felt, moreover, what a good thing it would be if he could have but one wild fling more, play the good fellow and the wastrel one last time ere he settled down to gray lecture-rooms and sober matrimony. And, further to tempt him, the very last chapter of Labor Tactics and Strategy remained unwritten for lack of a trifle more of essential data which he had neglected to gather.

So, Freddie Drummond went down for the last time as Bill Totts, got his data, and, unfortunately, encountered Mary Condon. Once more installed in his study it was not a pleasant thing to look back upon. It made his warning doubly imperative. Bill Totts had behaved abominably. Not only had he met Mary Condon at the Central Labor Council, but he had stopped in at a creamery with her, on the way home, and treated her to oysters. And before they parted at her door his arms had been about her and he had kissed her on the lips and kissed her repeatedly. And her last words in his ear, words uttered softly with a catchy sob in the throat that was nothing more nor less than a love-cry, were, "Bill—dear, dear Bill."

Freddie Drummond shuddered at the recollection. He saw the pit yawning for him. He was not by nature a polygamist, and he was appalled at the possibilities of the situation. It would have to be put an end to, and it would end in one only of two ways: either he must become wholly Bill Totts and be married to Mary Condon, or he must remain wholly Freddie Drummond and be married to Catherine Van Vorst. Otherwise, his conduct would be horrible and beneath contempt.

In the several months that followed, San Francisco was torn with labor strife. The unions and the employers' associations had locked horns with a determination that looked as if they intended to settle the matter one way or the other for all time. But Freddie Drummond corrected proofs,



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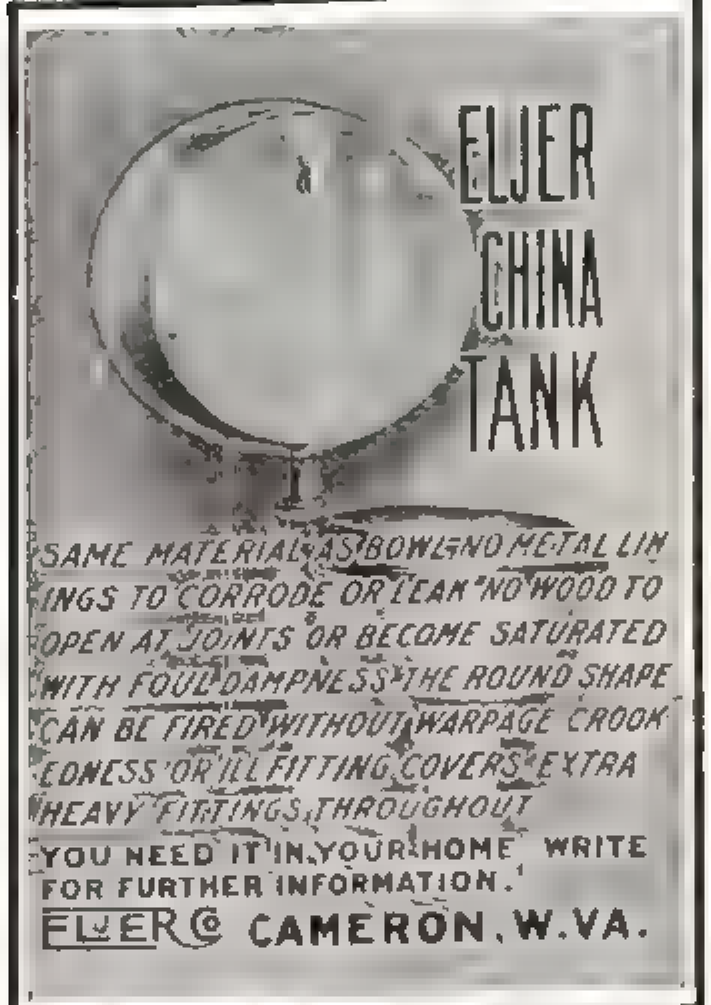

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lectured classes and did not budge. He devoted himself to Catherine Van Vorst and day by day found more to respect and admire in her—nay, even to love in her. The street-car strike tempted him, but not so severely as he would have expected; and the great meat strike came on and left him cold. The ghost of Bill Totts had been successfully laid, and Freddie Drummond with rejuvenescent zeal tackled a brochure, long planned, on the topic of Diminishing Returns.

The wedding was two weeks off when, on one afternoon, in San Francisco, Catherine Van Vorst picked him up and whisked him away to see a Boys' Club recently instituted by the settlement workers with whom she was interested. They were in her brother's machine, but they were alone except for the chauffeur. At the junction with Kearny Street, Market and Geary Streets intersect like the sides of a sharp-angled letter V. They, in the auto, were coming down Market with the intention of negotiating the sharp apex and going up Geary. But they did not know what was coming down Geary, timed by Fate to meet them at the apex. While aware from the papers that the meat strike was on and that it was an exceedingly bitter one, all thought of it at that moment was farthest from Freddie Drummond's mind. Was he not seated beside Catherine? And besides, he was carefully expounding to her his views on settlement work—views that Bill Totts' adventures had played a part in formulating.

Coming down Geary Street were six meat wagons. Beside each scab driver sat a policeman. Front and rear, and along each side of this procession, marched a protecting escort of one hundred police. Behind the police rear-guard, at a respectful distance, was an orderly but vociferous mob several blocks in length, that congested the street from sidewalk to sidewalk. The Beef Trust was making an effort to supply the hotels and, incidentally, to begin the breaking of the strike. The St. Francis had already been supplied at a cost of many broken windows and broken heads, and the expedition was marching to the relief of the Palace Hotel.

All unwitting, Drummond sat beside Catherine talking settlement work as the auto, honking methodically and dodging traffic, swung in a wide curve to get around the apex. A big coal wagon, loaded with lump coal and drawn by four huge horses, just debouching from Kearny Street as though to turn down Market, blocked their way. The driver of the wagon seemed undecided, and the chauffeur, running slow but disregarding some shouted warning from the policemen, swerved the auto to the left, violating the traffic rules in order to pass in front of the wagon.

At that moment Freddie Drummond discontinued his conversation. Nor did he resume it again, for the situation was developing with the rapidity of a transformation scene. He heard the roar of the mob at the rear and caught a glimpse of the helmeted police and the lurching meat wagons. At the same moment, laying on his whip and standing up to his task, the coal-driver rushed horses and wagon squarely in front of the advancing procession, pulled the horses up sharply and put on the brake. Then he made his lines fast to the brake-handle and sat down with the air of one who had stopped to stay. The auto had been brought to a stop, too, by his big, panting leaders.

Before the chauffeur could back clear, an old Irishman, driving a rickety express wagon and lashing his one horse to a gallop, had locked wheels with the auto. Drummond recognized both horse and wagon, for he had driven them often himself. The Irishman was Pat Morrissey. On the other side a brewery wagon was locking with the coal wagon, and an east-bound Kearny Street car, wildly clanging its gong, the motorman shouting defiance at the crossing policemen, was dashing forward to complete the blockade. And wagon after wagon was locking and blocking and adding to the confusion. The meat wagons halted. The police were trapped. The roar at the rear increased as the mob came on to the attack, while the vanguard of the police charged the obstructing wagons.

"We're in for it," Drummond remarked coolly to Catherine.

"Yes," she nodded with equal coolness. "What savages they are!"

His admiration for her doubled on itself. She was indeed his sort. He would have

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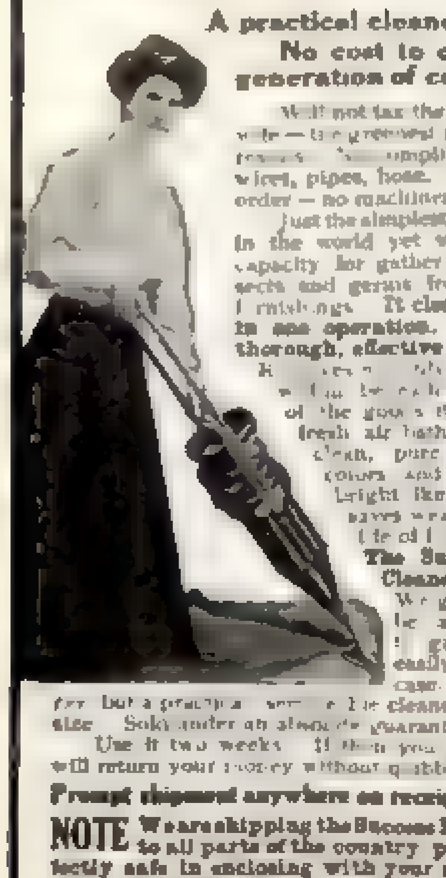

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References: First National Bank, Pittsburg
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been satisfied with her even if she had screamed and clung to him, but this — this was magnificent. She sat in that storm-center as calmly as if it had been no more than a block of carriages at the opera.

The police were struggling to clear a passage. The driver of the coal wagon, a big man in shirt sleeves, lighted a pipe and sat smoking. He glanced down complacently at a captain of police who was raving and cursing at him, and his only acknowledgment was a shrug of the shoulders. From the rear arose the rat-tat-tat of clubs on heads and a pandemonium of cursing, yelling and shouting. A violent accession of noise proclaimed that the mob had broken through and was dragging a scab from a wagon. The police captain was reënforced from his vanguard and the mob at the rear was repelled. Meanwhile, window after window in the high office-building on the right had been opened and the class-conscious clerks were raining a shower of office furniture down on the heads of police and scabs. Waste-baskets, ink-bottles, paper-weights, typewriters — anything and everything that came to hand was filling the air.

A policeman, under orders from his captain, clambered to the lofty seat of the coal wagon to arrest the driver. And the driver, rising leisurely and peacefully to meet him, suddenly crumpled him in his arms and threw him down on top of the captain. The driver was a young giant, and when he climbed on top his load and poised a lump of coal in both hands a policeman, who was just scaling the wagon from the side, let go and dropped back to earth. The captain ordered half a dozen of his men to take the wagon. The teamster, scrambling over the load from side to side, beat them down with huge lumps of coal.

The crowd on the sidewalks and the teamsters on the locked wagons roared encouragement and their own delight. The motorman, smashing helmets with his controller-bar, was beaten into insensibility and dragged from his platform. The captain of police, beside himself at the repulse of his men, led the next assault on the coal wagon. A score of police were swarming up the tall-sided fortress. But the teamster multiplied himself. At times there were six or eight policemen rolling on the pavement and under the wagon. Engaged in repulsing an attack on the rear end of his fortress the teamster turned about to see the captain just in the act of stepping on to the seat from the front end. He was still in the air and in most unstable equilibrium when the teamster hurled a thirty-pound lump of coal. It caught the captain fairly on the chest and he went over backward, striking on a wheeler's back, tumbling to the ground and jamming against the rear wheel of the auto

Catherine thought he was dead, but he picked himself up and charged back. She reached out her gloved hand and patted the flank of the snorting, quivering horse. But Drummond did not notice the action. He had eyes for nothing save the battle of the coal wagon, while somewhere in his complicated psychology one Bill Totts was heaving and straining in an effort to come to life. Drummond believed in law and order and the maintenance of the established; but this riotous savage within him would have none of it. Then, if ever, did Freddie Drummond call upon his iron inhibition to save him. But it is written that the house divided against itself must fall. And Freddie Drummond found that he had divided all the will and force of him with Bill Totts, and between them the entity that constituted the pair of them was being wrenched in twain.

Freddie Drummond sat in the auto quite composed, alongside Catherine Van Vorst; but looking out of Freddie Drummond's eyes was Bill Totts, and somewhere behind those eyes, battling for the control of their mutual body, was Freddie Drummond, the sane and conservative sociologist, and Bill Totts, the class-conscious and bellicose union working-man. It was Bill Totts looking out of those eyes who saw the inevitable end of the battle on the coal wagon. He saw a policeman gain the top of the load, a second and a third. They lurched clumsily on the loose footing, but their long riot-clubs were out and swinging. One blow caught the teamster on the head. A second he dodged, receiving it on the shoulder. For him the game was plainly up. He dashed in suddenly, clutched two policemen in his arms, and hurled himself a prisoner to the pavement.

Catherine Van Vorst was sick and faint at sight of the blood and brutal fighting. But her qualms were vanquished by the sensational and most unexpected happening that followed. The man beside her emitted an unearthly yell and rose to his feet. She saw him spring over the front seat, leap to the broad rump of the wheeler and from there gain the wagon. His onslaught was like a whirlwind. Before the bewildered officer on top the load could guess the errand of this conventionally-clad but excited-seeming gentleman he was the recipient of a punch that arched him back through the air to the pavement. A kick in the face led an ascending policeman to follow his example. A rush of three more gained the top and locked with Bill Totts in a gigantic clinch, during which his scalp was opened up by a club, and coat, vest and half his starched shirt were torn from him. But the three policemen were flung wide and far, and Bill Totts, raining down lumps of coal, held the fort.

The captain led gallantly to the attack, but was bowled over by a chunk of coal that burst on his head in black baptism. The need of the police was to break the blockade in front before the mob could break in at the rear, and Bill Totts' need was to hold the wagon till the mob did break through. So the battle of the coal went on.

The crowd had recognized its champion. Big Bill, as usual, had come to the front, and Catherine Van Vorst was bewildered by the cries of "Bill! Oh, you Bill!" that arose on every hand. Pat Morrissey, on his wagon-seat, was jumping and screaming in an ecstasy: "Eat 'em, Bill! Eat 'em! Eat 'em alive!" From the sidewalk she heard a woman's voice cry out, "Look out, Bill — front end!" Bill took the warning, and with well-directed coal cleaned the front end of the wagon of assailants. Catherine Van Vorst turned her head and saw on the curb of the sidewalk a woman with vivid coloring and flashing black eyes who was staring with all her soul at the man who had been Freddie Drummond a few minutes before.

The windows of the office-building became vociferous with applause. The mob had broken through on one side the line of wagons and was advancing, each segregated policeman the center of a fighting group. The scabs were torn from their seats, the traces of the horses cut and the frightened animals put in flight. Many policemen crawled under the coal wagon for safety, while the loose horses, with here and there a policeman on their backs or struggling at their heads to hold them, surged across the sidewalk opposite the jam and broke into Market Street.

Catherine Van Vorst heard the woman's voice calling in warning. She was back on the curb again and crying out:

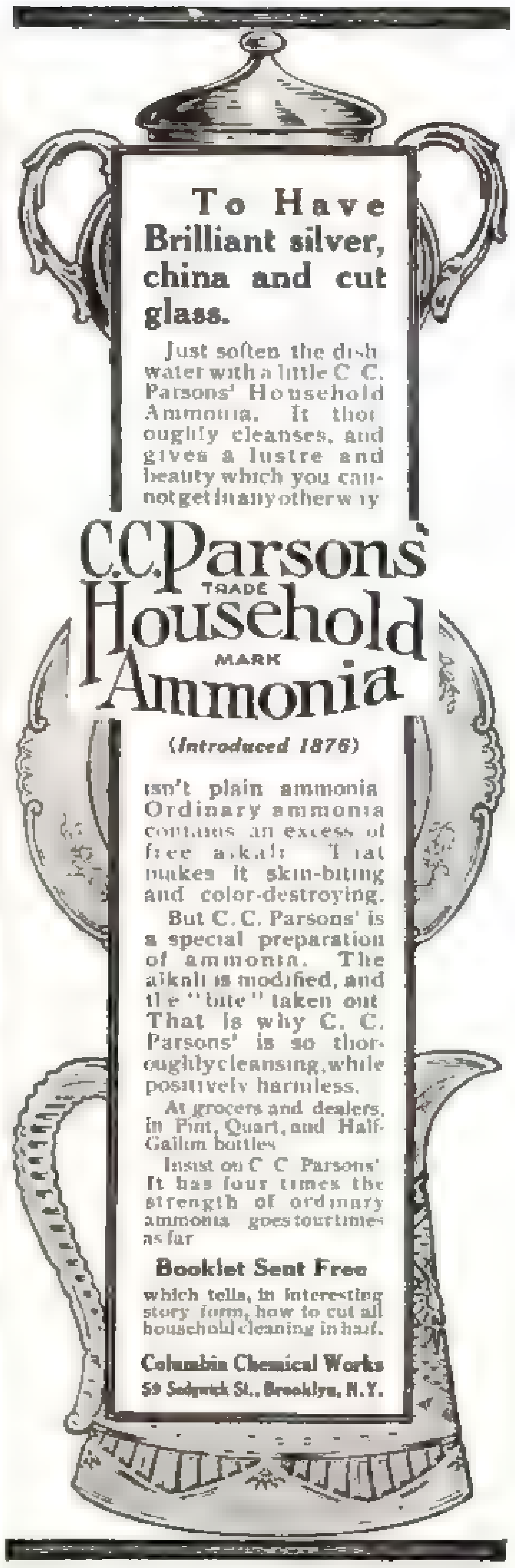
"Beat it, Bill! Now's your time! Beat it!"

The police for the moment had been swept away. Bill Totts leaped to the pavement and made his way to the woman on the sidewalk. Catherine Van Vorst saw her throw her arms around him and kiss him on the lips; and Catherine Van Vorst watched him curiously as he went on down the sidewalk, one arm around the woman, both talking and laughing, and he with a volubility and abandon she could never have dreamed possible.

The police were back again and clearing the jam while waiting for reënforcements and new drivers and horses. The mob had done its work and was scattering, and Catherine Van Vorst, still watching, could see the man she had known as Freddie Drummond. He towered a head above the crowd. His arm was still about the woman. And she in the motor car, watching, saw the pair cross Market Street, cross the Slot and disappear down Third Street into the labor ghetto.

. . . .

In the years that followed no more lectures were given in the University of California by one Freddie Drummond and no more books on economics and the labor question appeared over the name of Frederick A. Drummond. On the other hand, there arose a new labor leader, William Totts by name. He it was who married Mary Condon, president of the International Glove-Workers' Union No. 974, and he it was who called the notorious cooks and waiters' strike, which, before its successful termination, brought out with it scores of other unions, among which, of the more remotely allied, were the chicken-pickers and the undertakers.



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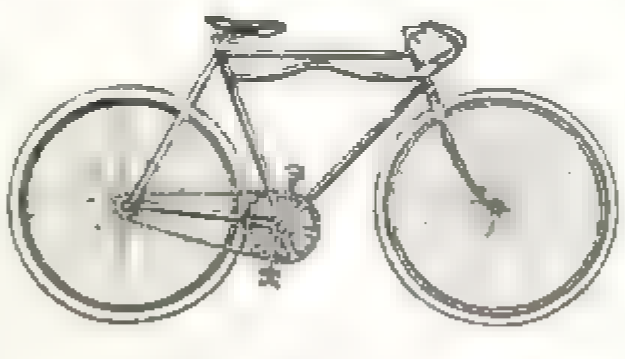

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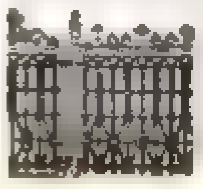

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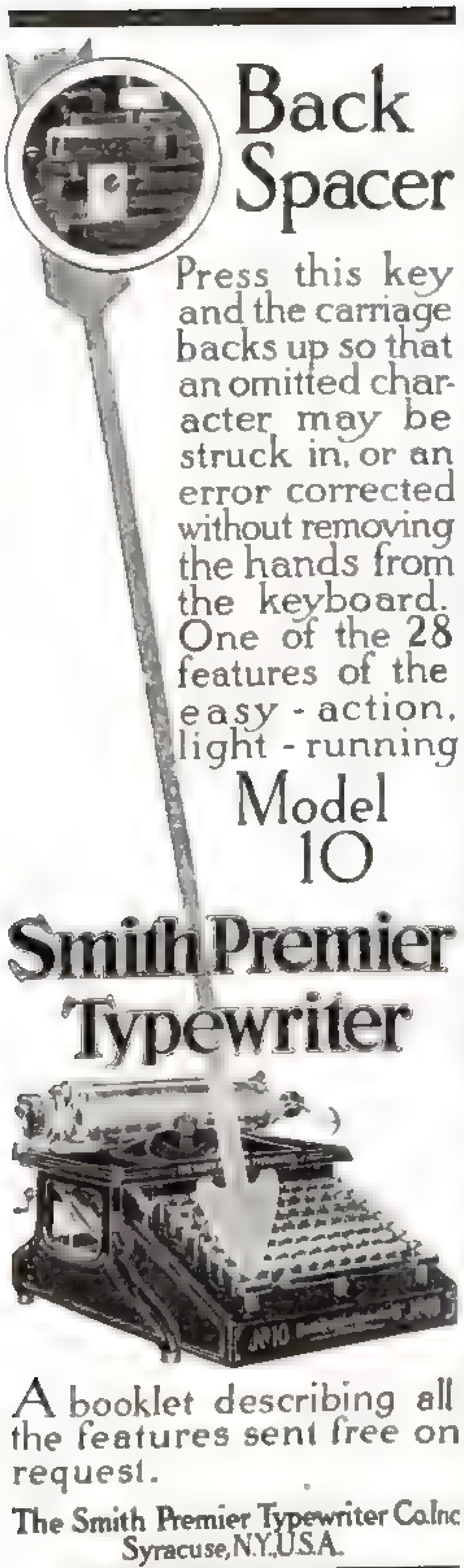

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Decorated Americans

THE number of American citizens who are the recipients of foreign decorations is increasing yearly. Colonel Roosevelt is the holder of the Nobel medal. which, with the accompanying prize, can only be regarded as the most enviable and most difficult of attainment of all decorations of merit. Nearly one hundred Americans were created knights of the Legion of Honor on the occasion of the last world's fair in Paris. Many of the Americans who took part in the defense of the legations at Peking, or in their relief, were decorated by the British and Japanese Governments. So far as I am aware, Major Frederick Russell Burnham, the American plainsman who served as Chief of Scouts of the British Army in South Africa, is the only American who holds the cross of the Distinguished Service Order, it having been pinned on his breast at Buckingham Palace by King Edward himself. The exclusive Prussian order, *Pour le Mérite*, whose membership is limited to thirty knights, has been conferred on but one American, Bancroft, the historian. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was given the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus by the King of Italy in recognition of his returning the stolen Ascoli cope The late John Hay received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor for his services as an arbitrator of international disputes. James Hazen Hyde, the self-expatriated American of insurance investigation fame, is a chevalier of the same order. In view of the law forbidding American diplomatic and consular officers from accepting foreign decorations without the permission of Congress, the former Sultan of Turkey hit on the happy scheme of showing his admiration for successive American ministers and consuls-general by presenting the Order of the Chefkiat to their wives. A well-known literary man, one-time American diplomatic agent at Cairo, was so unblushing in requests for decorations for friends that the Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs once returned the list of names that the American representative had forwarded to him, with a polite note inquiring whether the list in question contained the names of people who were to be decorated or who were to be invited to the court ball.

What a Turkish Decoration Costs

The recipient of a Turkish decoration occasionally finds that the honor is a costly one. Some years ago a well-known American millionaire dropped the anchor of his yacht in the Golden Horn. The Sultan, having under consideration at the time the raising of a foreign loan, invited the financier to Yildiz Kiosk and paid him marked attention. The American had scarcely regained the deck of his yacht after the audience when an Imperial *caique*, manned by twenty oarsmen, was seen approaching. It carried a high officer of the Sultan's household and two aides-de-camp, who proceeded, in the name their Imperial master, to invest the American with the insignia of the Osmanieh order. The American, as it happened, had with him a friend who was thoroughly versed in Turkish etiquette. Him he drew aside, inquiring what was expected of him under the circumstances. "The dignity of the chief official," said his friend, "would scarcely permit of his accepting a 'remembrance' of less than one hundred liras (about four hundred and forty dollars). The two aides should be well satisfied with twenty liras apiece; the commander of the *caique* would expect another five liras, and you had better give each of the rowers a gold piece." "Decorations come high in Turkey," remarked the financier dryly, but the sums were paid as suggested—about seven hundred dollars in all—and he now keeps the gorgeous insignia of the order carefully locked up in the safe of his Wall Street office.

The bestowal of decorations is by no means a monopoly of the greater Powers, for San Marino—the smallest and oldest republic in the world—boasts the Equestrian Order of St. Marinus, which the thrifty presidents of this mountain democracy—they have two presidents at the same time—unblushingly offer for sale at very moderate prices whenever a road has to be repaired or a schoolhouse erected. That very contentious individual, Cipriano Castro, is Grand Master of the Order of Simon Bolivar, and even such dusky potentates as the Negus of Abyssinia, the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Sultan of Zanzibar present gorgeous decorations to consuls and tourists when they happen to be out of champagne and cigars.

I have one more story to tell, and as the hero of it is an American and a sailor of fortune, and a very gallant gentleman, I will make no apologies. The speaking parts in this little one-act drama, which bordered so perilously on a tragedy, are Abdul Hamid II and Admiral Bucknam Pasha, at that time naval adviser and aide-de-camp to the Sultan with the rank of captain, but later commander of the sea-going division of the Ottoman fleet.

On a certain Friday in August, 1904, there took place the memorable attempt on the Sultan's life.

Under the seat of one of the official carriages, drawn up just outside the Hamidieh mosque, where the Sultan used to say the Friday prayer, was an infernal machine with a clockwork attachment set to go off at just twenty minutes after twelve, the precise hour at which the Commander of the Faithful leaves the mosque. There must have been some slight miscalculation, however, though only a matter of seconds, for the machine exploded with fearful effect just as the Sultan appeared in the doorway and not, as had been intended, when he was entering his carriage, in which latter case he would inevitably have been killed. As it was, more than twoscore coachmen, servants and soldiers met their deaths in the terrific explosion; pieces of human and equine anatomy filled the air and, to make matters worse, the troops on guard lost their heads completely and began to fire promiscuously into the crowd. The great dignitaries of the Empire ran for shelter. Only the Sultan stood firm and composed. Captain Bucknam, who commanded a battalion of sailors drawn up opposite the mosque, jerked loose his revolver, strode across the blood-soaked, bullet-swept esplanade, clicked his heels together, raised his hand in salute, and in a voice as even as though on parade, said, "I have the honor to place myself at your Majesty's orders." Abdul-Hamid, taking from his own neck the ribbon of the Osmanieh order, placed it around that of Bucknam, saying: "*Commodore*, I believe you to have not only the stoutest heart but the coolest head of any man in my Empire."

A Letter of Protest

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE EDITOR,
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIR. In your issue for November 21, 1908, in an article, Memories of Authors, the writer, Mr. William Winter, refers to Madame Blavatsky as a charlatan, and makes the statement that she appropriated the title of one of his poems, The Voice of the Silence, for one of her books.

In regard to the latter, an examination of the book, The Voice of the Silence and Other Chosen Fragments, from the Book of the Golden Precepts, Translated and Annotated by H. P. B., shows that the title was taken from the book itself, and that it is hundreds and possibly thousands of years old. There is no evidence to show that Madame Blavatsky was in any way aware that Mr. Winter had used the same title; indeed, the contrary is asserted by those who were with her at the time.

As to the unwarranted epithet applied in the article to Madame Blavatsky, we cannot permit it to pass without protest. Madame Blavatsky's life and work in themselves are a complete refutation of this. In the furtherance of her life-work the Theosophical Society, the first object of which is to teach Brotherhood, Altruism, and the title of which is now The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, she gave up title, fortune, friends, and received instead calumny, slander. Never did she take one penny for her teachings; she sacrificed all, even life itself, for Theosophy, the Wisdom Religion.

Faithfully yours,
JOSEPH H. FUSSELL,
Point Loma, California. *Secretary.*

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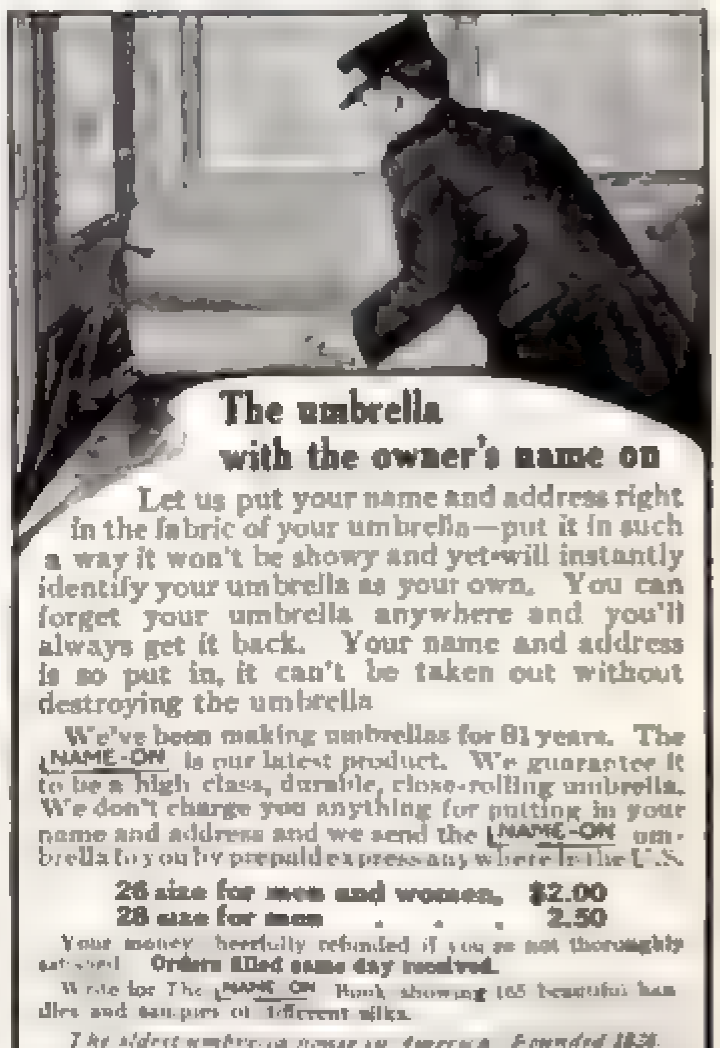

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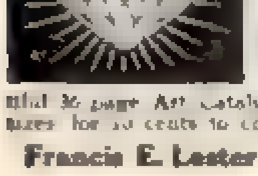

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THE "HAS-BEENS" OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 9)

hardly credible that a fine, reputable surgeon would murder a man merely to see what his brains looked like. Yet those reports killed that surgeon's practice as effectually as if he had been proved guilty.

There are so many Has-beens in newspaperdom that it would take volumes to suggest faintly the roster of their sufferings, and columns to index their names.

Here's a story quite difficult to recount, for the man is alive, and fear of inflicting hurt demands caution, so I'll falsify in some regards. It is that of one who was among the best newspaper men New York ever knew, who hailed from another city. He edited—well, let us say—a dozen of the best journals in the city. His domestic life was unfortunate, he being married to one of those "who never can know and never can understand."

He was frugal in so far as she would permit, and had a comfortable bank-account when the lane turned. At this psychological moment the pot of domestic disturbance boiled over. Being magnanimous he gave his wife their home and the bank-balance, going out with a shilling and no blessing to reconquer the world. Afterward he married a woman whom he loved and who loved him.

But that midway point, the apex of life's ledge, had been crossed and down he went. Love is a beautiful thing, but it never has and never will suffice. It requires income for its fostering and is, after all, based on the dollar. So, when this man could no longer get managing jobs, nor desk jobs, nor reportorial jobs, even though temperate and giving his best, love flew with the dollars. The woman divorced him—regretfully, I hope—because she couldn't live on all he earned. Now, everything is gone. Every one likes him for his fine cleanliness and honesty, yet that buys no bread. The last time I saw him he was trying to peddle a "Sunday story."

Deserved What They Got

As before suggested, the fiction-writer does not deserve much sympathy because he can foresee his finish. Otherwise he would not be able to write fiction. Think of the prodigious list of names you have noticed in past years in magazines and which you no longer see! Probably three-fourths of those men came to New York to pass their brief hour and enter decline. Some of them wrote too long.

Once in a while you meet a Has-been around whom hovers a sense of humor. Here is an illustration. The man referred to wrote a book that can be seen in nearly all libraries of importance, followed it with many magazine articles and became widely famous. At a banquet a short time ago, in Boston, a speaker alluded to him as "the late Mr. Blank, whose untimely end was regrettable," and said that "in his death a torch of real literature was extinguished." Then he quoted some of the other man's stuff. There weren't half a dozen present who didn't display grief and sympathy, and regard the man as one who had been gone for many years.

Mr. Blank, to state the facts, is quite alive. He decided some years ago that he had reached the maximum point of good production, slyly winked at the dame of Fame, and secured a job as fiction-editor of a certain Sunday supplement. He now placidly laughs at those mourners who, if they knew he was living, would perhaps be roasting his work. He beat them to it.

There are some Has-beens in New York who deserve to be just what they are.

The oldest of those included in this category is a man who made some millions in California. Tradition says that this speculator, brave in his self-esteem, put his millions into gold, shipped them in an express car and loudly announced that he would whip Wall Street to a fare-you-well. Three of the then-prominent kings of the Street heard of this gentleman's advance to conquest and, eager to size him up at first hand, went over to Hoboken to watch him and his express car arrive. The train being an hour late gave them ample time to fall out over a division of the forthcoming spoils. And they did. One of them insisted that half of what the Californian was bringing rightfully belonged to him; but the others believed the money

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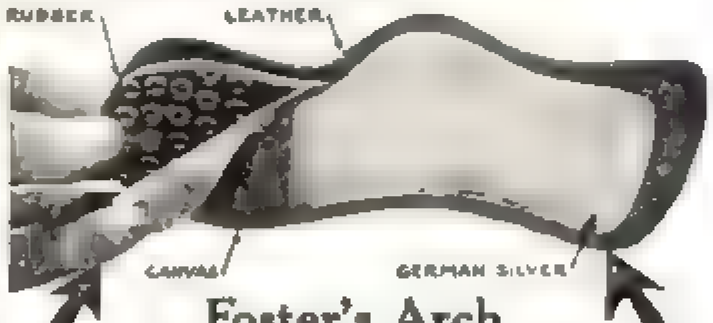

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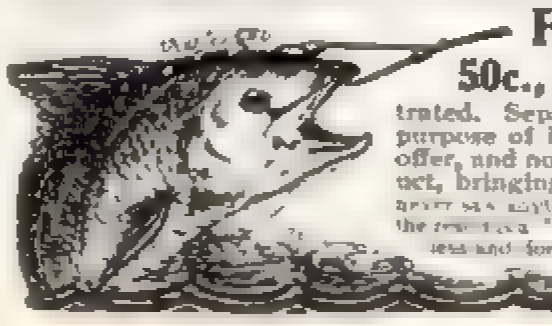

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50c., $1, $2, $3, $4 and $5. Send immediately for our combination offer to fishermen, illustrated. Separate outfits supplying everything needed, and sold at cost for the purpose of introducing the wonderful **Magnetic Fish Bait.** This is a straight offer, and now's your time to take it up. **Magnetic Fish Bait** is a scientific product, bringing the fish to hook by the *double* appeal of sight and smell. You never saw anything like it. It literally draws the fish by irresistible temptation of his senses, and the result is a "catch" that's worth while—and it wins 'em all alike, regardless of species. It costs less and does more than any other preparation. Write for book "Facts About Fish"—*free*

MAGNETIC FISH BAIT CO., Dept. 25, Republic, Mo.

Many Public Men

are wearing our Challenge Brand because they find in them a waterproof collar absolutely correct in every detail and far more satisfactory for many occasions than any linen collar

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

are entirely different from any waterproof collar you've ever seen. You really can't tell them from linen — same dull finish, same linen texture; yet they are not affected by heat or dust.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit and dressy look of the best linen collars. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water.

Sold by first class haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs, send us 25c., stating size and style that you desire, or 50 cts. per pair for cuffs, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our new booklet gives valuable pointers about the correct thing in dress — what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"
725-727 Broadway, New York

Boston, 65 Bedford St. **Philadelphia,** 900 Chestnut St.
Chicago, 161 Market St. **San Francisco,** 718 Mission St.
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"The Underwear of a Gentleman"

The authoritative Summer Underwear; loose fitting

Knee Drawers
Coat Undershirts
$1.00 and more the garment

Pajamas
$1.50 and more the suit

Specially woven fabrics, Nainsook, Pongee, Linen and Silk.

At the best shops everywhere throughout the country. Style book about the "Underwear of a Gentleman" free on request to **Dept. P**

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93-95 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK

Save $17.50 on this Dining Table in Quartered White Oak.

Retail store price $32 — our Come-packt price **$14.50**

— you put the finished sections together yourself. A few minutes easy work without tools saves you over half on

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Over 100 other handsome pieces in our new catalog — all **GUARANTEED.**

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THOMAS MFG CO., 1018 Barney Block, Dayton, O.

should be divided into thirds, on the principle of "I saw him first."

However, the Californian came, saw, and that was about all; for he was whipped in less than a year, and the odd part of it was that by just interference of the gods the claimant to half the spoils got not only half, but about two-thirds of the Westerner's wad. True, the newcomer did land on his feet again, but in his many ups and downs no one knows today just what kind of a Has-been he is. But he is no longer in the limelight.

Less than four years ago a young man who had been a hotel porter until fired went to Goldfields and found a million. Now, most men who find or accumulate a million attribute their success to a superior sort of gray matter in the top portion of their anatomy, and the ex-porter was of this class. Goldfields became to him, after he cashed in, "a dirty little minin' hole," and naturally he came to New York. He swore he would "show them Wall Street guys a thing or two." And he did. Delmonico's and several other places knew him well; in fact, grew to know his presence better than the ten-thousand-a-year offices he maintained downtown. The cañons of the financial district echoed to the sound of his eleven-thousand-dollar automobile, and lackeys at various begilded hotels bowed thrice and three times three when this Rajah of Bong appeared. Nevertheless, he now peddles postcards from a nice little wagon which he trundles hither and yon in quest of trade. Water does have a faculty of finding its level, but it would be hard to convince this man that it wasn't an unkind Fate that cut him off from the fleshpots.

Happy Toads in Little Puddles

There is a man around one hotel lobby, about the noon hour each day, whose trousers are now slightly frayed and who came to New York with a splendid scheme whereby he proposed to amalgamate stenographers into a trust. By his beautiful project the cost would be materially reduced to all large employers, and about half the girls in New York offices would have been thrown out of jobs or have had their salaries cut in two. It is rather difficult to tell wherein his failure lay, because from the eternal justice of New York it would seem that a project so meritorious should have achieved success, and that he, too, should have become known as a great philanthropist and benefactor of the poor employer. But he didn't, and now has gone so far down the line that he is confronted with the dread possibility of having either to go to work or go thirsty.

One could go ahead for hours with the tale of failures, but the whole matter can be summarized by calling attention to the puddle. It is a question of puddles, after all.

It's a whole lot better to be a big, swelled toad in a little puddle than to be a pricked bubble on a big puddle. It is the former which makes the United States a nation, and the future of the country depends upon him. If every city of every size had a really big, forceful man in it, who could gather around him the nucleus for advancement, it would be only a matter of time until the different toads of the different puddles would become known and influential, not in accordance to the size of their respective puddles, but for themselves. A New Yorker would be no greater than a Podunker unless he gained that distinction by merit. The country needs more hopless toads.

There have been some modest ones in our national history who made famous their own puddles rather than hop away in quest of larger ponds. There are not many who would have the temerity to say that Springfield, Illinois, is of no more importance on the map for having held Abraham Lincoln. The muckrakers may decry our National Congress and endeavor to show that all legislators are a set of dubs, but the fact remains that there *are* big toads and many among them, and that at least ninety per cent of them are little-puddle men. Only Providence may know how many of them would have been anything more prominent or useful than venders of postcards or Has-beens had they believed themselves too big for their surroundings.

The moral deduced is that it isn't necessary for a man to go to New York to become somebody or to do good, and that, before taking the leap, each ambitious jumper should visit it and look around for some of the Has-beens. He will have no trouble in finding them.

Retail Merchant's Care-free Vacation

Your vacation will be pleasant and profitable if you *know* that your business has proper care and attention.

Pleasant, because you are free from worry and anxiety. Profitable, because your business is being profitably conducted, and you *know* it, wherever you are camping or resting.

A Daily detailed report, — absolutely correct, — is possible only when you have your store equipped with a National Cash Register.

In the evening your head clerk simply tears out that day's strip of paper from the roll and mails it to you.

You can tell at a glance just what is going on behind your counter.

Send Now for this New Price-Book of

National Cash Registers

"$5.00 and Up"

This book costs you nothing — it may save you hundreds. Study it over after business hours. Study the pictures. Note the prices and terms. See what these registers will do for YOU.

This book will prove that we have a Cash Register especially suited to your business, at a price and on terms that you can afford; 250 styles and sizes to select from.

It will give you information and facts, produced by twenty-five years' study of the needs of storekeepers, and in the inventing, perfecting and manufacturing of National Cash Registers.

No matter what business you are in — whether you are using a Cash Register or not — send for this new Price Book without fail.

National Cash Registers Protect You Against

- —Carelessness,
- —Unjust suspicion, Temptation to employes,
- —Lost charge items,
- —Disputes with customers,
- —Mistakes in making change,
- —Clerks coming late to work,
- —Mistakes in C. O. D. collections,
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They not only enable you to save your money — they actually help you to make MORE money.

Over 700,000 have been sold to storekeepers. Don't take our word for it — MAKE US PROVE IT.

Remember, we guarantee to furnish you a better Cash Register for less money than any other concern in the world.

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Showrooms in all the Principal Cities
of the United States and Canada.

Tear out the coupon. Mail it NOW. Get these facts — prices — terms —

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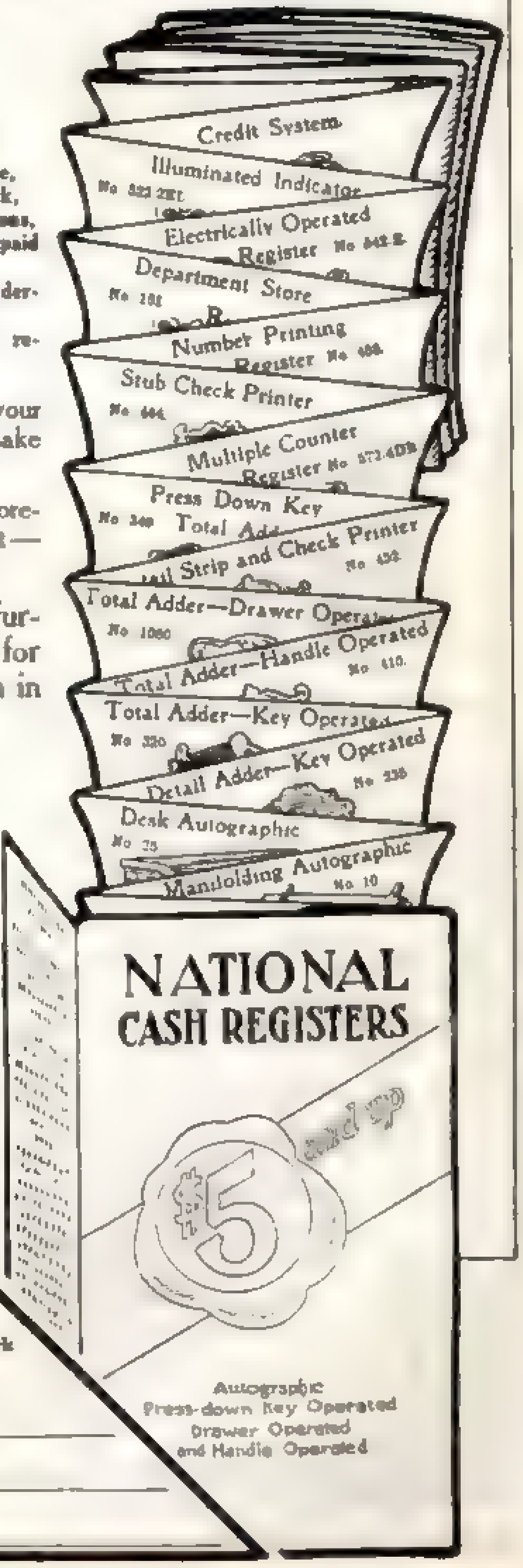
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and Handle Operated

National Cash Register Co.,
Broadway and 28th St., New York

Send me booklet with prices, terms, etc.

Name ________________

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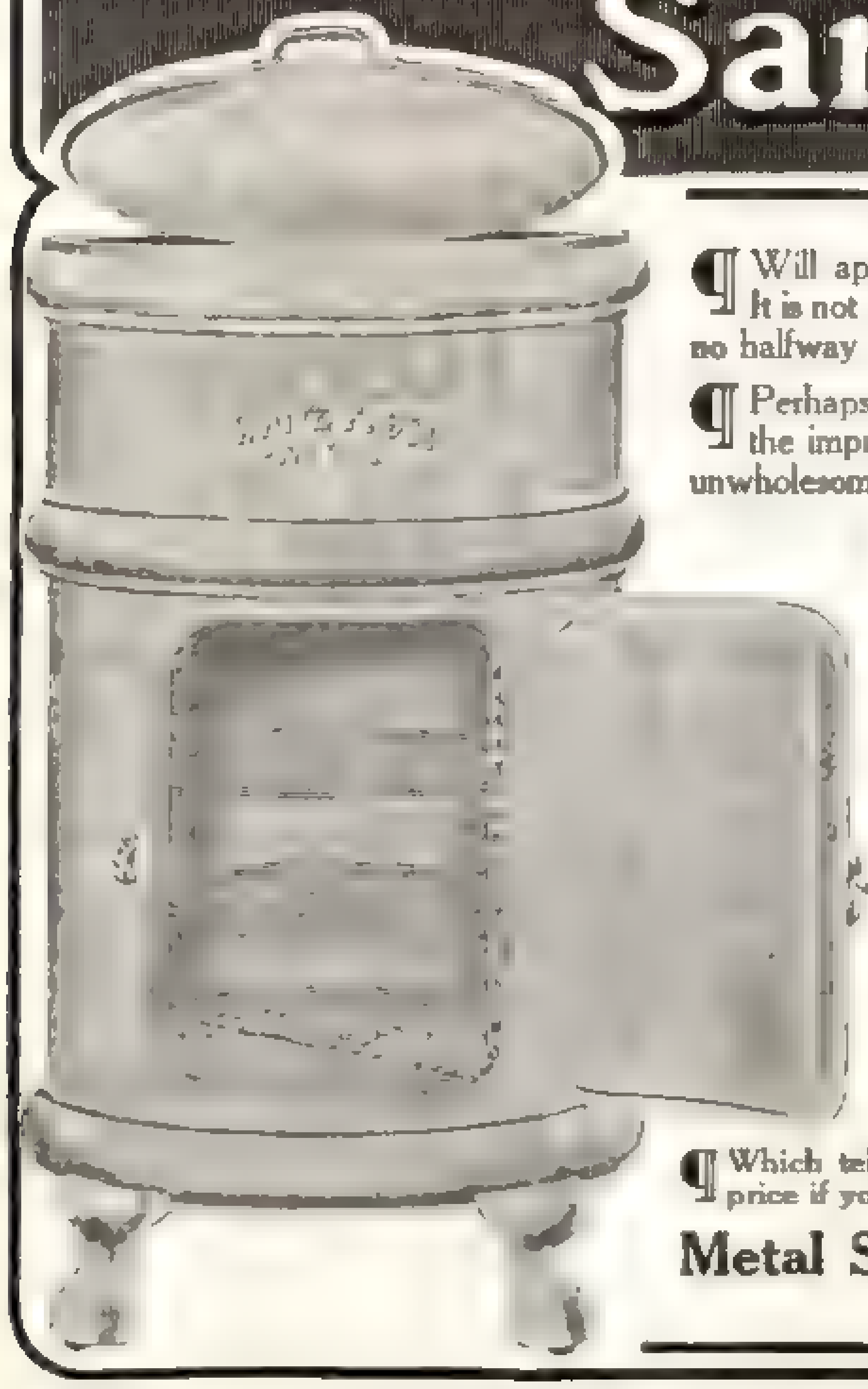
The Great White Frost Sanitary Refrigerator



¶ Will appeal to you and every other woman who holds dear the health of the family. It is not half sanitary, or half wood and half some other kind of material. In fact, there is no halfway business about it. It is a full-fledged **sanitary Refrigerator** in every respect.

¶ Perhaps you are not aware that the origin of many diseases can be traced directly to the impurities of the Refrigerator. There is nothing so obnoxious and dangerous as an unwholesome Refrigerator that harbors germs of disease.

¶ When your butter becomes tainted and the milk sours quickly, it is time to get a "**White Frost.**"

¶ The **White Frost** is a metallic Refrigerator through and through. It is not a wooden box lined with zinc and insulated with Charcoal or mineral wool. Neither is it a wooden Refrigerator lined with tile or glass, with crevices to retain the fumes arising from food in cold storage.

¶ It is cylindrical in form and has three revolving wire shelves which can be raised and lowered, or taken out instantly. It is mounted on roller-bearing castors. It is provided with heavy polished brass trimmings. It is insulated with "Aerofelt" and "Maltha," and is a great ice saver. In fact, it is the most economical Refrigerator on the market.

¶ It is finished in white enamel inside and out, which is baked on at a high temperature. It is made in several sizes and **guaranteed to suit or money back.**

"Dear Bo[illegible] I want you to buy me a White Frost Refrigerator"

Write for our Free Booklet (today)

¶ Which tells all about the White Frost Refrigerator. We will sell you one direct at reduced price if your dealer does not handle them. Freight prepaid to your station.

Metal Stamping Company, 524 Mechanic St., Jackson, Mich.
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A Dismal Holiday or A Bright One?

HUNDREDS of bright, active young people away from school or college will idle away the summer simply because they have "nothing particular" to do with it. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has something very particular to suggest to them, and something even more particular to offer them for doing it.

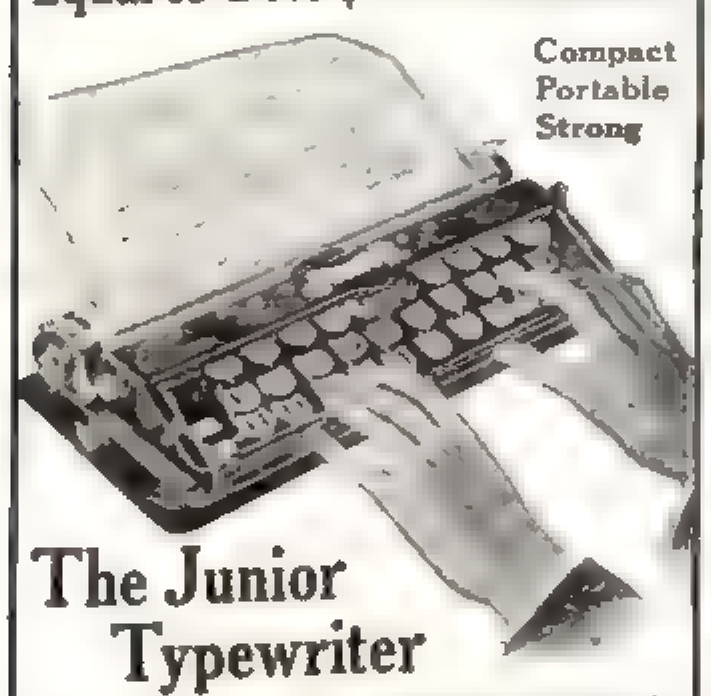
All of them if they so wish can turn these weeks or months of idleness into shining dollars by accepting our invitation to act as representatives of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

To any young person or for that matter to any older one, we will pay a liberal weekly cash salary for looking after our renewals and for introducing the magazines to new readers between now and next Fall, besides a commission on each order sent. There is not one cent of expense to you. Your only investment is the whole or a part of your spare hours.

Last summer hundreds of young people had a happy summer and full pocket-books as the result of accepting a similar invitation made them. They will do it again this year, and you can join them if you wish to do so. A line of inquiry will bring full details and everything necessary.

Circulation Bureau The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

A Typewriter for $15 Which Does Work Equal to Best $100 Machines



The Junior Typewriter

Costs less than the big heavy typewriters for in it is omitted their complications, their bulk and weight without losing any of the efficiency.

The first strong, serviceable, efficient typewriter ever sold at a price within the reach of all.

Does everything an expensive typewriter can do—just as easily, quickly and neatly. So compact and light, it is easily carried about or slipped into desk drawer.

Standard Keyboard with 28 keys operated with both hands, printing 84 characters—same as $100 machines.

Same Size and Style of Type. Writes single or double space. Takes paper 9 inches wide.

Speed 80 Words a Minute. Much faster than the average person operates any typewriter. Writing always in sight.

Built Entirely of Hardened Steel. Every part [illegible] tested. Guaranteed for one year. Could not be better made at any price.

Let Us Send You One On Approval

Send your order for a Junior to-day with money order or draft for $15, and it will be shipped you express prepaid. Money back if you do not find it everything we claim for it. If you'd like to know more about the Junior before ordering WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET

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ACTIVE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED in every locality to sell the "Junior." Hustlers earn big money. Write today for particulars.

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VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
BUDS

Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, deliciously flavored and possessing that smooth melting quality to be found only in the very highest class.

Look for the Cupid Trade Mark inside the foil wrapper. All others are imitations.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid.
One sample box for 10c in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC.
223 Broad Street Cocoa Manufacturers Philadelphia, Pa.

BAYOCEAN
Stop at Portland—

this Summer on your way to A. Y. P. Exposition and learn why this wonderful Oregon beach will become a national retreat from hot weather. Tillamook Bay, on one side of wooded Bayocean peninsula, perfect for motor-boating, fishing, swimming. Pacific Ocean on other side with unequalled smooth, safe bathing beach. $1,000,000 in improvements and conveniences. Select your cottage site before resort opens and values rise. Views, maps free if you're in earnest.

POTTER-CHAPIN REALTY COMPANY
215 Corbett Bld., Portland, Oregon

4 & R. A. Long Bld., Kansas City, Mo.
901 Monadnock Bld., San Francisco.

Portland's Famous Rose Festival June [illegible]

THE BOY WITH AN IDEA

(Continued from Page 7)

"We must load up with starchy food and drink lots of phosphates at the jigger shop," said Hungry Smeed wisely.

"Do you think anything'll show up by tomorrow?"

"Oh, Lovely, it must!"

"How're the others?"

"Smooth as a rink."

Every spare hour was spent in following a new theory; if persistency and ingenuity could have done it they would have succeeded, or had there been any faith in newspaper advertisements or honor in the labels of patent hair-restorers.

They rubbed and greased and dosed themselves, they caught at the first shoots and shut their jaws and pulled, morning, afternoon and night, and at last, when the inexorable Prom. came galloping in, they went in hangdog fashion, balking and blushing, to meet the shrieks that greeted their first bow.

. . . .

That night the Tennessee Shad sat among the lonely anti-fussers who roosted on the chilly edges of the Esplanade and scoffed at the gayety within

It was cold, uncomfortably cold, and one by one the frost-nipped spectators slipped away until only the Tennessee Shad remained fascinated As each stubble-covered, flap-eared dupe bumped his embarrassed way into view he half closed his eyes and smiled a contented, far-away smile

The Tennessee Shad had never danced!

IV

WHEN January and February have been endured, the limbo month of March is certainly the most fatiguing of the whole year. It belongs neither to the winter family nor to the aristocracy of the spring. It is peevish, malicious and the spirit of negation. When it shines overhead, with vaulted blues and lazy clouds that invite soaring baseballs to them, it is treacherous and foul underfoot. When it snows it brings no sleighing. When it freezes it is not to spread the pond for skating, but to harden the mud ruts and delay the opening of the diamonds. Month of corduroys and leathern boots, of waiting and longing, when sinkers overrun the table and the vegetables taste of the can, when the greatest boon is a case of pink-eye or German measles (real or feigned), which gives you the right to doze and browse and play games with other fortunate inmates of the infirmary on the Hill.

The Triumphant Egghead sat on the ledge of the Esplanade and expressed these sentiments in more direct terms, while his whole conception of existence was centered in making a tennis-ball strike the shoulder of an opposite ledge so as to bound back into his hands. From an upper window the Gutter Pup and Lovely Mead looked out in disgust at the sky because it had no sun, at the earth because it was unfit to gambol on, and more particularly at the Triumphant Egghead for having enough energy to sit there and bounce a ball.

Presently the Egghead's fingers slipped and the ball, escaping, rolled away. He watched it streak wetly down the Esplanade, hesitate and then topple down the steps and trickle languidly along the slimy surface, coating itself with rich yellow ooze. Then, falling off the ledge, he stretched himself and shuffled heavily up to join the Gutter Pup in Turkey Reiter's room

"My, you're energetic!" said Lovely Mead.

The Egghead grunted, selected a soft spot and lay down.

The Gutter Pup continued gazing out the window with malicious joy at Cap Keefer and the candidates returning from their mud bath in the baseball cage.

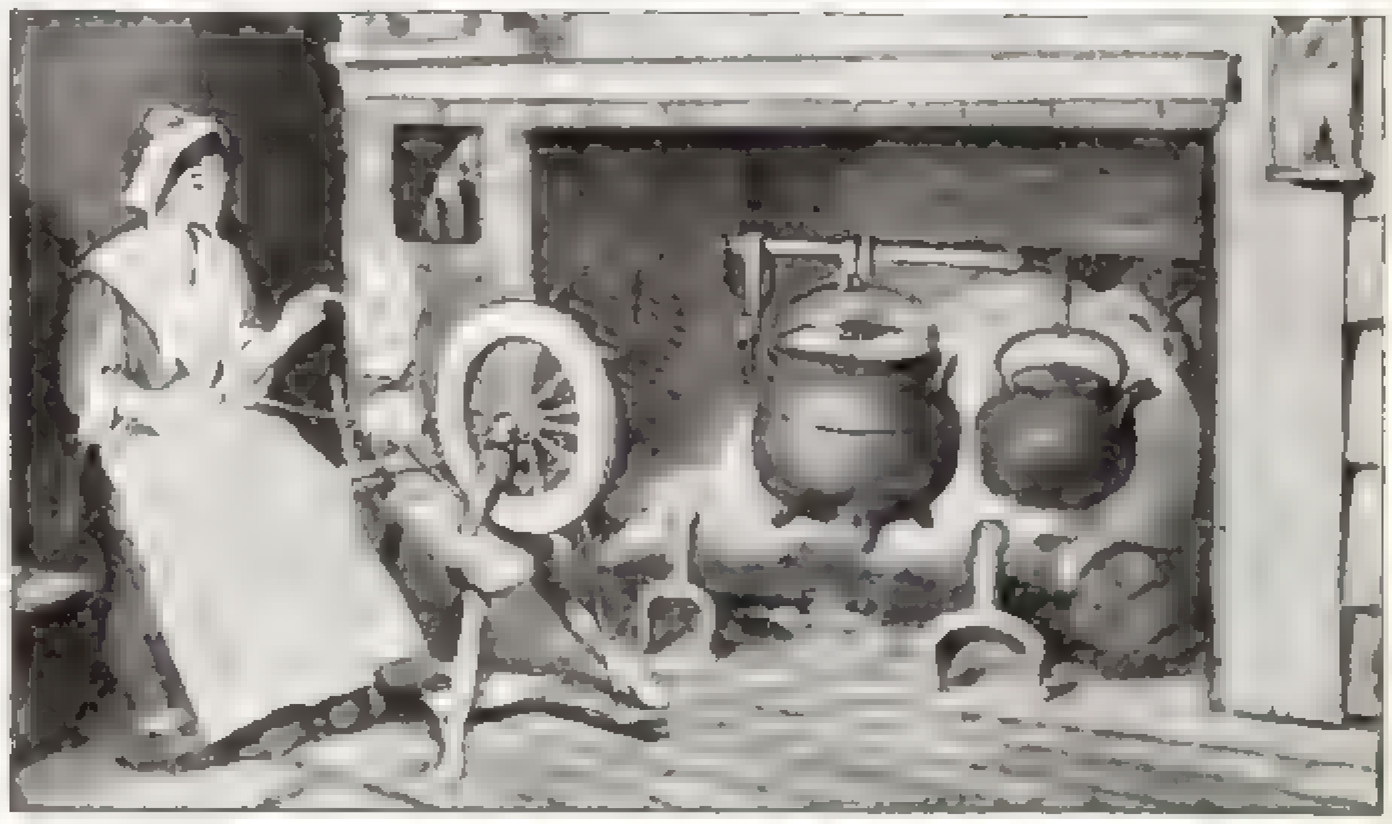
"Hello!" he said suddenly. "There goes Doctor Charlie into the Dickinson with his little green bag."

"Wonder who's sick," said the Egghead. "Lucky fellow!"

"Wish I were," said Turkey Reiter.

"Same here," said the Gutter Pup

"It's such a pleasure to be ill with Doctor Charlie," said Lovely Mead ruminatively. "He has such nice little white pills and such round brown pills and such great big black pills that decorate a mantelpiece so nicely!"



THEN and NOW

Formerly Pork & Beans were always cooked at home—

Even now, some housewives stick to old-time ways and serve home-cooked Pork & Beans—

That's because they haven't tried

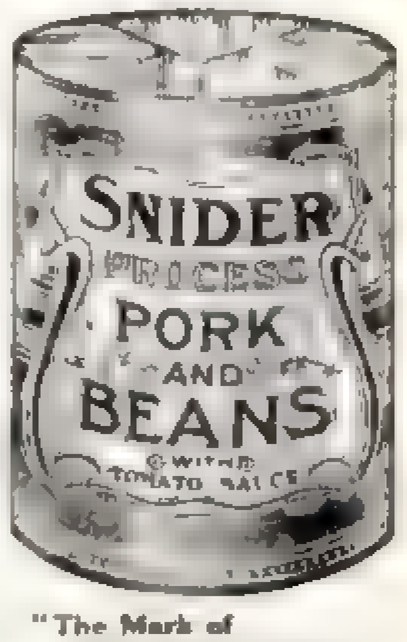
Snider Pork & Beans

Choicest materials and the exclusive scientific **Snider Process** of cooking in a clean, modern factory equipped with sanitary appliances, where they **know how,** and the result is **Snider Pork & Beans**—as far ahead of the indigestible kinds as America is ahead of China.

To suit all tastes, they are put up plain, or blended throughout the can with a generous supply of Tomato Sauce, made of the famous seven-spiced **Snider Tomato Catsup.**

Snider Pork & Beans are ready to serve from the can—hot or cold—always

Appetizing, Nutritious, Easily Digested.



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Now they are labeled, ready to give you satisfaction and to help make Kenyon Reputation.

Send for our little book which tells about Hangwell Trousers and shows how trousers must be made to insure holding their shape. Every pair of genuine Hangwell Trousers bears our label for your protection.

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A Stylish Scarf for Fold Collars

Just the Cravat for Summer Wear

[illegible] **Slips easily** [illegible] Made of [illegible] silk in black, white, blues, greens, violets, grays, browns, tan, [illegible] **30** other of the season's newest [illegible]. Reversible. Can be worn on either side thus having [illegible] the ordinary scarf. The **David & David** [illegible] on every Slip-Easy [illegible] and quality. Send **$1.00** for **three** of these scarfs [illegible]

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25c by mail postpaid. [illegible] **high class Scarf Holder** [illegible] from tearing or fraying. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of **25c** [illegible]

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New York's Foremost Haberdashers,
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Neckwear is always sold with a **Positive Guarantee**

We know them to be full 50c and 75c Scarf values because we **weave the silks**, fashion the Neckwear and sell them from weaver to wearer. If you don't think they are all we claim for them [illegible] we will cheerfully **refund your money** [illegible] **Oxford** [illegible] to the following colors: Navy, Copenhagen, Wine, Old Rose, Brown, Tan, Smoke, Lavender, Myrtle [illegible] and Reseda Green. Your choice of colors.

$2.00 the half dozen

Send Money Order, check or stamps

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[illegible] *Send for it*

No Curtain Fixture Troubles if you use "The Barnard"; nothing to unscrew or lose. [illegible] inch, [illegible] 1½ inch. Positive Pole Sockets [illegible] pair
BARNARD CO., DOCK SQ., BOSTON, MASS.

"Think of sleeping two luscious weeks at the infirmary."

"Hum!"

"Don't, Turkey, don't—it's cruel."

"Why, here comes the Tennessee Shad," said the lookout, "just as fast as he can come. My, just see how he hops along!"

"He'd better keep away from here," said the Egghead, running his hand over the still prickly hairs.

"He will, if he knows what's good for him," remarked Turkey Reiter.

"I only wish he would drop in!" said the Gutter Pup, doubling up his fists and annihilating a sofa pillow.

"I think, fellows," said the Egghead, squirming to and fro so as to scratch his back, "I say I think the Tennessee Shad's usefulness in this community is just about over."

"He won't catch me again," said the Gutter Pup. "If he brought me a ten-dollar guaranteed goldpiece on a solid silver platter I wouldn't so much as reach out my hand for it."

"His murder would be quite justifiable," said the Egghead, thinking of the Prom. "It will take me a couple of natural lives to live down the effect of that hair-cut. I was not beautiful!"

"Ugh!"

"Don't—don't recall it!"

"Gee, my girl's stopped corresponding."

At this moment the Tennessee Shad opened the door, inserted a cautious portion of his sharp features and said genially:

"Ah, there!"

Three vicious sofa cushions slambanged against the door, accompanied by an explosion of wrath.

"Get out!"

"Cut loose!"

"Vanish!"

"Hold up," said the Tennessee Shad, opening the door again. "I've got an idea!"

Two books and a couple of slippers came smashing through the air.

"You'll regret it," said the Shad, bobbing in and out.

The Gutter Pup banged the door and locked it. Outside was heard the scraping of a chair along the hall, then the transom turned and the glittering eyes of the Tennessee Shad appeared over the door.

"Shad, you are a brave man," said Turkey Reiter ominously. "Go away—do go away while we can still control ourselves."

"Fellows, I have come to apologize," said the Tennessee Shad, while the chair squeaked protestingly.

"Keep your apologies," said Lovely Mead. "We loathe the sight of you. Get out!"

"To apologize and atone," added the Tennessee Shad, keeping a watchful eye on the Gutter Pup, who was reaching out for a baseball bat.

"Atone!" said the Egghead with a bitter laugh. "Much good that'll do me."

"Yes, atone, Egghead," said the Shad firmly. "I'm sorry; I feel bad—I do feel bad. I'll admit that my ideas sometimes miscarry, but I have had good ones—you know I've had good ones, and this idea is a good one!"

The Gutter Pup raised the baseball bat, but Turkey Reiter restrained him.

"No, Gutter Pup; let's hear it," he said; "let's know the depth of his depravity. Let's have no illusions about him."

"I'll back my idea," said the Tennessee Shad stoutly.

"How'll you back it?"

"I'll tell you how I'll back it. I'll back it against all you fellows—the whole long-eared lot of you. You let me in and promise to keep your hands off me till you hear my idea and, if you don't fall down and kiss my hand and weep and say: 'Shad, you're a public benefactor; can you ever, ever forgive us?'—if you don't say that, well, I'm willing to be massacred any time or any how. Now, can you imagine what sort of an idea it is?"

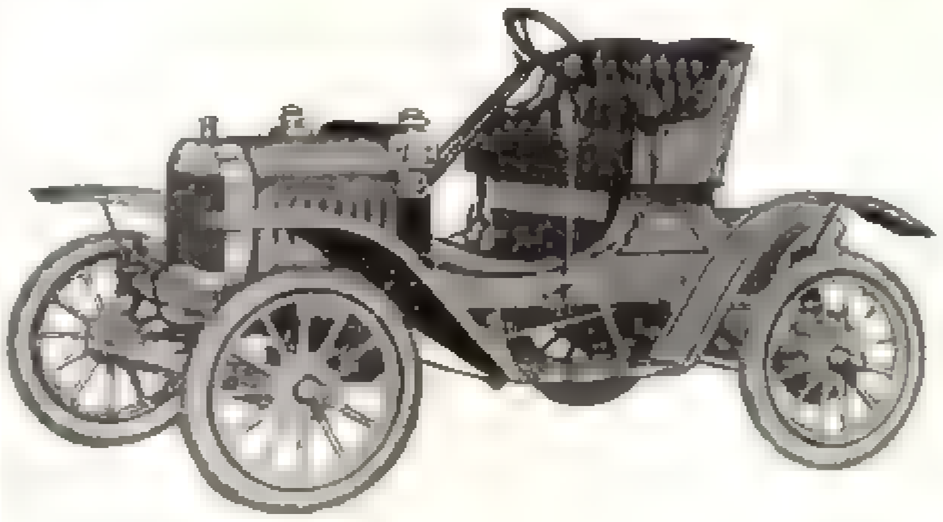
The four looked mutely at one another. Finally Turkey spoke.

"Tennessee Shad, you always did have a persuasive, silvery voice, and as my fondest hope for the future is to be associated with you in selling anything to anybody I'm going to let you in. Pup, let down that bat. Egghead, open the door."

The Tennessee Shad glided in, locked the door in turn and shut the transom with much mystery.

"First," he said, "give me your word of honor that you'll keep this a dead secret.

The Brush Runabout



$550

Completely equipped as shown in illustration

No car in the world compares with Brush Runabout in **low cost of maintenance;** nor in **simplicity, convenience, reliability** and **ease of riding.**

These aren't idle claims. They are facts we have proven during the many years we have been connected with the automobile business.

You may be surprised to know that there are almost 2000 Brush Runabouts in use in the United States, and eleven foreign countries.

Maybe you haven't even seen one of our cars. When 2000 are distributed over such a large territory, they can't be thick in every locality.

But we're running our factories 21 hours a day now, and in a few months you will see the Brush everywhere. Watch for the little gray car with black stripes—and watch it deliver the goods every time.

Please understand this isn't a speed car—one of the mile-a-minute kind. It's not an imitation of a big automobile, with the complications left in and the strength left out.

It's a runabout—a tried and proven automobile that you can buy for $550—

A car that will carry two passengers and baggage over any kind of roads (up Pike's Peak if you want to go)—one you can maintain for less than half what it costs to keep a horse and two-passenger vehicle.

If it were possible, we would like nothing better than the opportunity to take you through our factories and show you how the Brush is made. This, with a chance to demonstrate the performance of the car, would settle the question to our mutual satisfaction.

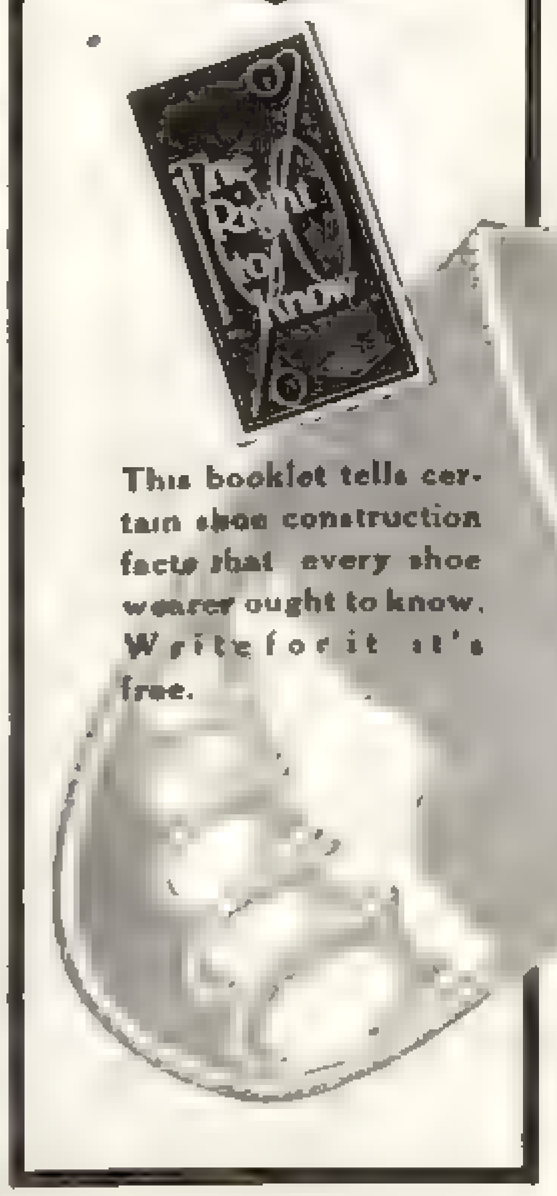
Since this isn't possible, we want to send you a book, which illustrates and describes everything but the performance of the car—our nearest dealer will do that.

No matter whether you want a car for business or pleasure or both, you will always find the Brush on the job. Its uses are legion. Let us show you what it will do for you.

You know we can sell you exactly the same car on solid rubber tires for $500.

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO., 531 Baltimore Ave., Detroit, Michigan
Established 1906 Members A. M. C. M. A.

THE STETSON SHOE



This booklet tells certain shoe construction facts that every shoe wearer ought to know. Write for it—it's free.

THE MAN WHO WANTS FOOT COMFORT should study this advertisement. He should then call on the shoe man who displays the *Red Diamond Sign.* There is just one answer from any man who has ever worn the

"CORN DODGER"

The greatest comfort-giving shoe ever known

If there isn't quite style enough to satisfy **you** all the time, wear it when your feet trouble **you,** and **your** foot troubles will cease.

As far as wear—fine shoe-making and honest value are concerned, Stetson Shoes are all alike—they occupy first place. $5.00 to $9.00 the pair.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.
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New York Shop: 7 Cortlandt St

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TRADE MARK

Instead of
Court Plaster

CUTS and scratches will have no dangerous effects if you paint the wound with *New-Skin.* Wash it clean, apply *New-Skin* thoroughly and let it dry. That's all. By keeping the wound clean in this way you avoid infection and blood poisoning.

There is nothing better for a hurt where the skin is broken than *New-Skin.* It forms an air-tight, antiseptic, water-proof covering, which is healing and keeps the cut from being exposed and irritated. It will not wash off.

New-Skin is also good for callous spots, blisters, burns, scratches, hang-nails and chafed feet. If you try it once you will always have a bottle in a handy place.

"Paint it with New-Skin and forget it."

Newskin Co., Dept. A, New York

For sale by druggists everywhere, 10 and 25 cents, or sent by mail. Stamps taken

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Sewer Pipe Making

is the easy way of getting started in the concrete business. Concrete Sewer Pipe is preferred over vitrified clay pipe in thousands of localities—because cheaper, more durable and home manufactured.

THIS SIZE PIPE

is made for 35c a ft. Same size in Vitrified Clay costs (average) $ .50 a ft.

$50 OUTFIT OF MIRACLE MOLDS

starts you in this business—unlimited possibilities of growth—concrete is just beginning to be appreciated.

SEWER PIPE MOLD CATALOG FREE

World's largest manufacturers of Concrete Machinery we have started 3,000 in concrete business, we also take large contracts for concrete work anywhere—there is money in the business—1909 should be greatest concrete year yet.

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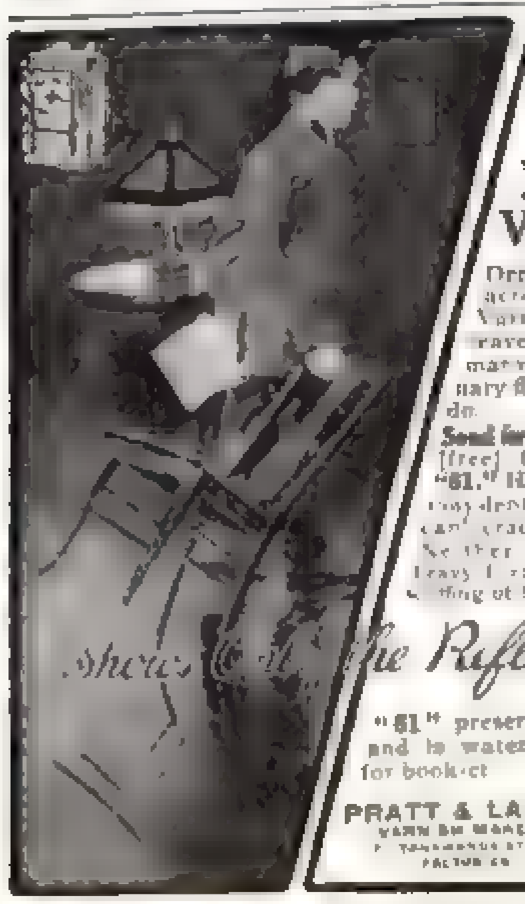

"61"
FLOOR VARNISH

Dragging a chair across "61" Floor Varnish does not leave a scratch or mar white, as ordinary floor varnishes do.

Send for Sample Panel (free) finished with "61." Hammer it, you may dent the wood but can't crack the varnish. Neither will moving of heavy furniture or the scuffing of feet damage it.

"Shows it in the Reflection"

"61" preserves the floor, and is waterproof. Write for booklet

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VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS
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No blabbing and no one else to be let in on it. Promise."

"Hold up, this wasn't in the agreement," said the Egghead stubbornly.

"No promise, no secret!"

"That's fair," said Turkey.

They raised their right hands and solemnly swore.

"And no mental reservations," said the Tennessee Shad severely, looking at the Gutter Pup, "if you're gentlemen!"

"Of course not. Say, what do you think we are?"

"All right."

The Tennessee Shad climbed on a chair and roosted on the back in his familiar manner, plucked forth a pencil, chewed it meditatively and said:

"Are you happy?"

"What the deuce has that got to do with it?" said the Gutter Pup, tightening his grip on the baseball bat, while the Egghead added irately:

"Turkey, it's a con game—he's kidding us."

"Oh, let him tell it his own way," said Turkey.

"Are you happy? Are you cheerful?" continued the Tennessee Shad in the Socratian manner. "Do you enjoy your meals? Do the words fresh vegetables mean anything to your jaded appetites? Do they?"

"Go on, and don't be idiotic."

"Does the prospect of wallowing two weeks in the mud fill your soul with rapture? Are you still eager to rise at an unearthly hour, to eat the deadly sinker and the scrag bird?"

"What are you driving at?" said Turkey, mystified. "You know the answers as well as we do. What's your scheme?"

"How would the idea of spending these next two weeks like this appeal to you?" said the Tennessee Shad, pointblank: "Sleeping late, eating cream in your coffee—not cream, but real cream—thick, lumpy, soggy cream—no chapel, no recitations—nothing! Would two weeks in the infirmary appeal to you as an idea?"

"Would it?" said Lovely Mead, opening his eyes. "Jemima!"

The Gutter Pup put away the baseball bat, leaning it gently in the corner.

"Think of nothing to do all day long," continued the Tennessee Shad, half shutting his eyes, "but to read novels and play cards and games! Think of having special steaks and nice, juicy chops to build up your delicate bodies!"

"Oh, Shad!" cried the converted Gutter Pup. "How are you going to work it?"

The Tennessee Shad came back to earth, gave a vicious last bite on his pencil, pocketed it, slapped his knee and cried:

"German measles!"

"German measles?" repeated the four.

"Shad!"

"You don't mean it!"

"Who's got 'em?"

"Oh, joy!"

Now, German measles are not an affliction, but a dispensation of Providence, and the boy who in the month of March is thus blessed and discovers it before the doctor does is in honor bound to share his good fortune with his neighbors.

"I know," said the Gutter Pup suddenly. "It's over in the Dickinson. I saw Doctor Charlie trotting in."

"Naw!" said the Tennessee Shad disdainfully. "I've looked into that—that's nothing but Wee-Wee Logan faking up a case of pink-eye. Mine's the real, genuine article. Are you on?"

"Are we on?"

"Say, just lead us up to him!"

"Quick!"

"It's Doc Macnooder, on the second floor," said the Tennessee Shad. "But, mind, only we four get in on this. We don't want to sleep two in a bed."

"But, Shad, how do you know?"

"How can you be sure?"

"Doc knows the symptoms," said the Shad. "He's had 'em before; besides, he's going to be a doctor."

"For Heaven's sake, fellows, let's get to him."

"We mustn't lose a minute."

"Come on."

"Hold up," said the Tennessee Shad. "There's a condition attached to it."

The four seekers after infection drew up and eyed the glib impresario.

"There generally is a string to your ideas," said the Gutter Pup; "and we're getting very much to dislike those strings."

"That's dead right!"

A KEWANEE Steel Boiler
Is a healthy heart for your new building

The absolute safety of the KEWANEE fire-box boiler makes it a renting asset—and a renting argument.

When people know that this boiler will withstand a pressure of 400 to 475 pounds, and realize that it is never called upon to carry over 10 pounds, they will go to your building like ducks to water—providing it is heated by a KEWANEE boiler.

A great many men who put up buildings make the blunder of giving all their money and attention to the buildings themselves and put in any boiler or heating plant that is mentioned. That's about the most serious mistake they could possibly make because **what good is a good building if it hasn't a good heating plant?**

There never has been a man who put a Kewanee boiler in his basement without distinct profit to **himself** and great advantage to his **property.** So don't give your heating plant **minor** consideration. If you give it **major** consideration, you'll have cause to rejoice afterwards

Get acquainted with Kewanee steel fire-box boilers, made of solid steel plate and not molded in joints, and you'll not devote your renting profits to repairs.

The illustration shows how little space the Kewanee Fire-box boiler occupies in your basement. It is regarded by architects as the most perfect and the cleanest heating plant in existence. Kewanee boilers are **much** cheaper than tubular boilers and **they will do precisely what they are rated to do.**

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We issue baggage insurance, called a Tourist Policy, which covers your baggage and wearing apparel from the time you leave until you return. Your summer hotel may burn or thieves take your trunk—we reimburse you. You can be comfortable, and let us do the worrying.

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and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

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The only perfect water-proof leather food polish. Doubles the life of leather.

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At All Dealers

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THE WORLD'S RIGHT ARM

THE man behind a COLT can look calmly at danger because he knows he has the advantage. There's satisfaction in feeling secure.

For three-quarters of a century "the man who knows"—Cowboy, Soldier, Police Officer—has staked his life on the one arm that never fails. It's a Colt—always dependable, accurate, and the proven superior of all other revolvers.

You take no chance in choosing a Colt; you run no risk in using it.

There is only one revolver with a "positive lock" insuring against accidental discharge and guaranteed for use with smokeless powder—"it's a COLT."

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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

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AGENTS
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"I wouldn't get too careless this time, young sporting life!"

"I never saw such a distrustful bunch," said the Tennessee Shad; "and the whole thing is to protect you, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this," said the Tennessee Shad with an injured air. "I drew up a contract with Doc that we get exclusive rights and have to pay him a dollar down. Do you want the whole Upper House started for the infirmary before we can get a look-in? If you don't think it's worth a quarter — oh, well—I guess I can find ——"

"Excuse me," said Turkey Reiter, pulling out a coin, "you are a miracle of foresight."

"Pardon me," said the Gutter Pup, making change.

"Will this bright new quarter do?" said Egghead.

"You fellows ought to think twice before you shout," said Lovely Mead, completing the dollar.

"I had German measles second-form year," said the Egghead as they descended the stairs. "They're delightful!"

"How long does it take to catch 'em?" asked the Gutter Pup.

"About a week."

"That's an awful time to wait!"

"Hush, here we are," said the Tennessee Shad, stopping and knocking on door 48.

A slight swishing sound was heard on the other side and a catarrhal voice said:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," said the Tennessee Shad. "It's all right, Doc; open up."

The key turned and they filed into a room encased with green, black and blue bottles arranged on shelves, heaped in corners, scattered everywhere.

Macnooder, swathed in neck-cloths, dressed in a green-and-blue bathgown, red Mephistopheles slippers and violet garters, sank back into an easy-chair and disappeared a moment behind a voluminous handkerchief.

The four proselytes stood by the door.

"Say, old sporting Tootlets," said the cautious Turkey, "German measles is most pleasant, but real measles isn't what we're looking for. What's to guarantee us we get what we pay our money for and not a gold brick?"

"You can't have measles twice, you ignoramus," said Macnooder with a sneeze. "I had 'em four years ago."

"You'll guarantee us?" said the Gutter Pup.

"Not to have measles? Sure, I will. I'll post a forfeit, five apiece."

"That's good, straight talk," said the Tennessee Shad briskly. "Don't be an ass, Gutter Pup. Now, Doc, if you'll give us your word not to let any one else in on this, here's that dollar we agreed upon."

"So help me!" said Macnooder, jingling the coins in his pocket.

"Hold up there," broke in Lovely Mead; "all very well, but how're we going to know you'll carry out the bargain?"

"He's going to Trenton this afternoon," said the Tennessee Shad. "He's got an aunt living there."

"Is that so, Doc?"

"Just as soon as I get through with you fellows and get in Doctor Charlie."

"Well," said Turkey, "I don't see but what it's a go."

Macnooder rose, drew a carpet over the crack under the door, stuffed the keyhole with cotton and lit an alcohol lamp.

"What's that for?" said the Egghead, whom the presence of so many labeled bottles rendered uneasy.

"Cold kills germs, heat develops them," said Doc with a superior air. "Come on, Shad, you first!"

The Tennessee Shad seated himself opposite, touching knees and foreheads, while the others looked on in fascinated admiration.

"Grab my hands," said Doc solemnly, "and take long breaths."

. . . .

One week later the Gutter Pup began to cough, Lovely Mead to sneeze and Turkey Reiter and the Triumphant Egghead to snuff and sniffle, only the Tennessee Shad remained disconsolate. Doctor Charlie, joyfully summoned, found the five waiting in Turkey Reiter's room, applied a thermometer and looked very solemn.

"Catarrhal symptoms and febrile disturbance," he said. "Pack up your things and get right up to the infirmary." Then, considering the Tennessee Shad thoughtfully, he added: "You have a slightly-heightened temperature, but that may be

(Patented)
Mahogany, Quartered Oak, Golden.

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Quartered Oak, Early English, Wax Golden. [illegible] fixtures, covered by four patents.

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And the "Imitation" manufacturer of a so-called Desk-Table will tell you his "surface Imitation" is "as good as" the Cadillac Desk-Table—the original desk-table.

Casually his "Imitation" may look like the Cadillac.

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His "Imitation" isn't counter-balanced, as is the Cadillac, so that when the desk of the imitation is extended, the whole thing will tip over (something a Cadillac can't do) and you set your house on fire if you have a lamp on the imitation.

Then the bearing point of the desk of the Imitation is at or near the opening. In a short time the strain will pry the table top off.

The bearing point of the extended desk in the Cadillac is broad and way inside. There's no chance of prying any table top off in the Cadillac.

Then the desk in the Imitation will stick when you want to pull it out—

Whereas sticking is impossible in the Cadillac for the independent slide in the Cadillac is absolutely sure.

These points of superiority belong to the Cadillac Desk-Table alone—

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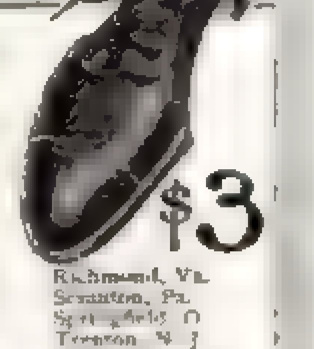

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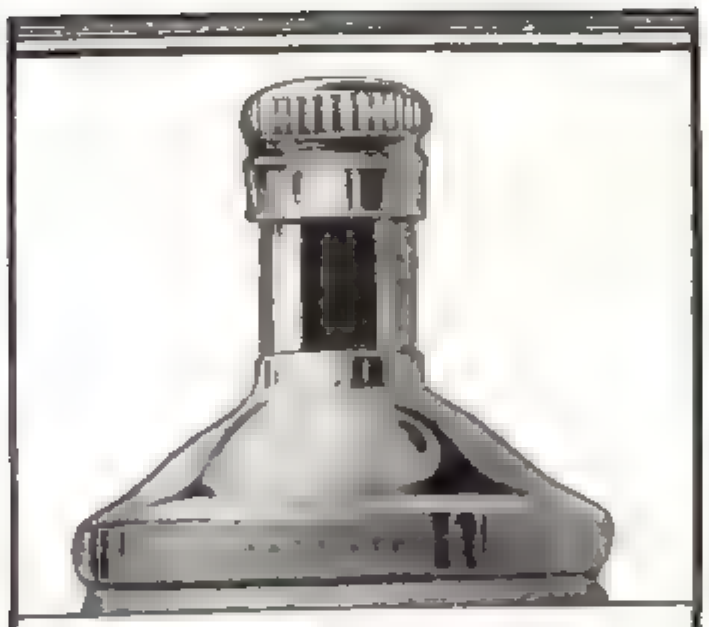

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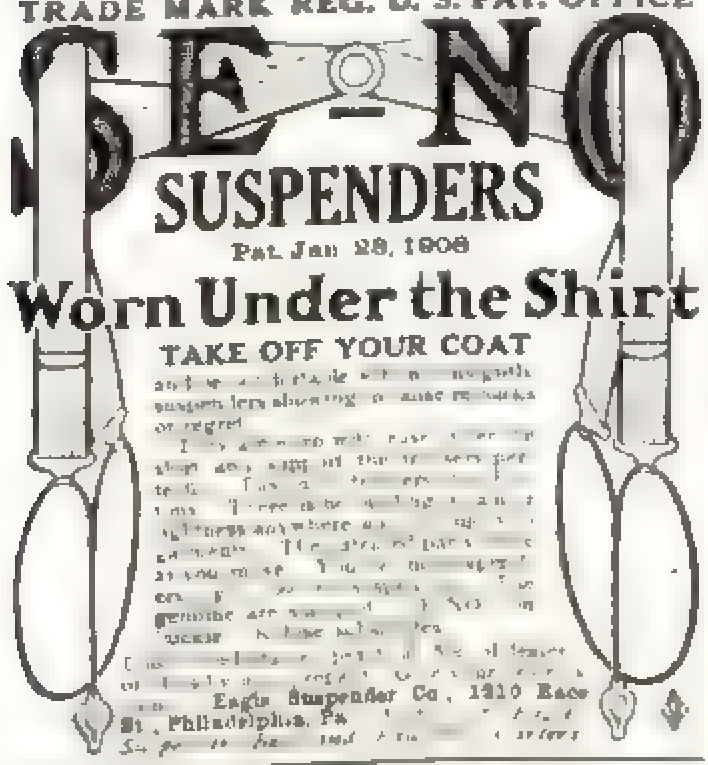
Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century



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With inner waist equipped with [illegible] for the garters and take up [illegible] lengthening of [illegible] Substantially made for hard wear; washable, fast colors.
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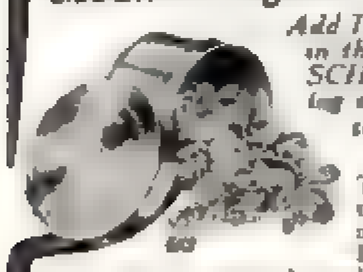

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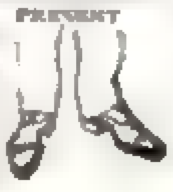

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only imagination. However, I think I won't risk it; you go up, too."

An hour later the five were shaking hands and slapping one another on the back in the cozy parlor of the infirmary.

"Well, you old growlers," said the Tennessee Shad proudly, "are my ideas always useless?"

"Shad," said Turkey, "you are reinstated in our affections. We love you. You are our pride and joy."

"I hope," said the Egghead, drawing up by the crackling fire, "that it'll rain and slush the whole time we're here."

"Gee, it certainly is good indoors," said Lovely Mead, squatted before the bookshelves.

"What'll come next?" said the Gutter Pup with thick speech. "I certainly have got you all beat on the snuffles."

"Look out for a little pink rash tomorrow morning," said the Egghead wisely.

"Does it itch bad?"

"Naw, it only tickles for a day."

"I suppose we'll have to stay in bed one day at least."

The Tennessee Shad stood, legs akimbo, gazing into the fire.

"Why so silent, old Shad?" said the Triumphant Egghead.

"I don't understand it."

"Understand what?"

"Why I didn't take," said the Shad dejectedly. "I haven't any symptoms at all. I faked up a temperature, but I can't keep that up."

"Old sporting life," said Turkey with a grin, "this is one on you!"

"It certainly is, Shad," said the Egghead with a chuckle.

"Poor old Shad!" said the Gutter Pup, winking at the others. "What an awful sell. But it was coming to you, old hoss; it certainly was coming to you."

"You ungrateful, spiteful little beast," said the Tennessee Shad.

There never was such a dinner as they sat down to that night.

"My, what a steak," said the Gutter Pup languidly; "soft and red and juicy."

"Say, are these mashed potatoes?"

"A little more, please."

"Um—if there's anything I love it's creamed onions."

"Ice cream for dessert."

"No?"

"Fact—coffee ice cream."

"Say, was that a tomato soup, eh?"

"Think of a week of this!"

"Pass my plate."

"Let's begin all over again."

"Hope you stay with us, Shad."

"Shut up," said the Shad, "and be a gentleman with those onions!"

They slept late, had breakfast in bed and rose just in time to drop in to lunch.

"Why, where's the Shad?" said Turkey Reiter.

"He's gone."

"Fired!"

"Thrown out!"

"Hurray!"

They took their knives and forks and beat a gleeful tattoo on the table, then burst into peals of laughter.

"This is where we score."

"Oh, mamma, what a story to tell on the Shad!"

"Will we tell it?"

"Oh, no!"

"Are we it?"

They rose and shook hands, then sat down and looked at one another critically.

"Say, where's the little pink rash?"

"Search me."

"I haven't got it."

"Nor me."

"It ought to have come," said the Egghead thoughtfully.

"I feel bum enough to have a dozen, all right."

"Shut up!" said the Egghead, jumping up so as to catch the first view; "here comes lunch!"

"What is it?"

"Veal cutlet."

"With brown sauce?"

"Brown sauce—fresh peas and tomatoes!"

"Say, sports," said Turkey Reiter suddenly, "is this cutlet tough to you?"

"It certainly is."

"It cuts all right."

"Well, it hurts me to chew it."

The Egghead laid down his knife and fork with a clatter.

"Why, Egghead, what's wrong?"

"Do your jaws ache?"

"Sure!"

"They do."

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Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. K, Philadelphia

"Have you ever had the mumps?"

"No!" cried in horror Turkey, the Gutter Pup and Lovely Mead.

"Well, you have them!"

. . . .

They not only had the mumps, but they had them violently, outrageously, swollen to ridiculous proportions. On the third day, while the Gutter Pup from his bed was gazing in the opposite mirror at a face that looked like a chipmunk with a cocoanut in either cheek, a word of consolation came to him in the shape of the following scrawl:

> Say, Gutter Pup, it was all Macnooder. I didn't know—honest, I didn't. Square me with Turkey.
>
> Yours, SHAD.
>
> P. S.—I've had the mumps.

. . . .

The Gutter Pup, Turkey Reiter, Lovely Mead and the Triumphant Egghead, back at last from three painful, mortifying weeks at the infirmary, sat on the steps of the Esplanade. The Easter vacation had ended at noon. Boys with tongues in their cheeks looked at them as they passed, and snickered at a good safe distance. Others called to them.

Presently the Tennessee Shad loped up in a friendly manner and stood looking down at them.

"Hello, Turkey!" he said hopefully.

Turkey's gaze remained set.

"Hello, Lovely!"

Lovely drew a breath and looked down.

"Aren't you going to say howdy?" pleaded the Tennessee Shad, "Egghead—Gutter Pup—oh, Gutter Pup?"

The Gutter Pup's lips moved and set again.

"I suppose you're sore on me," said the Tennessee Shad sadly. "Well, I don't blame you. I'll never forgive myself—never!"

He sat down opposite, took a handful of stones, juggled them in the air, sighed and fell into their silence.

All at once he brightened, looked up and said:

"Say, fellows, I've got an idea!"

Then they surged up and fell upon him.

THE HOUSE OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 20)

"Yes," replied Glynn, puzzled by the sudden change of subject. "But what has the boarhound to do with your story?"

"A good deal," said Thresk. "I was very fond of that dog."

"The dog was fond of you," said Glynn.

"Yes. Remember that!" Thresk cried suddenly. "For it's true." Then he relapsed again into a quiet, level voice.

"It took me some time to get well. I was moved up here. It was the one place where I wanted to be. But I wasn't used to sitting round and doing nothing. So the time of my convalescence hung pretty heavily, and casting about for some way of amusing myself, I wondered whether I could teach the dog to see Channing as I saw him. I tried to. Whenever I saw Channing come in at the door I used to call the dog to my side and point Channing out to him with my finger."

Thresk sat down in a chair opposite to Glynn, and with a singular alertness began to act over again the scenes which had taken place in his sick-room upstairs.

"I used to say, 'Hst! Hst! There! Do you see? By the window!' or if Channing moved toward Linda I would turn the dog's head and make his eyes follow him across the room. At first the dog saw nothing. Then he began to avoid me, to slink away with his tail between his legs, to growl. He was frightened. Yes, he was frightened!" And Thresk nodded his head in a quick, interested way.

"He was afraid of you," cried Glynn, "and I don't wonder."

For even to him there was something uncanny and impish in Thresk's quick movements and vivid gestures.

"Wait a bit," said Thresk. "He was afraid, but not of me. He saw Channing. His hair bristled under my fingers as I pointed the fellow out. I had to keep one hand on his neck, you see, to keep him by me. He began to yelp in a queer, panicky way, and tremble—a man in a fever couldn't tremble and shake any

(Continued on Page 50)

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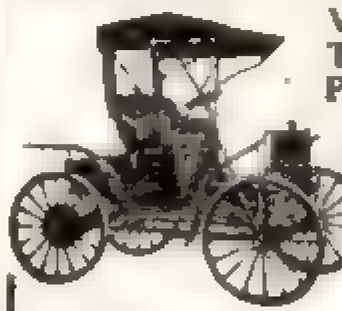

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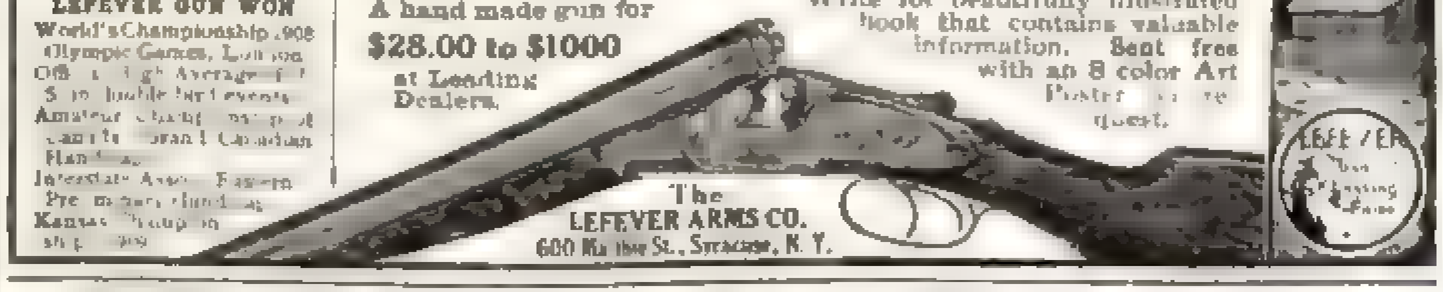

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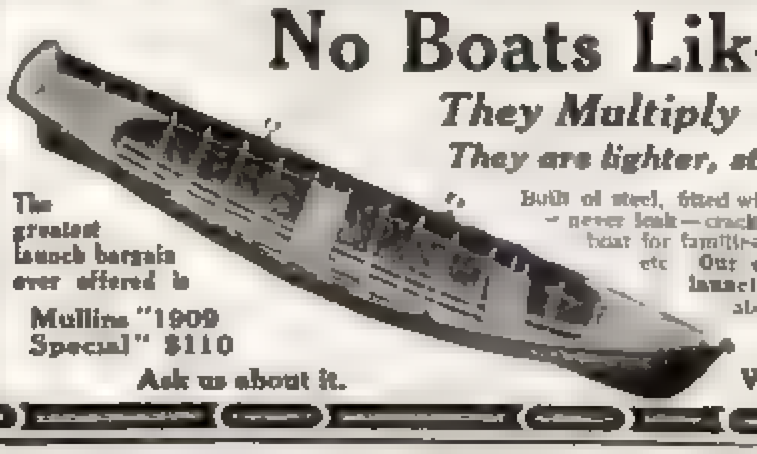

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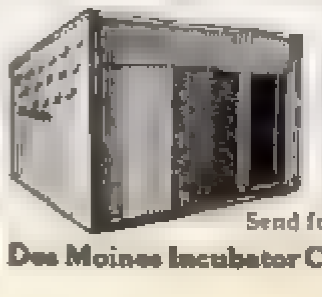

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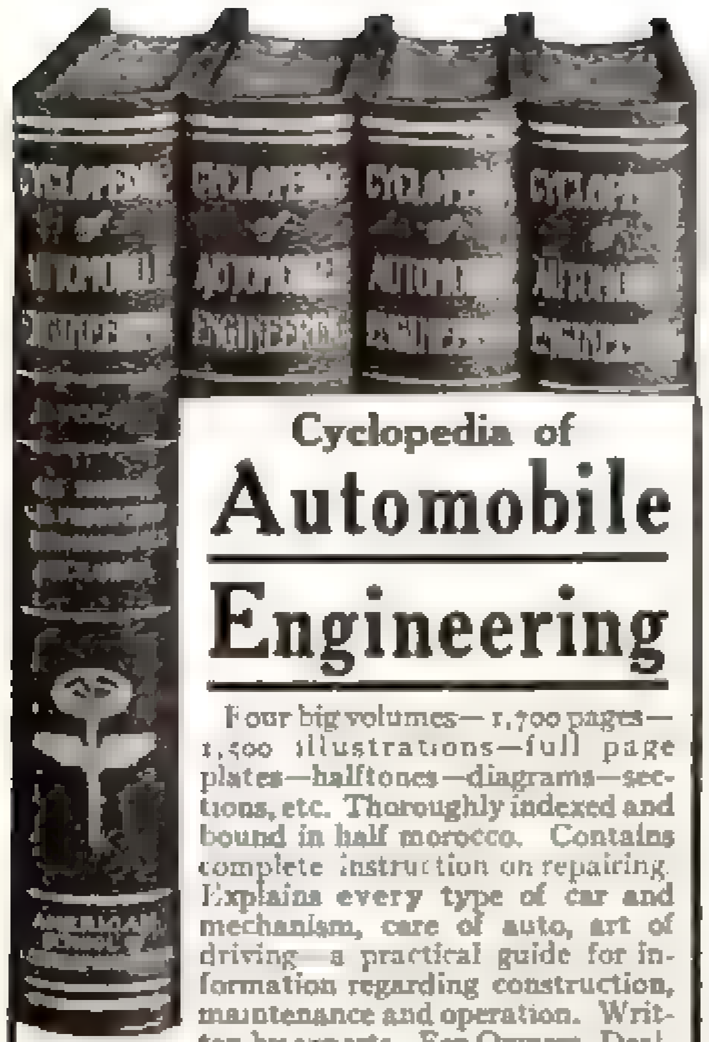

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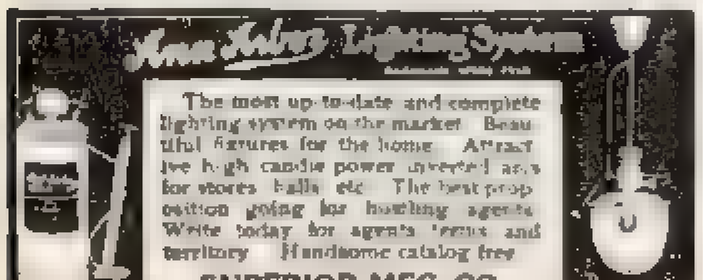

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more than that dog did. And then, one day, when we were alone together, the dog and I and Channing, the dog sprang at my throat."

"That's how you were wounded!" cried Glynn, leaping from his sofa. He stood staring in horror at Thresk. "I wonder the dog didn't kill you."

"He very nearly did," said Thresk. "Oh, very nearly."

"You had frightened him out of his wits."

Thresk laughed contemptuously.

"That's the obvious explanation, of course," he said. "But it's not the true one. I have been living among the subtleties of life, I know about things now. The dog sprang at me because ——" He stopped and glanced uneasily about the room. When he raised his face again there was a look upon it which Glynn had not seen there before, a look of sudden terror. He leaned forward that he might be the nearer to Glynn, and his voice sank to a whisper—"well, because Channing set him on to me.

"Ah, you are beginning to understand," continued Thresk, watching his companion. "You are beginning to get frightened, too." And he nodded his head in comprehension. "I used not to know what fear meant. But I knew the meaning well enough as soon as I had guessed why the dog sprang at my throat; for I realized my helplessness."

Glynn understood Thresk's fear; but why the sense of helplessness? And so he asked for an explanation.

"Because I had no weapons to fight Channing with," Thresk replied. "I could cope with the living man and win every time. But against the dead man I was helpless. I couldn't hurt him. I couldn't even come to grips with him. I had just to sit by and make room. And that's what I have been doing ever since. I have been sitting by and watching—without a single resource, without a single opportunity for a counterstroke. Oh, I had my time when Channing was alive. But upon my word, he has the best of it. Here I sit without raising a hand, while he recaptures Linda."

"There you are wrong," cried Glynn, seizing gladly in the midst of these subtleties upon some fact of which he felt sure. "Your wife is yours. There has been no recapture. Besides, she doesn't believe that Channing is here."

Thresk laughed.

"Do you think she would tell me if she did?" he asked. "No. But I have a plan. Yes, I have a plan. I shall get on level terms with Mr. Channing again one of these fine days, and then I'll prove to him for a second time which of us two is the better man."

He made a sign to Glynn and looked toward the door. It was already opening. He advanced to it as Linda came into the room.

"You have come back, Linda! I have been talking to Glynn at such a rate that he hasn't been able to get a word in edgeways," he said, with a swift change to a gayety of voice and manner. "However, I'll show him a good day's sport tomorrow, Linda. We will shoot the bog, and perhaps you'll come out with the luncheon to the sand-hills."

Linda Thresk smiled.

"Of course I will," she said, and she showed to Glynn a face of gratitude. "It has done you good, Jim, to have a man to talk to," and she laid a hand upon her husband's arm and laughed quite happily. Glynn turned his back upon them and walked up to the window, leaving them standing side by side in the firelight. Outside, the moon shone from a clear sky upon the pools and the reeds of the marsh and the low, white sand-hills checkered with their tufts of grass, but upon the sea beyond a white fog lay thick and low.

"There's a sea-fog," said Glynn.

"Watch it!" cried Thresk, and there was a vibration in his voice which matched the intensity of his look. "You will see it suddenly creep through the gaps in the sand-hills and pass over the marsh like an army that obeys a command. I have watched it by the hour, time and time again. It gathers on the level of the sea and waits and waits until it seems that the word is given. Then it comes swirling through the gaps of the sand-hills and eats up the marsh in a minute."

Even as he spoke, Glynn cried out:

"That's extraordinary!"

The fog had crept in through the gaps. Only the summits of the sand-hills rose in the moonlight like little peaks above

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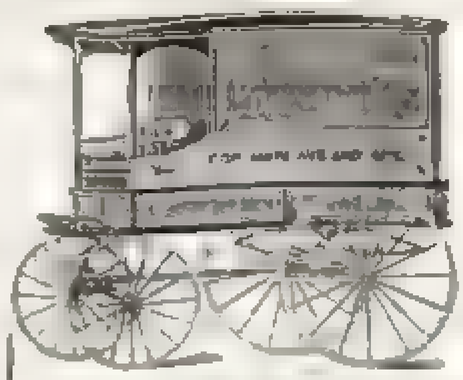

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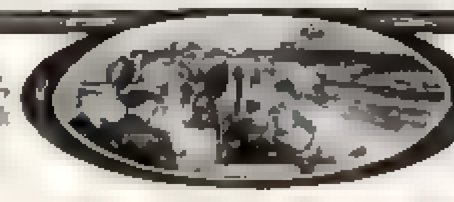

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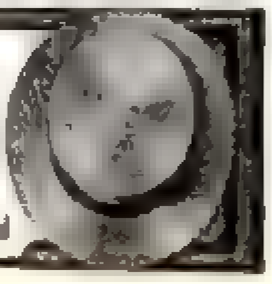

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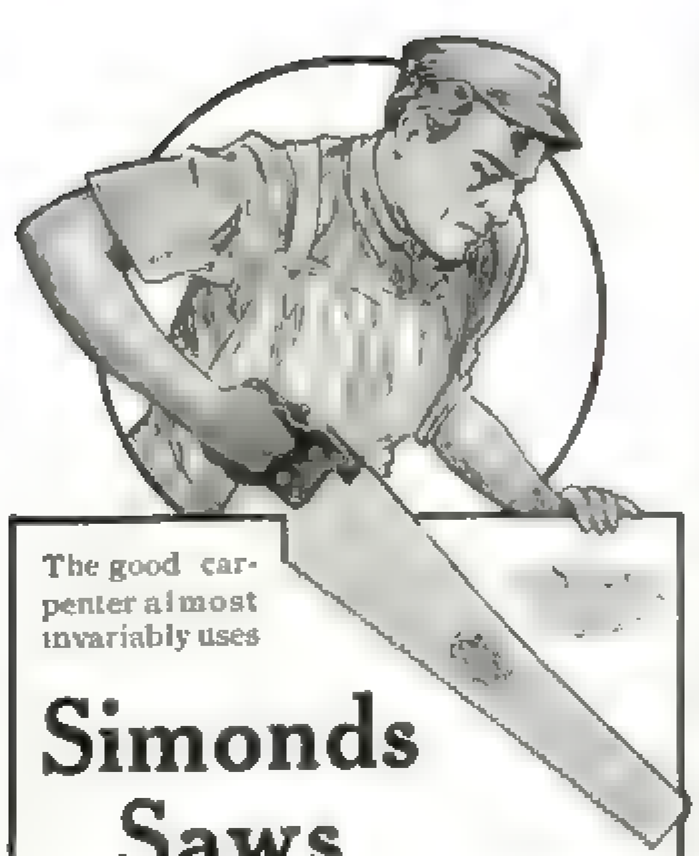

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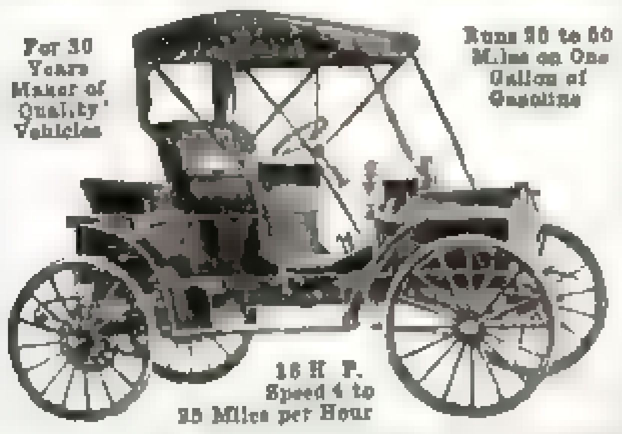

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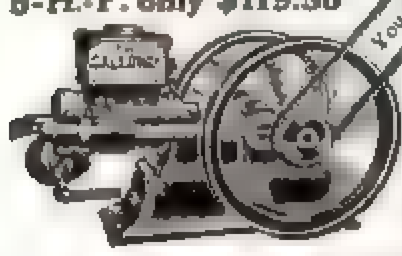

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clouds; and over the marsh the fog burst like cannon smoke and lay curling and writhing up to the very reeds twenty yards from the house. The sapling alone stood high above it, like a piece of wreckage in the sea.

"How high is it?" asked Thresk.

"Breast-high," replied Glynn.

"Only breast-high," said Thresk, and there seemed to be a note of disappointment in his voice. However, in the next moment he shook it off. "The fog will be gone before morning," he said. "I'll go and tell Donald to bring the dogs round at nine tomorrow and have your guns ready. Nine is not too early for you, I suppose?"

"Not a bit," said Glynn; and Thresk going up to the door which led from the house, opened it, went out, and closed it again behind him.

Glynn turned at once toward Linda Thresk. But she held up a warning hand and waited for the outer door to slam. No sound, however, broke the silence. Glynn went to the inner door and opened it.

"He has left the outer door open," he said, and coming back into the room he stood beside the fire looking down into Linda's face.

"He has been talking to me," said Glynn. "He told me of the dog, of Channing's death——"

"Yes?"

"Of Channing's return."

"Yes?"

"And of you."

"What did he say of me?"

"That but for Channing's death he would have held you. That since Channing died—and came back—he had lost you."

"Is that all he said?"

"I think so—yes," replied Glynn, glad to get the business over. Yet he had omitted the most important part of Thresk's confession, the one part which Linda did not already know. He omitted it because he had forgotten it. There was something else which he had it in his mind to say.

"When Thresk told me that Channing had won you back, I ventured to say that no one watching you and Thresk even with the most indifferent eyes could doubt that it was always and only of your husband that you were thinking."

"Thank you," said Linda quietly. "That is true."

"And now," said Glynn, "I want in my turn to ask you a question. I have been a little curious. I want, too, to do what I can. Therefore I ask you, why did you send for me? What is it that you think I can do and that other friends of yours can't?"

Linda replied with an accent of apology. "It is quite true that there are friends whom I see more constantly than you, Mr. Glynn, and upon whom I have perhaps greater claims."

"Oh, I did not mean you to think that I was reluctant to come," Glynn exclaimed; and Linda smiled, lifting her eyes to his.

"No," she said. "I remembered your kindness. It was that recollection which helped me to appeal to you," and she resumed her explanation as though he had not interrupted her.

"Nor was there any particular thing which I thought you could do. But—well, here's the truth—I have been living in terror. This house has become a house of terror. I am frightened. I have come almost to believe," and she looked about her with a shiver of her shoulders, sinking her voice to a whisper as she spoke, "that Jim was right—that *he* is here, after all."

Glynn recoiled. Just for a moment the same fancy had occurred to him.

"You don't believe that—really!" he cried.

"No—no," she answered. "Once I think calmly. But it is so difficult to think calmly and reasonably here. Oh"—and she threw up her arms and her whole face and eyes were alight with terror—"the very air is to me heavy with fear in this house. It is Jim's quiet certitude!"

"Yes, that's it!" exclaimed Glynn, catching eagerly at that explanation, because it absolved him to his own common-sense for the inexplicable fear which he had felt invade himself. "Yes, Jim's quiet, certain, commonplace way in which he speaks of Channing's presence here. That's what makes his illusion so convincing."

"Well, I thought that if I could get you here, you who"—and she hesitated to make her description polite—"are not afflicted by fancies, who are pleasantly

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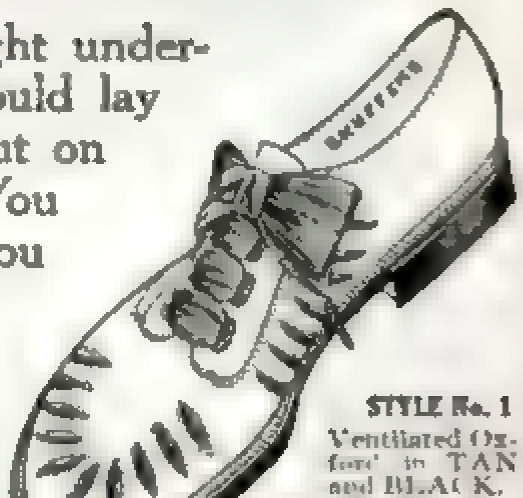

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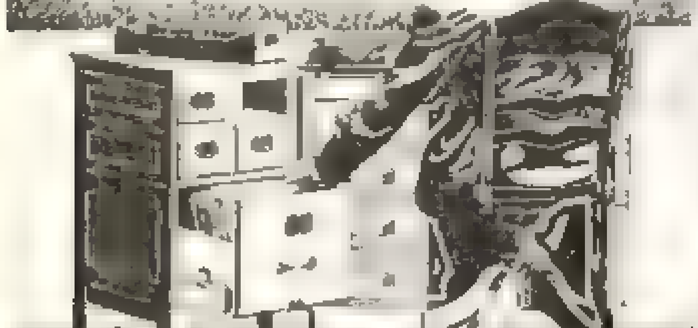

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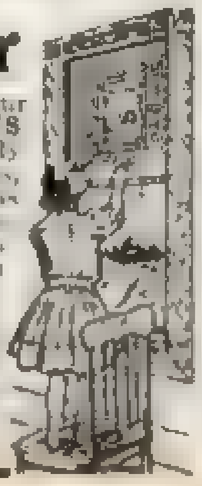

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sensible"—thus did Linda express her faith that Mr. Glynn was of the earth, earthy "I myself should lose my terror and Jim, too, might lose his illusion. But now," she looked at him keenly, "I think that Jim is affecting you—that you, too—yes"—she sprang up suddenly and stood before him with her dark, terror-haunted eyes fixed upon his—"that you, too, believe Channing is here."

"No," he protested violently, too violently unless the words were true.

"Yes," she repeated, nodding her head quietly. "You, too, believe that Channing is here."

And before her horror-stricken face the protest which was on the tip of his tongue remained unuttered. His eyes sought the floor. With a sudden movement of despair Linda turned aside. Even the earthliness of Mr. Glynn had brought her no comfort nor security.

"Jim has been a long time speaking to the keeper," said Linda, listlessly and rather to break a silence which was becoming intolerable than with any intention in the words. But they struck a chord of terror in Glynn's thoughts. He walked quickly to the window, and hastily tore the curtain aside.

The flurry of his movements aroused Linda's attention. She followed him with her eyes. She saw him curve his hands about his forehead and press his face against the pane, even as Thresk had done an hour before. She started forward from the fireplace and Glynn swung round with his arms extended, barring the window. His face was white, his lips shook. The one important statement of Thresk's he now recalled.

"Don't look!" he cried; and as he spoke Linda pushed past him. She flung up the window. Outside the fog curled and smoked upon the marsh breast-high. The moonlight played upon it; over it the air was clear and pure, and in the sky stars shone faintly. Above the mist the bare sapling stood like a pointing finger, and half-way between the sapling and the house Thresk's head and shoulders were plainly seen; but they were turned away from the house.

"Jim! Jim!" cried Linda, shaking the window-frame with her hands. Her voice rang out loudly on the still air. But Thresk did not so much as turn his head. He moved slowly toward the sapling, feeling the unstable ground beneath him with his feet.

"Jim! Jim!" she cried again. And behind her she heard a strange, unsteady, whispering voice:

"'On equal terms!' That's what he said—I did not understand. He said—'on equal terms.'"

And even as Glynn spoke, both Linda and he saw Thresk throw up his arms and sink suddenly beneath the fog. Linda ran to the door, stumbling as she ran. There was a queer, sobbing noise in her throat.

Glynn caught her by the arm.

"It is of no use. You know. Round the sapling—there is no chance of rescue. It is my fault; I should have understood. He had no fear of Channing, if only he could meet him on equal terms."

Linda stared at Glynn. For a little while the meaning of the words did not sink into her mind.

"He said that!" she cried. "And you did not tell me." She crept back to the fireplace and cowered in front of it, shivering.

"But he said he would come back to me," she said in the voice of a child who has been deceived. "Yes, Jim said he would come back to me."

Of course it was chance, accident, coincidence, a breath of wind—call it what you will, except what Linda Thresk and Glynn called it. But even as she uttered her complaint, "He said he would come back to me," the latch of the door clicked loudly. There was a rush of cold air into the room. The door swung slowly inward and stood wide open.

Linda sprang to her feet. Both she and Glynn turned to the open door. The white fog billowed into the room. Glynn felt the hair stir and move upon his scalp. He stood transfixed. Was it possible? he asked himself. Had Thresk indeed come back to fight once more for Linda and to fight now as he had fought the first time, on equal terms? He stood, expecting the white fog to shape itself into the likeness of a man. And then he heard a wild scream of laughter behind him. He turned in time to catch Linda as she fell.

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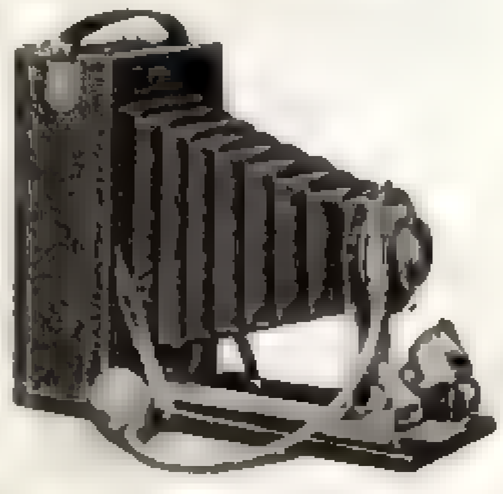

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Oddities and Novelties

Making Trees Preserve Themselves

NOWADAYS it is deemed of great importance that wood, especially for shipbuilding, the making of fine furniture and other purposes demanding the preservation of the integrity of the material, shall be rendered proof against decay. With this end in view, logs, destined to be cut into lumber for such uses, are commonly saturated with creosote, zinc chloride or other preservatives.

Such preservatives are fungus-killers. For the decay of wood is always caused by fungi of one kind or another—as, for example, the species which engender dry rot.

Recently, however, a method has been discovered whereby timber can be made rot-proof before it is cut down in the forest, and even while the trees are still alive. Very dilute solutions of zinc chloride or copper sulphate are introduced into holes bored to some depth in their trunks—the solution employed being contained in a tank elevated at a considerable height above the point of entrance, in order to give the requisite pressure.

The first experiments in this line were not at all successful. But it was found that they succeeded perfectly when the treatment was applied at the proper season of the year. In late summer the evaporation from the foliage of a tree is at a maximum, the result being that a partial vacuum exists in all the vessels of the great plant. If, at this period, a fungus-killing solution be introduced, it is automatically forced by atmospheric pressure into all parts of the tree, including even the roots, the highest twigs and the heart-wood itself.

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IT HAS remained for the Japanese to introduce canned bees to the market—that is to say, the larvæ and young bees of a certain wild species (known as "jibachi") which dwell in holes in the ground. They are esteemed a delicacy, and are put up in tins like canned meat, the price asked being about sixty-five cents a pound.

The method whereby this kind of insect food is gathered consists in setting fire to small quantities of gunpowder at the entrance to the subterranean hives, in autumn—the fumes spreading through the underground chambers occupied by the bees and stupefying them. Then no time is lost in digging up the brood-combs, which are promptly covered with a cotton cloth and placed for a moment in hot water, to kill the insects.

Not only in Japan, but also in China and India, the larvæ of bees have long been considered a delicacy, the brood-combs containing the young grubs being greatly relished. In our own country such provender is likely to continue to lack proper appreciation—a fact not at all surprising when it is considered that we allow the great bulk of our possible bee products to be lost.

These products, in the United States, represent a value of about twenty million dollars a year. Yet it is reckoned by trustworthy authorities that they would be worth at least ten times that sum if a sufficient number of bees were kept. A vast amount of honey and wax, unfortunately, is annually wasted for lack of bees to gather them. The bee-keeping industry, indeed, would easily yield two hundred million dollars a year, it is estimated, if its possibilities were utilized. And, incidentally, there would be an immense gain through the better fertilization of plants which (in fulfilling their office as pollen-carriers) these useful insects effect.

The value of the beeswax output is by no means appreciated—this product being utilized for making artificial flowers, phonograph cylinders, ointments, pomades and leather dressings, for beautifying floors and embalming the dead and, by dentists, for taking molds of people's jaws. One of its most important employments is in the manufacture of church candles, which must be of pure beeswax and no other substance.

Blue Mold Suffers Defeat

BLUE mold is the worst enemy with which growers of oranges and lemons in California are obliged to contend. It has been costing them a good deal over a million dollars a year. Attacking the citrus fruit, it causes rapid rot, incidentally producing that bluish, or sometimes greenish, effect on the skin which is so unpleasant to the eye. Everybody has noticed oranges and lemons thus diseased.

During the last five years the Pomology Division of the Department of Agriculture has been trying to find out the cause of this mischief, which has rendered unsalable a large fraction of the orange and lemon crop of California. As a result, it has been discovered that careless handling is chiefly accountable. The laborers who pick the fruits in the orchards scar them frequently with the clippers they use for cutting them off. They throw them carelessly into the picking sacks, bruising them, and often dig their finger-nails into them.

Wherever the skin of an orange or lemon is injured, the spores of the fungus known as blue mold are liable to find an entrance and begin to grow and multiply. These spores are exceedingly plentiful in every orchard, developing on the decayed fruit. For the same reason they swarm in the air of the fruit-packing houses, always ready to make trouble. A great many of the lemons and oranges suffer mechanical injuries while being brushed and otherwise prepared for packing, and here again the mischief is propagated.

Sound oranges that suffer no such injury are proof against the blue mold. It is careless handling in picking and packing that has made nearly all of the trouble. This fact having been discovered, growers and packers are changing their methods, and the result already has been a reduction of the total loss by two-thirds.

That there might be no question of the fact that blue mold was the cause of the decay, large numbers of fresh, sound oranges and lemons were experimentally inoculated, both in the orchard and the laboratory, with spores of the fungus, and in every instance the characteristic symptoms of the disease made their appearance.

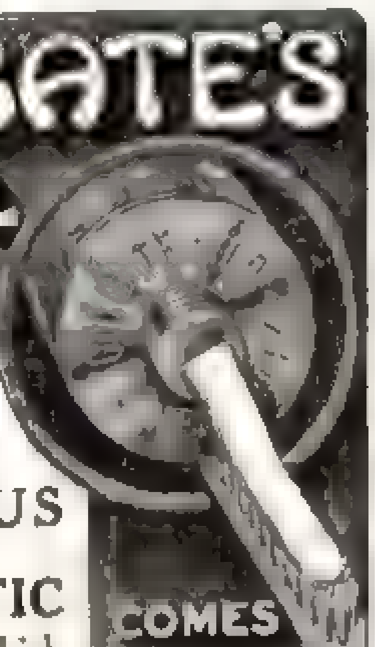
Nickel Shot

ALL of the nickel used by the Treasury for coinage is purchased in the form of shot—that is to say, in the shape of pellets, made in the same way as lead shot for sportsmen's purposes, by dropping the metal from the top of a tall tower. A firm in Waterbury, Connecticut, manufactures the nickel shot for the Government, delivering them in boxes at the Philadelphia mint.

A widespread popular notion is to the effect that ordinary shot are made spherical by falling from a height through the air. Various stories are told of the manner in which this fact in physical science was originally discovered. One of them refers the invention to a dream, in which a shot-maker beheld molten lead falling into water in the shape of globular pellets. The fact is, however, that perfect shot could be made by falling two feet just as well as by dropping a distance of two hundred feet, if only they could cool rapidly enough. When let fall from the top of the tower in a molten state they are as perfectly round as when they reach the bottom. The long, downward trip they take is to allow them time to harden before striking the water which, in a well below, affords a yielding substance to receive them.

Now, pure lead will not make good shot. It has to be mixed with arsenic. Likewise, nickel will not form spherical pellets. Consequently, the nickel shot delivered at the mint are of all sorts of irregular shapes. But it does not matter in the least, because they are not meant to serve as projectiles. In the form described they can be utilized more easily for melting, which is the reason why the metal in this shape is bought by the Government.

COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM



A Rare Combination
DELICIOUS
AND
ANTISEPTIC

The dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste.

It gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work.

Trial ribbon tube sent for 4c.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P, 55 John Street, N.Y.

COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

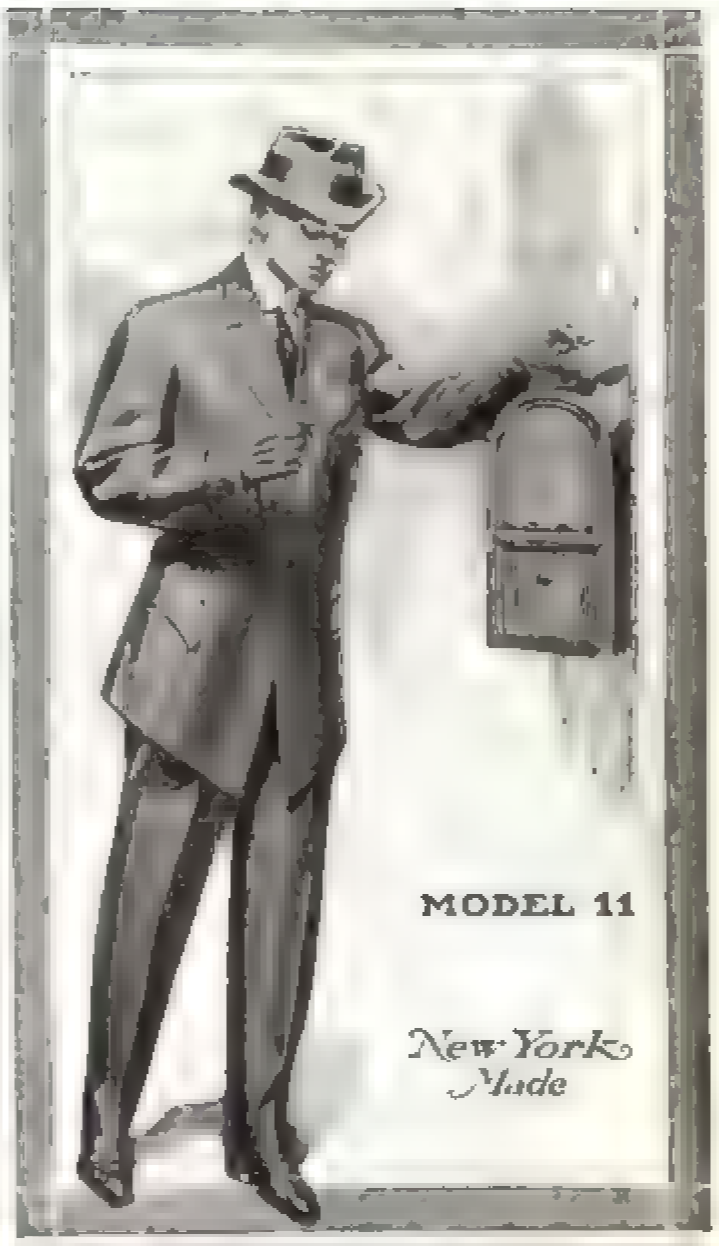
WURLITZER
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government

Prices Cut in Half

this season. Our large new 104-page Band instrument catalog Sent FREE. Write to-day.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati; or
326 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill



"Sampeck" Clothes

for

Young Men

THEIR style is just as *inherent* a part of *"Sampeck"* Clothes for Young Men, as the fabrics from which they are made. Many virile "touches," not found in any other clothes, which stamp *youth* and *sprightliness* upon the wearer.

Thirty-three years of *good* tailoring in the centre of the *best* tailoring—and all in our own studios—is what the *"Sampeck"* mark means.

Demand the brand, *"Sampeck"* of your clothes-shop. Our label is in *every* garment. The fascinating "COLLEGE ALMANAC" "A" of Dress and Sports sent *free* for a postal.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
NEW YORK

The Greatest Water Cooler Ever Invented

A Cooler that purifies water—sterilizes and filters it and will deliver ½ to 2 gallons per minute

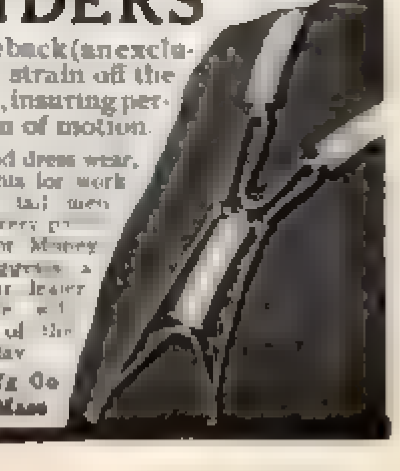
MONTANYE'S
STERILIZER
Cooler and Filter
Destroys Typhoid Fever Germs

and is the only absolute safeguard [illegible] Agents wanted. [illegible] Write for leaflet

American Filter and Cooler Co., Shamokin, Pa.

PRESIDENT

SUSPENDERS



The sliding cord in the back (an exclusive feature) takes all strain off the shoulders and buttons, insuring perfect ease and freedom of motion.

Light weight for office and dress wear, medium and heavy weights for workers. Extra lengths for tall men. Maker's guarantee on every pair. Satisfaction, New Pair or Money Back. Convenience suggests a pair for each suit. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send postpaid upon receipt of the price 50c. Get them to-day

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co
717 Main St. Shirley, Mass

Paint Talks—No. 7

Painting Cement and Concrete

Cement and concrete are bidding for popular favor as building materials. The only bar to their immediate favor is their liability to discolor and streak.

Paint is their only salvation. But paint—even the best—so often softens and becomes sticky, bleaches or scales off cement. What's to be done?

The whole trouble lies in the moisture and alkali in the cement. Let it stand a year or eighteen months and there is no trouble. To artificially age it, two methods are effective: (1) Wash the surface with zinc sulphate dissolved in water. (2) Wash it with carbonic acid water.

When dry, paint with pure white lead and linseed oil, according to specifications which we will send on application.

Do not use sulphuric or muriatic acids as a wash before painting, and do not try to get along with a substitute for linseed oil. Kill the alkali as directed and use nothing but pure white lead and linseed oil paint.

Write for Houseowner's Painting Outfit P. Contains specifications for all kinds of painting, color schemes, etc.

Buy of your local dealer if possible. If he hasn't it, do not accept something else, but write our nearest office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia; National Lead and Oil Company, Pittsburgh.

ARCADIA
MIXTURE

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.

The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.

The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.

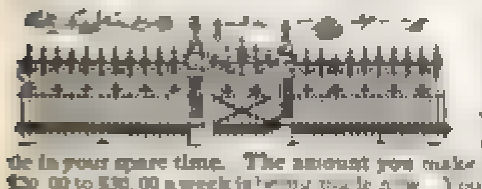
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

WE WILL HELP YOU TO MAKE MONEY



You don't have to invest a dollar. Just hustle in your spare time. The amount you make depends on yourself. $20.00 to $30.00 a week is being made now. You may do as well or better, as orders for our fence, which is the best for the least money, can be easily secured. Write for our book Experience, telling how, and [illegible]

STEWART'S Iron Fences

THE STEWART IRON WORKS CO., 1707 Covington Street, CINCINNATI, O.

Largest Makers of Iron Fence in the World.

DRAMA BY THE FOOT

(Concluded from Page 16)

The profits of these store shows must be huge when it is considered what rents their proprietors are willing to pay. One five-cent show in an Eastern city affords a striking instance of the money that is made, if we may judge by the rental. Before the advent of this theater an installment jeweler found it hard to pay eight thousand dollars a year for the store. When he moved out the place was divided. One-half was rented to the theater proprietor for ten thousand dollars; a restaurant paid four thousand dollars for the other half. In one Harlem street of New York as many as five shows can be counted, each having a capacity of two hundred and fifty and giving four exhibitions an hour.

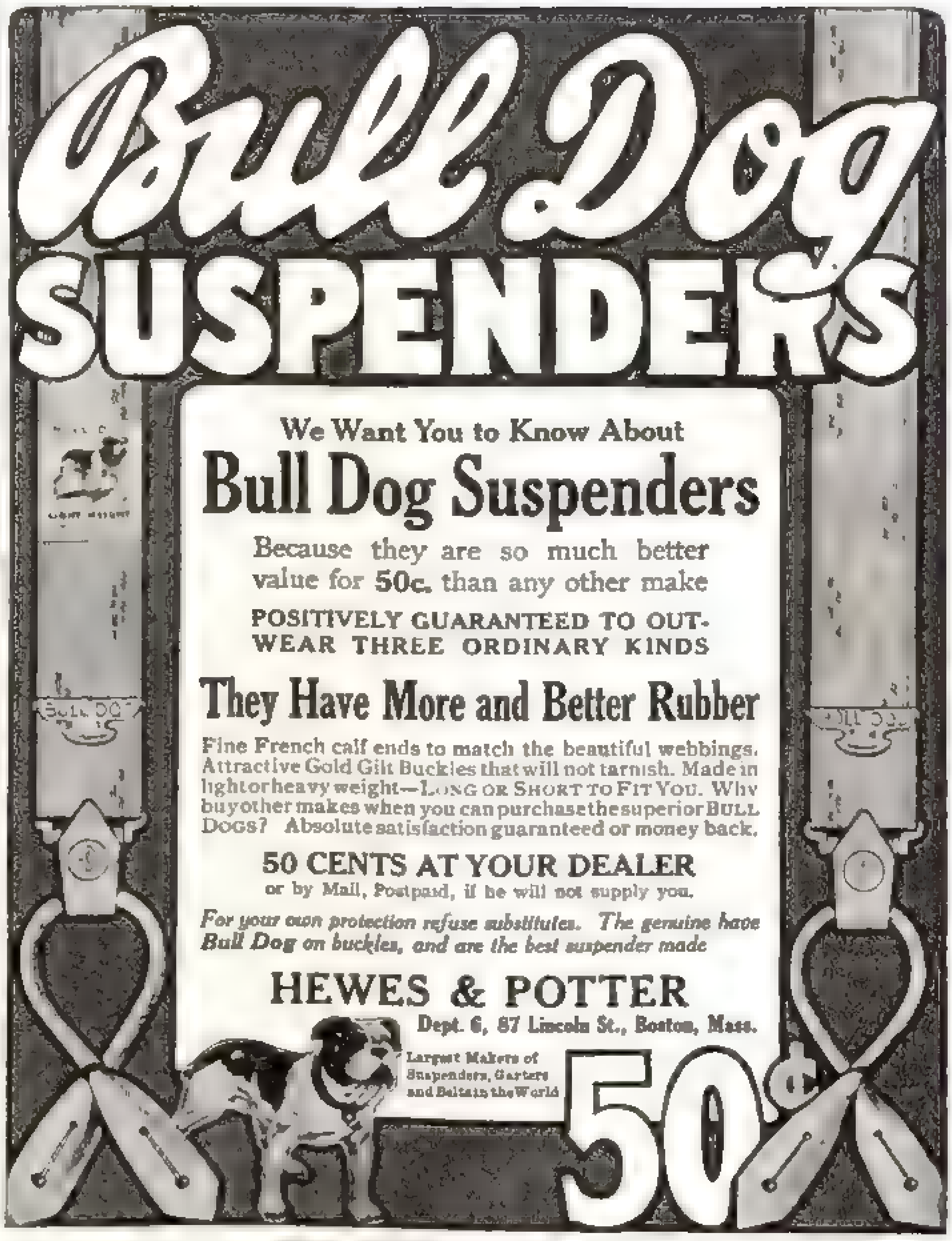
The quick profits that followed an investment in a few films, a white screen, a projecting lantern and a few hundred seats attracted a horde of showmen. Fearing that the entire industry would be demoralized by the uncontrolled use of films, nine of the leading manufacturers formed a combination for the common ownership of patents on machines and for the supply of only a sufficient number of films suitable in subject and quality. The films are sold at the standard price of eleven cents a foot to a second combination known as the Film Service Association and comprising at present one hundred and twenty so-called exchanges, which are the moving-picture equivalent of the ordinary theatrical booking-agent. For *films d'art*, colored pictures and views which were obtained with exceptional difficulty, of which the Italian earthquake scenes are an example, a charge of twenty-five dollars may be levied on each exchange in addition to the regular rate of eleven cents a foot. The exchanges are pledged not to sell the films, but only to rent them.

What the Service Costs

How much the licensed exhibitor pays for film service depends in a large measure on the service. If the films are all new he pays a higher rental than if they have been used before. For what is known as a first-run service, which means that three new reels a day or twenty-one a week are supplied by a member of the Film Service Association, he pays an average weekly rental of one hundred and forty dollars. In exceptional cases the price may be three hundred dollars. A second-run service, or a supply of twenty-one films which have been exhibited once before, may be obtained at a weekly rental of about one hundred dollars. A third-run service ought to comprise only third-run films. As a general rule, however, the third run usually includes a first-run film and a few second-run films besides third-run pictures. The cost of this service is about seventy-five dollars a week. What is known in moving-picture parlance as an old run, which means that the films have seen service several times in one locality, will bring only twenty dollars a week. A run usually lasts one day in the better houses. The highest price ever paid for film service was eight hundred dollars a week, which was the figure at which a New York music-hall secured the film made of the recent Burns-Johnson prize-fight.

The money made in the manufacture of films can be easily calculated. Of a very good film one hundred and twenty prints are made, one for each exchange in the Film Service Association. These, as we have seen, are sold at the flat rate of eleven cents a foot. A single film one thousand feet long reproduced one hundred and twenty times will, therefore, bring its maker thirteen thousand two hundred dollars. That explains why manufacturers are willing to spend two thousand dollars and more on a single film play.

The trust realizes that only clean shows pay in the end and that the industry must inevitably suffer if the indecency of the penny arcade is allowed to taint the film drama. It has, therefore, established a committee of censors who are not in any way connected with the making or exhibiting of pictures, and who are performing their task of casting out objectionable plays so thoroughly that the shows are fast assuming the puristic propriety of family entertainments.



We Want You to Know About

Bull Dog Suspenders

Because they are so much better value for **50c.** than any other make

POSITIVELY GUARANTEED TO OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

They Have More and Better Rubber

Fine French calf ends to match the beautiful webbings. Attractive Gold Gilt Buckles that will not tarnish. Made in light or heavy weight—LONG OR SHORT TO FIT YOU. Why buy other makes when you can purchase the superior BULL DOGS? Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

50 CENTS AT YOUR DEALER

or by Mail, Postpaid, if he will not supply you.

For your own protection refuse substitutes. The genuine have Bull Dog on buckles, and are the best suspender made

HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 6, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Largest Makers of Suspenders, Garters and Belts in the World

12,549 Jewelers Sell South Bend Watches

Twelve thousand five hundred and forty-nine jewelers in America are the authorized representatives of the South Bend Watch Company.

This is the largest organization of watch inspectors in the world. Railroad companies require that their employés have their watches regularly inspected. You will find in most cases that the railroad watch inspector also inspects the South Bend

You perhaps have never thought of the importance of such an arrangement. If you are like thousands who depend upon watches that must be reset every few hours that you can get through the day with any degree of promptness, you will never know what it is to enjoy perfect time keeping service until you get a South Bend.

There is much satisfaction in the confidence you will have in the correctness of your watch. To know your watch is to the second with the standard timekeeper that regulates the movement of trains and all important events of the universe.

The South Bend is as carefully made as it is possible to make a watch. Grade for grade it is superior to any watch on the market and costs but little more. No watch could be or is made with greater care, and yet to insure absolute correctness, we have arranged this great organization of specialists to adjust and care for South Bend Watches.

No other watch manufacturer has such a large organization of experts upon whom to depend for adjustments. Before any South Bend is sent from the factory it is subjected to tests ten times as severe as any you will give it. It is kept for hours in a freezing temperature and baked in an oven to test its automatic adjustment to heat and cold. It is subjected to severe jolting and vibration and made to keep time in every position. The final adjustment—that to your person—must be made by our representative. South Bend jewelers are the leaders in every town.

Send this reminder for our book, "How Good Watches Are Made," and a little device showing how South Bend Watches adjust themselves to heat and cold.

THE REMINDER S.E.P.—5-22

South Bend Watch Co.,
South Bend, Ind.

Please send the book and device you offer.

My Name is

My Address

My Jeweler's Name

His Address

TAKING IT EASY

(Concluded from Page 13)

"I'll tell you the truth, Hymie," Abe replied, "I ain't got no time to be sick. It ain't half-past three yet, and I guess I'll take a couple of them cloaks and see what I can do with the jobbing and retail trade in this here town."

"Don't you think you'd better take it easy for a while, Abe?" Hyman suggested.

"I am taking it easy," said Abe. "So long as I ain't working I'm resting, ain't it, Hymie? And you know as well as I do, Hymie, selling goods never was work to me. It's a pleasure, Hymie, I assure you."

He placed two of the plum-colored Empire cloaks under his arm, and thrusting his hat firmly on the back of his head made straight for the dry-goods district. Two hours later he returned, wearing a broad smile that threatened to engulf his stubby black mustache between his nose and his chin.

"Hymie," he said, "I'm sorry I got to disturb that nice pile you made of them six gross cloaks. I'll get right to work myself and assort the sizes."

"Why, what's the trouble now, Abe?" Hyman asked.

"I disposed of 'em, Hymie," Abe replied. "Two gross to Hamburg and Weiss. Three gross to the Capitol Credit Outfitting Company, and five gross to Feinroth and Pearl."

"Hold on there, Abe!" Hymie exclaimed. "You only got six gross, and you sold ten gross."

"I know, Hymie," said Abe, "but I'm going home tomorrow, and I got a month in which to ship the balance."

"Going home?" Hyman cried.

"Sure," said Abe. "I had a good long vacation, and now I got to get down to business."

V

ONE morning, two weeks later, Abe sat with his feet cocked up on his desk in the sample-room of Potash & Perlmutter's spacious cloak and suit establishment. Between his teeth he held a fine Pittsburgh cheroot at an angle of about ninety-five degrees to his protruding under-lip, and he perused with relish the business-trouble column of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record.

"Now, what do you think of that?" he exclaimed.

"What do I think of what, Abe?" Morris inquired.

For answer Abe thrust the paper toward his partner with one hand, and indicated a scare headline with the other.

"Fraudulent Bankruptcy in Galveston," it read. "A petition in bankruptcy was filed yesterday against Siegmund Lowenstein, doing business as the O'Gorman-Henderson Dry-Goods Company, in Galveston, Texas. When the Federal receiver took charge of the bankrupt's premises they were apparently swept clean of stock and fixtures. It is understood that Lowenstein has fled to Matamoros, Mexico, where his wife preceded him some two weeks ago. The liabilities are estimated at fifty thousand dollars, and the only asset is the store building, which is valued at ten thousand dollars and is subject to mortgages aggregating about the same amount. The majority of the creditors are in New York City and Boston."

Morris returned the paper to his partner without comment.

"You see, Mawruss," said Abe, as he lit a fresh cheroot. "Sometimes it pays to be sick. Ain't it?"

Cushman's Glory

"I HAVE attained some little prominence," said Representative Cushman, of Washington, "and had recently been told that I had 'arrived' in the House of Representatives by being appointed to the great Ways and Means Committee; but until I had an experience at Utica, New York, a short time ago I never did believe it myself.

"I went up there with Vice-President Sherman—Utica is his home—to speak at a dinner with him. As we got off the train there was a large gathering to greet us I walked proudly through the human lane, and then I knew I was something, that I really was of consequence, for I went first and the Vice-President of the United States trailed behind, carrying my suitcase."

The Oil Stove with a CABINET TOP

Do your summer cooking on a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove and have a comfortable kitchen. Its principle of concentrated heat at the burners prevents the kitchen from overheating, so that the work may be done in comfort never before experienced.

The "New Perfection" is the oil stove of new principle and design. It is built like a modern steel range, being the *only* oil stove made with a CABINET TOP, including two drop shelves on which the coffee pot or teapot may be placed after removing from burner. Shelves fold back when not in use. Also two nickeled towel racks. The commodious top shelf of the Cabinet provides a means for warming plates and keeping food warm after it is cooked. All this makes the

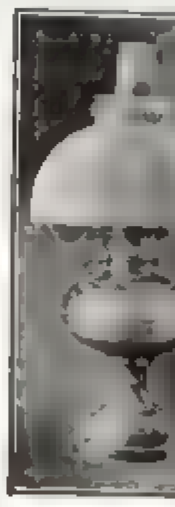
NEW PERFECTION

Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

a stove of unusual convenience. It does anything and everything any other stove will do, regardless of fuel.

Whether for heating the wash boiler or cooking a large meal, the "New Perfection" is without equal. Ready at moment of lighting. Can be turned "high," "medium," "low," or "out" as required—another decided advantage over the coal or wood stove. Makes no dust or dirt. Makes the kitchen no longer a room to dread.

Made in three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** is everybody's lamp. Its beauty, safety, economy and brilliancy are not surpassed by any known system of artificial lighting. Because of its substantial construction and great simplicity it is especially adapted to all purposes of home illumination.

If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Brighton Garters

A New Clasp
that is 100% flatter, securer, stronger, smoother lighter and [illegible] more comfortable

A New Grip
that *draws in* the sock and tightens its hold at every movement—no slip or wear

These Improvements

in Brighton Garters give a sense of security to the whole dress of the leg; a trim and sleek appearance to the ankles; a smooth and firm support to the socks; without rubbing, chafing or tiring the leg. *Pure silk*, wear-resisting webs in all colors; heavily nickeled brass, rustless metal parts with round edges to avoid wear or tear of socks. At your dealers—25c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty card in every box.

PIONEER
TRADE MARK
SUSPENDERS

give positive balance to the shoulders, direct and easy support to the trousers, freedom from all feeling of restraint, comfort in every motion. Exclusive artistic webs, firegilt mountings, elegant in finish. At your dealers—50c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty band on every pair.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA
MAKERS OF PIONEER BELTS

ROAST MEATS

hot or cold, are given just that "finishing touch" if seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Veal and Salads. It gives relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

WHY BANKS FAIL

(Concluded from Page 11)

for rascality. In that direction, certainly, much progress has been made—not only as compared with the antebellum wildcat days, but even in the last ten years. The states have been taking an intelligent interest in the matter of safe banking—rather late in the day, as to some of them; but better late than never. Nearly all states now have banking departments, with regulating laws, reports and inspections more or less closely modeled on the national bank system. In a good many of them, in fact, state control and examination is quite comparable to that exercised by the Federal Government over national associations.

From 1865 to 1896, inclusive, 1234 state and private banks failed, with aggregate liabilities of two hundred and twenty millions. Creditors received on an average 45.4 per cent. No figures since 1896 are available; but state control and inspection have steadily improved, without doubt.

Better Conditions Coming

It all comes back, in a way, to the personal integrity of the banker; but I doubt if there are many people whose integrity is likely to be improved by giving them a lot of other people's money to do with as they please. That the community—the state or the nation—assumes some responsibility when it permits a man to hang out the sign "Bank," and to invite deposits, is a principle which is now pretty generally recognized in this country—but not universally, I regret to say. Some states still let anybody who pleases advertise himself as a bank, and do business exactly as he likes—on the genial old Roman theory that the risk is upon the buyer, or if a man doesn't know enough to take care of his money he oughtn't to have any. Of the total deposits in the United States, as reported by the Comptroller of the Currency, only one per cent is in private banks.

Regulation and inspection of all save private banks steadily grow more comprehensive. Comptroller Murray recently divided the country into eleven districts, requiring all the national bank examiners within each to meet once a quarter for a confidential comparison of all lines of doubtful paper discovered and the like. He has also appointed four examiners at large, selected for their skill and experience, and free from all local influences. The national and state bank examiners now generally coöperate.

The banks are examining themselves more and more closely. Following the lead of Chicago, a number of city clearing-house associations have independent examiners who overhaul the concerns belonging to the association.

Such failures as the Keystone, Spring Garden and Maverick ought to be made impossible; and we are certainly moving, in a general way, in that desirable direction. The notion that bank failures are a sort of unavoidable visitation of Providence is nonsense. The time must come when to the question, "Why do banks fail in the country?" the answer will be, "They don't."

Offertory

Give me your eyes, so young, so gray;
Give me your hands, so soft, so small;
Give me the lips that smile and say:
"But do you love me, after all?"
Give me the roses from your cheek,
Where firefly blushes dance and dart;
Give me the words you fear to speak;
Give me your glad girl heart!

Take of my little what you will—
The books I read, the songs I write;
The work I do, or good or ill;
My scant provision of delight;
Take all my service, all my thought;
Take honor—that I never sold!—
And give what never can be bought,
Your heart of virgin gold.

Nay, I who am so poor in gifts
May only for your mercy cry,
As when the priestly suppliant lifts
The humblest offering on high;
A sacrifice of doubt and dole.
Before the incense-wreaths depart,
My little Lady Pure of Soul,
Give me your glad girl heart!

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

10 Shots Quick!

Quick! Quick as Lightning

You can shoot the new

SAVAGE .32 Caliber Automatic Pistol

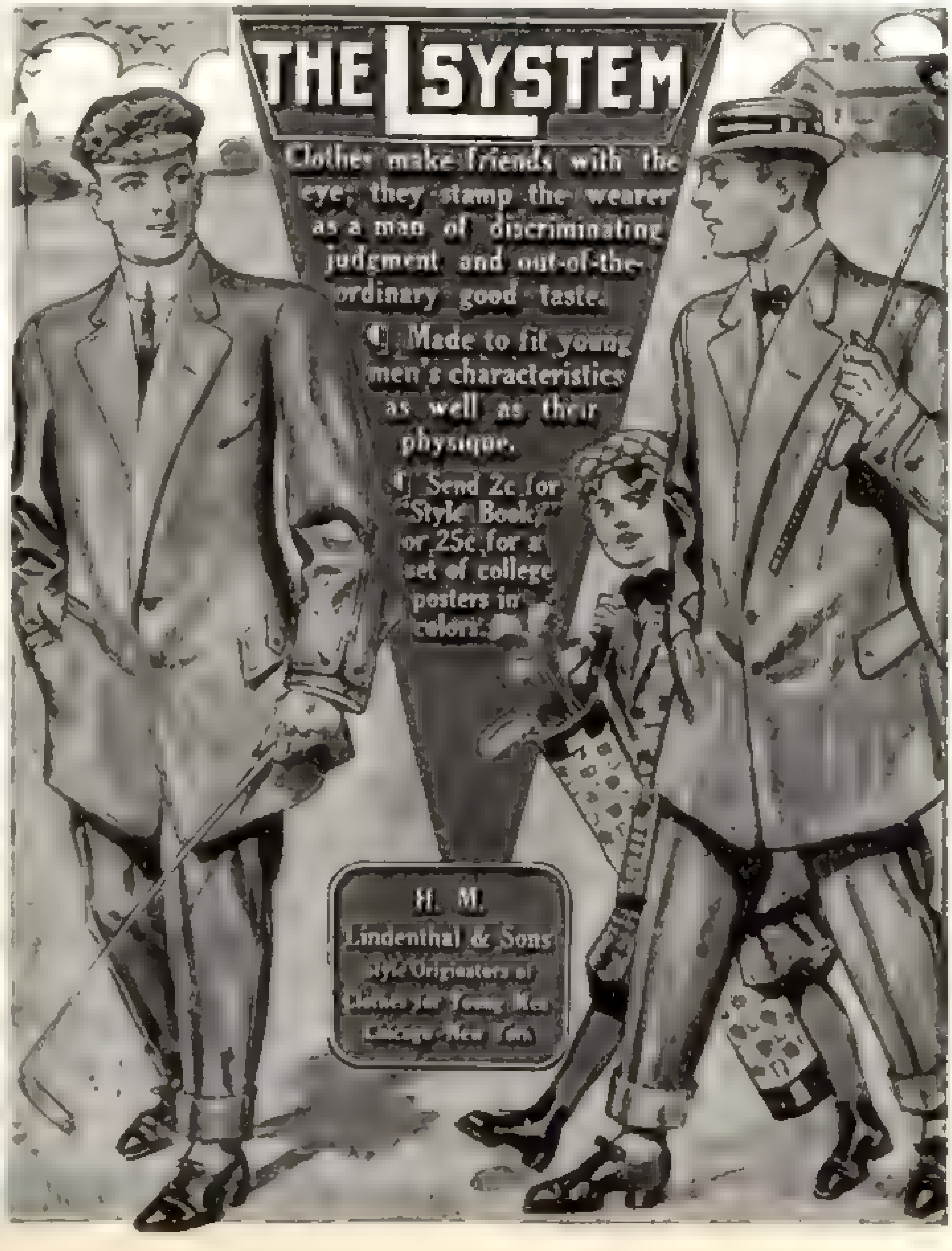
quicker and straighter with either hand than any other pocket arm you ever saw. No time need be wasted taking aim; you point it straight instinctively, just as you do your finger, because it fits the hand naturally and balances perfectly. The Savage will get in the first shot every time.

And you can follow up that vital first shot with 120 shots a minute. You have ten shots instead of five or six, and can reload in a flash. Can be carried anywhere—only 6½ inches long.

Special Advantages Which Will Appeal to You:

Ten Shots: Double the number in an ordinary revolver and two more than other automatics. **Accuracy:** The only automatic which locks at the breech while the bullet traverses the barrel, insuring extreme accuracy, as well as freedom from fouling. **Simplicity:** Fewer parts than any other automatic pistol. Completely dismounts by hand without the aid of tools. **Safety:** Breech automatically locked during time of discharge. Cannot be fired unless the trigger is pulled. Safety positively locks it against discharge. **Weight:** 19 oz., including magazine. Price $15. No wide-awake dealer will offer you a clumsy, old-fashioned slow-as-molasses substitute. If he does, write us. Write us anyhow for descriptive pamphlet.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 75 Savage Avenue, UTICA, N. Y.


THE L SYSTEM
Clothes make friends with the eye; they stamp the wearer as a man of discriminating judgment and out-of-the-ordinary good taste.
¶ Made to fit young men's characteristics as well as their physique.
¶ Send 2c for "Style Book," or 25c for a set of college posters in colors.
H. M. Lindenthal & Sons
Style Originators of Clothes for Young Men
Chicago-New York

YOU MAY BE NEXT

Statistics show that in 80% of all burglaries entrance is gained *through the door*—that in almost half the cases violence is attempted or accomplished. The

TROETEL Burglar Alarm-Lock

is not merely a burglar alarm—it also does what no other device has ever done—**keeps the burglar out by force.**

It fastens any door to the floor, and *least pressure* on door *rings alarm.* It is better than night locks, bolts, chains and bells put together.

Isn't it worth the trifling cost of this alarm-lock—$3.00—to protect your home against loss and your family from danger? Remember that in nearly *half* the burglaries committed bodily harm is done to some member of the family.

We positively guarantee the effectiveness of the Troetel Burglar Alarm-Lock. We have a standing offer of

$1000 Reward

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How Rich Men Invest Their Surplus

The Large Investor's Ways

LARGE investors seem to me naturally to divide into three classes. In the first class I would put those men who are at least locally regarded as very rich, whose fortunes are perhaps not less than several millions. Generally speaking, these men are conservative investors, whose cardinal faith is in real estate, and who own the most valuable business locations in the larger cities of the country, and many of them extensive farms, ranches and agricultural lands of all sorts. While men of this order are inclined to give their first allegiance to real estate, their holdings generally branch out into personal property of a sort naturally related to their main holdings—into the improvements of their real property, like great office buildings, immense irrigation and drainage enterprises, and other forms of investment directly connected with real estate.

It is my observation that men of this class are also very large holders of bank stocks, for the reason that, as records show, broadly speaking, bank stocks pay a high percentage of return in dividends and show a large increase in value.

The second class of wealthy investors includes, as I see it, men who are worth up to $1,000,000. These are the men who have made their fortunes in active commercial life, and in the parlance of business they are commonly called "the first-mortgage investors." They demand absolute security and are content with a low percentage of return.

Their preference is usually for first mortgages of large dimensions, given for as long a time as possible and on a basis of very conservative valuation, and, next to this, first-mortgage bonds of the most approved character.

The third class into which I would divide heavy investors is by all means the largest, and is made up of young men and middle-aged men who want to do things, and who are not content to withdraw from the strenuous life and settle down into leisure. These are the men who make the most varied investments and who, as a consequence, have the most interesting variety in their experiences as investors. They very generally apportion the money at their command for investments into two piles—one to be considered as a sinking fund, and to be invested with all the conservatism and care which would, perhaps, characterize their handling of a trust fund; the other pile is that by which they give expression to their individual energy, their fondness for the feeling that they are still doing a part of the world's work, their desire to "keep in the game." We can easily imagine that in the near future a typical man of the class I am trying to describe will be approached by some alert and energetic friend who will say:

"I have got a good thing. The airship is here and it has come to stay; we are going to form a company that will put on the market the best airship that has been devised—one that is thoroughly and commercially practical—and there's a big thing in it if you will be one of us."

He is the sort of a man who will look into a proposition as fascinating as this; he will remember that it was only a short while ago that the automobile was as novel a means of conveyance as the airship now is, and that scores of men have already made immense fortunes in the manufacture of horseless vehicles. Consequently the novelty of the proposition will tempt instead of repel him, because he likes to do things that are worth while, because he likes to figure as a power in enterprises that are up with the times and that attract public attention. First, of course, he will make a searching investigation of the practical merits of the airship, in the manufacture of which it is proposed to interest him, and if the results of that investigation are satisfactory he probably will say:

"Well, I will go into this thing to the extent of $75,000. It will not break me if I lose it all. On the other hand, I feel that the chances for success are good, and if we do succeed we will make a big killing."

There are comparatively few thoroughly modern, up-to-date enterprises involving considerable original expenditure or capital which have not been put through by men of this class. The history of the successful automobile enterprises of today would confirm my theory, with very few exceptions to the rule.

It seems to me that one development of modern business investment—or rather what might better be called the distinctively active investment—is the peculiarly modern device of team work. This is only employed by men of peculiarly active temperament who are not satisfied to be anywhere but in the forefront of active, constructive business life—men who see big opportunities for the making of good and, perhaps, large profits by investing their surplus profits, or, perhaps, their surplus capital, in enterprises to which they will give their direct administrative and executive supervision.

Of course, there is a limit to which even the most active and capable business man may spread out his administrative talents; even though he has the rare faculty of delegating details to subordinates and, at the same time, keeping a firm administrative grip on his enterprises; if he has too many irons in the fire he is bound to fall down somewhere along the line, if not all along the line. Here is where the device for team work comes in.

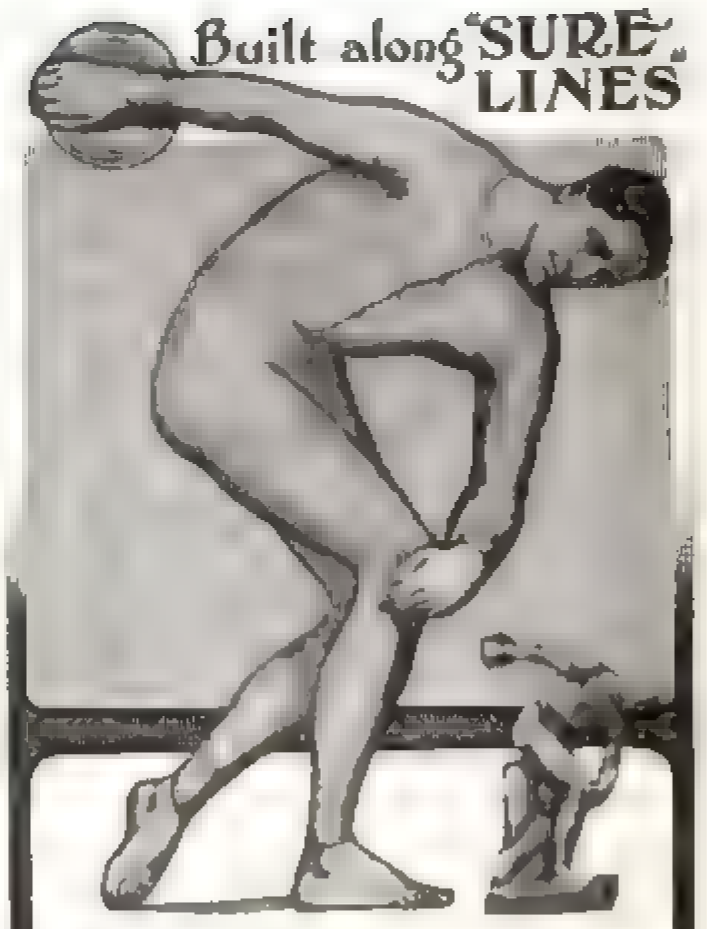
I can best illustrate this from my own experience. Through the process of natural selection or natural association, as you may please to call it, I became connected, some years ago, with two other business men. We seemed to have much the same business ideas and became associated in a certain enterprise. This gave each one of the trio an opportunity to try out the relationship with the other two associates. As a result it was demonstrated that we could pull together very agreeably. Today we are associated in several lines of investment which are very dissimilar—perhaps, some might think, incongruously so. Each man in the team has the direct responsibility of the management of certain industries and properties. These he directs with comparatively a free hand, consulting his associates only on matters of uncommon importance.

It is not claimed that this kind of an investment alliance is at all original; on the other hand, I am only referring to it as something typical of a practice which is becoming more and more common among men who are constantly looking for new avenues in which to invest surplus funds in a way which will yield them more than the ordinary return to be expected from an investment in a good security. Of course, generally speaking, this kind of an investment involves an element of risk, and is of a sort that is considered only after a man of means has put fifty per cent or more of his fortune into the solidest kind of securities, yielding only a low rate of interest.

Without going into the details I can say that many men of moderate fortunes have often, by this kind of investments, made money very rapidly and have become wealthy thereby.

To be more explicit, I know of one instance in which a man indulging occasionally in this kind of investments was approached by an acquaintance who offered him half the stock in a certain enterprise for $25,000. My friend declined the offer on the ground that he already had about all the irons in the fire to which he could give even a general administrative attention. This occurred only a few years ago. Shortly afterward the man who made this offer retired from active participation in that business with $1,250,000 in cash.

I do not relate this instance for the purpose of inspiring men to reach out in a greedy, uncautious way in the direction of a "swollen fortune." The case is cited only to explain how it is that men who are only moderately wealthy frequently jump into the multi-millionaire ranks in a few years' time. And I would again lay special emphasis on the fact that no man should take these chances until he has first salted down not less than fifty per cent of his fortune in the very soundest securities obtainable. —LOUIS ECKSTEIN.



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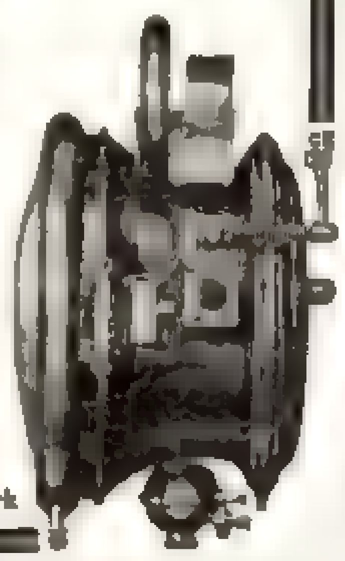

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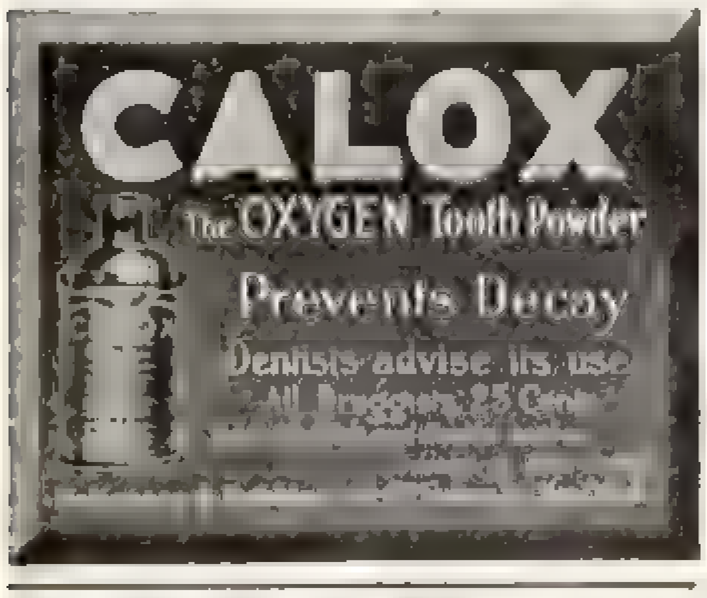

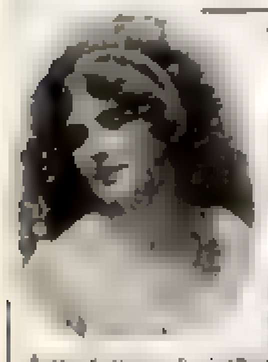

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GOOSIE

(Continued from Page 23)

upon her hand. Charles-Norton, abashed and puzzled, went about a while, making a great show of occupation and pretending not to see. And then, suddenly, out of the corners of his eyes he noted the rag which she had wrapped about the handle of the frying-pan. It was not the usual rag. It was a filmy thing within which ran a color like a flame. Lordy—it was the scarf which several weeks before he had stolen one night from the girl on the veranda in the inn above the valley, and which he had since forgotten in the clothes-bag that served him as pillow.

He kept a prudent silence and pretended not to see it, though vaguely tormented by the very menial service to which Dolly successively put that once radiant scarf. And Dolly said not a word about it. She went on with her little housekeeping routine very carefully and submissively, while now and again a tear oozed from her long lashes.

But Charles-Norton felt vaguely now that the balance had swung, that he was fighting now at a terrible disadvantage.

XVI

CHARLES-NORTON began to grow peevish.

"Good Lord," he would growl, as he flew along the crest; "why can't she smile once, for a change, as I leave her in the morning? Why can't she speed me away with a smile, instead of that look? Why can't she be happy in her own way down there, and let me be happy up here? Why—why—why?"

He was passing just then a deep gorge, blue beneath him. From it his question reascended to him, tenuous and fluttering, like a lost bird on uncertain wings. "Why—why—why?"

"She looks at me—as if I were a murderer. Just because I want to fly. Just because I have wings. Just because everything in me says—Fly! And then I have to carry that look around with me all day long, just like a net—just like a net of crape!"

Charles-Norton evidently had arrived at the self-pitying stage—which was a bad sign, if he only had known it; which showed a certain weakening of his moral fiber. He fought on, though. Resolutely he continued to refuse to notice the daily little smudge upon Dolly's cheek. She was more submissive and dolorous than ever. She had made him with blankets a union suit buttoning ingeniously about the roots of his wings; he put it on every morning, but hid it behind a rock till night as soon as he was out of sight.

But the very elements, the perversity of Matter, seemed against Charles-Norton. "There's no more flour, Goosie," said Dolly one morning.

Charles-Norton did not catch the significance of this remark right away. Perched on one foot, just in the act of taking wing, he had become absorbed in the examination of a fluffy and cold little white object which had just then settled upon his nose. He looked at it close as it disappeared between his fingers in a silver trickle. It was a snowflake. He glanced upward; the sky was very gray.

"Goosie, the flour is gone," repeated Dolly.

Charles-Norton came back to earth. "Well, we'll have to buy some more," he said, again preparing for flight.

Dolly was silent, evidently considering this remark. "Have you—have you any more—money?" she asked at length, hesitatingly.

Charles-Norton dropped his wings. "No," he said. "No, that I haven't—not a cent. It's—it's gone. Have you?"

"I haven't any," said Dolly. Her eyes were very big.

Charles-Norton stood there motionless a while, a bit disturbed. Then his lower jaw advanced; he shrugged his shoulders. "Well—I'll see about it—tomorrow," he said airily, and was off.

But he didn't see about anything "tomorrow" or after. He had a fine time that day. A snow-flurry was passing down the sierra, and he went with it along the crest, mile after mile to the south, the center of its soft, white whirl, its winged tutelary god. When he returned that night a snow-carpet extended down from the top of the chain, down the slopes, to the edge of the meadow. Dolly was inside of the cabin

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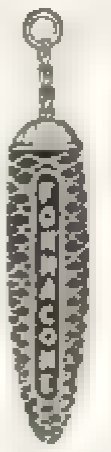

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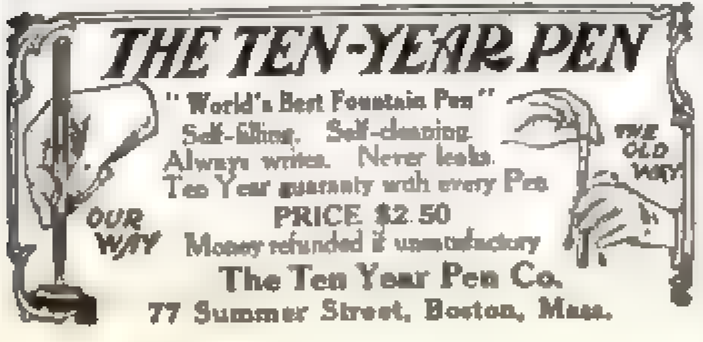

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close to the fireplace. "Ooh, Goosie, but it's cold!" she cried.

"Yes," admitted Charles-Norton; "it is cold." His wings were encased in ice, and he sparkled rosily in the fire's glow.

The next day, though, was warmer; the carpet of snow gradually retreated up the slopes. It remained on the crest, however, frozen and scintillating. It was a world of increased beauty that now spread beneath Charles-Norton. The crest glittered from horizon to horizon; here and there little lakes gleamed like hard diamonds; and lower, the willows in the hollows lay very light, like painted vapor.

The next morning Dolly said: "There's no sugar, Goosie."

"Coffee is better without sugar," said Charles-Norton sententiously.

For a few days the young couple, with wry faces, drank unsweetened coffee. Then this difficulty disappeared. Taking up the tin before breakfast, Dolly discovered that there was no more coffee.

The last of the canned fruit then went, and the last slice of bacon.

"Thank the Lord we can live on trout," said Charles-Norton piously.

As if in answer, the next morning the trout refused to take his bait of red flannel.

Alone there on the shore of the lake, while Dolly waited within the cabin, Charles-Norton passed a bad quarter of an hour. Then he went up the slopes back of the meadow and captured a handful of grasshoppers springing there in the rising sun. The trout took them with gratitude. "Whee!" said Charles-Norton, when at last he had his catch.

And then, to a cold blast from the east, a few days later the grasshoppers all disappeared. Charles-Norton took his axe, went into the woods, and chopping open moldy logs, obtained a store of white grub. The trout took them.

But Fatality, now, was dogging him close. When with tingling skin he opened the cabin door a few mornings later a cry escaped him. A snow carpet spread from the crest over the face of the whole visible world, clear down to the western plain. It covered deep the meadow, hung in miniature mountain-chains on the boughs of the pines, filigreed the lake. The lake was frozen.

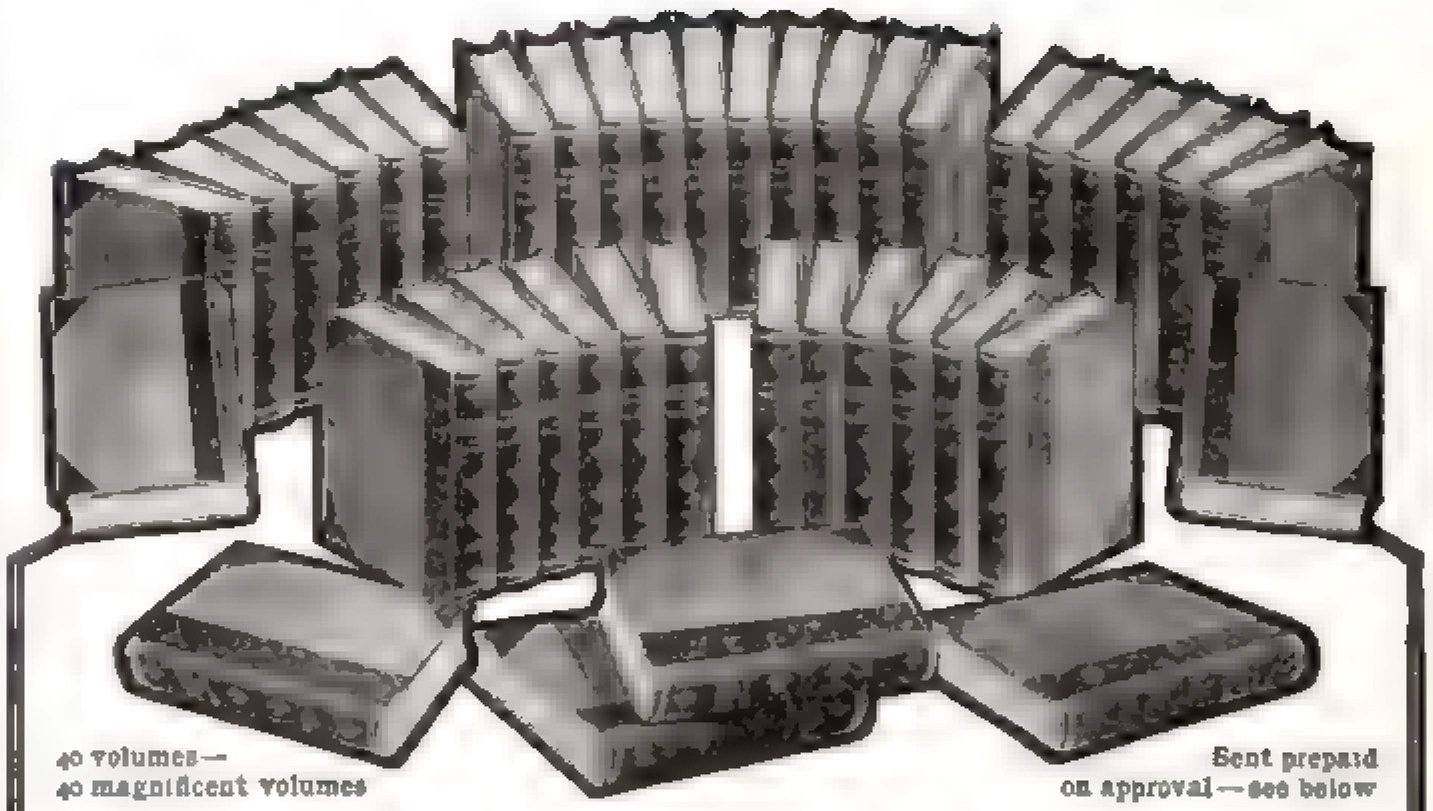
Charles-Norton chopped a hole in the ice, then chopped logs and replenished his supply of grubs. The trout refused them. They could not be blamed; the grubs, hibernating, had shrunk themselves into hard little sticks devoid of the least suspicion of succulence.

Charles-Norton and Dolly went breakfastless that morning. All day Charles-Norton roamed above the land with a vague idea of catching something. But living creatures seemed to have withdrawn into the earth: the few still out had put on white liveries; when Charles-Norton flew low they fled him, and when he flew high he could not distinguish them from the earth's impassive mantle. He thought once of the ranch in the plain and of its chicken-yard, but dropped the idea immediately. Dolly's vigorous little New England conscience would never accept a compromise such as this.

Charles-Norton and Dolly that night went supperless to bed; they arose in the morning with no prospect of breakfast. Charles-Norton moped long at the fire while Dolly, very wisely silent, trotted about her work. Suddenly, Charles-Norton rose with a smothered exclamation. In two strides he made for the door, opened it, and took wing; Dolly saw him flitting among the branches of the pines in mysterious occupation. He returned in great triumph and threw on the table a double handful of small dry objects that looked like wooden beans. "We'll eat pine-nuts!" he cried enthusiastically. "Pine-nuts are just chuckful of protein!"

For three days they lived on pine-nuts. And then, as on the third evening they sat before the little heap which made their meal, Dolly fell forward on the table with a wide movement of her arms which scattered the supper in a dry tinkle to the floor, and remained thus with heaving shoulders.

Charles-Norton rose and stood above her. Dolly was weeping this time, truly weeping, beyond the slightest doubt, openly and freely. This was the end; he was cornered at last, his last twisting over. She wept there in an abandonment of woe, her face in her arms, her hair desolate on the surface of the table, her shoulders palpitating. And as he gazed down upon her a great, vague mournfulness slowly rose



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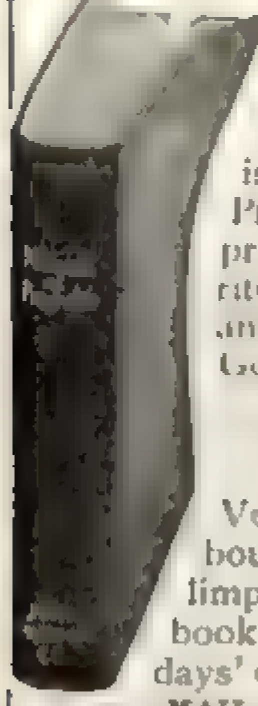

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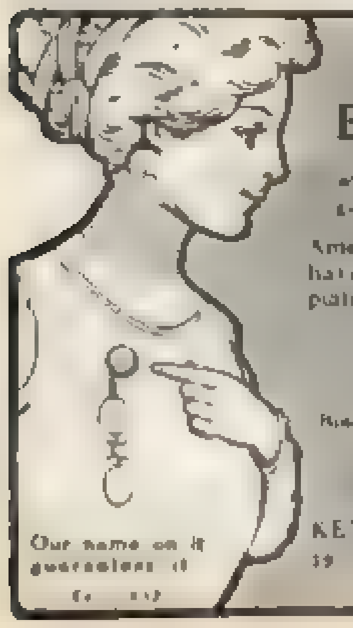

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through him, a mournfulness part regret, part sacrifice; he stood there gazing down upon her as a child gazing down on a broken toy, a broken toy in the ruin of which lay the ruin of his dreams. She wept; and he felt as if a wreath, a wreath soft and flowery but very heavy, had fallen about his neck and were drawing him down, down out of the altitudes of his will. And so, gently, he asked the question the answer of which he knew, the asking of which was renunciation.

"Dolly, Dolly," he whispered; "what is the matter, Dolly?"

"Ooh, ooh, ooh!" sobbed Dolly. "Ooh, Goosie, I can't—can't eat pine-nuts, Goosie! I can't!"

Her shoulders shook, the table trembled, her wail rose to a perfect little whistle of woe. Charles-Norton sat down by her and took her in his arms. "Well, we won't have to, Dolly," he said gently. "Us won't have to. We—we'll go back."

They remained thus long entwined, while little by little the violence of Dolly's despair moderated. At length she freed herself with a smile like the sunlight of an April shower, and still with a little catch in her throat, took the lamp from the table and set it on the sill of the western window.

Half an hour later there was a knock at the door.

XVII

AFTER a moment of indecision, during which Dolly, rosy with excitement, was hurriedly rearranging her disordered apparel, Charles-Norton, picking up the lamp, strode to the door and opened it. His lips were unable to hold a short exclamation of surprise. For, framed in the doorway, stood the mysterious stranger whom twice he had caught watching him in the meadow.

He stood there, very tall, soft hat in hand, his white hair and cavalier mustachios shining softly in the rays of the lamp, the fringes of his buckskin garments all aglitter with the cold; above his right shoulder there peered affectionately the white face of his horse, the vague loom of which could be divined behind in the night. He placed his right foot upon the lintel, and to the movement his long spur tinkled in a single silver note. "May I come in?" he asked gravely.

"Why, yes, why, yes," exclaimed Charles-Norton, recovering from his momentary petrifaction; "come in, make yourself at home, have a chair, have a seat!"

"Back!" said the man over his shoulder, and to the command the inquisitive nose of the white horse receded in the darkness. The man shut the door, behind which, immediately, a philosophical munching of bit began to sound. He walked across the room with a low bow which caused the wide brim of his hat to sweep the floor, and to Charles-Norton's invitation sat himself on the bench by the fireplace. Dolly perched herself on the side of her bunk, Charles-Norton on his. They formed thus a triangle of which the stranger was the apex. Dolly's face was flushed, her eyes were bright, but she kept them carefully averted from the gleaming visitor. Charles-Norton, on the contrary, stared at him frankly. A reminiscence was coming slowly, like a light, into his brain.

"I've seen you before," he said. "Twice I've seen you with your horse, here, among the rocks."

"Did you see me?" said the man with a smile.

"I couldn't place you then. But now I know. I know who you are. You're Bison Billiam, aren't you? Bison Bill'am, the great scout?"

"So I am popularly known," said the man with a bow.

"I remember you. It's ten, twelve years ago. You came out of a lot of cardboard scenery at the end of the hall, hunting buffaloes. The calcium light was on you, and you looked like this ——"

Here Charles-Norton placed his right hand above his eyes in most approved scouting style and peered to right and left. "Humph!" said Bison Billiam, seemingly not altogether delighted with this representation.

"And you saw the buffaloes—three of them—father and mother and son, I guess—standing in the center of the arena. You galloped right into them, and emptied the magazine of your Winchester into them — but they wouldn't run. They knew you too well, I suppose."

"I suppose," agreed Bison Billiam. "The buffaloes I've hunted in the last twenty years have known me pretty well.

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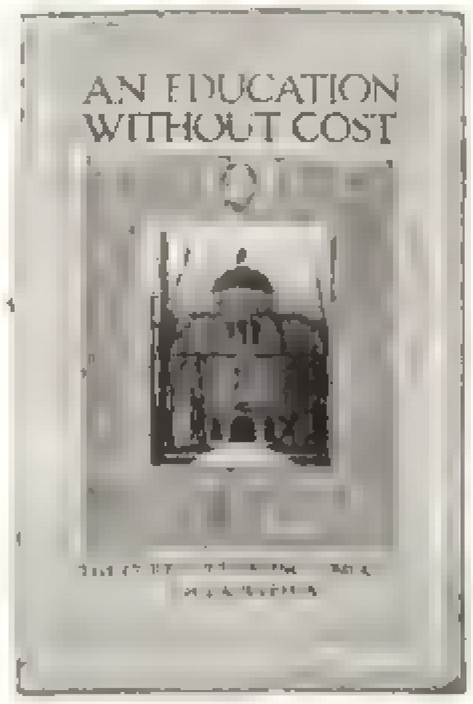

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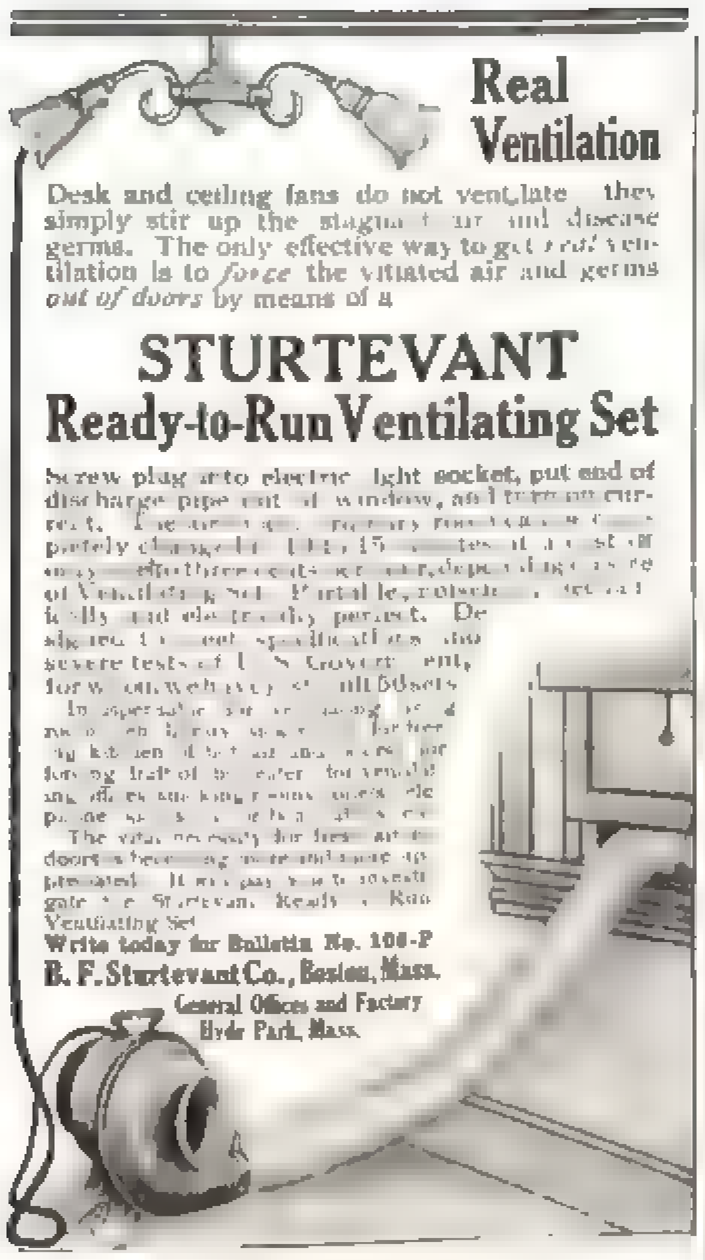

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It was not so once," he said reminiscently; "not so, not so ——"

There was a little silence at this evocation of the melancholy of gone days. The fire crackled. It was Bison Billiam who spoke first. "I've been watching you fly," he said.

"Yes?" exclaimed Charles-Norton, flushing with pleasure and doubt.

"I have a permanent show in New York now," went on Bison Billiam.

"Yes?" said Charles-Norton.

"I want you to fly there," said Bison Billiam.

"Yes?" said Charles-Norton.

"I'll give you four hundred a week."

Charles-Norton fell backward into his bunk, his legs swaying perpendicularly in the air like a derrick gone amuck. From the depths of his involuntary position he heard the silvery pealing of Dolly's laughter. When he rose again, though, Dolly had ceased laughing, and Bison Billiam's face had a gravity which somehow vaguely impressed Charles-Norton as without solidity, like fresh varnish. The two looked as though they had been gazing at each other, but their eyes now were carefully averted.

"I didn't understand," said Charles-Norton with dignity, and surreptitiously took a firm hold of the edge of the bunk.

"The matter is simply this," said Bison Billiam. "I have a permanent Wild-West show in New York. I want a new feature for it. You are it. I'll give you three hundred a ——"

"Four hundred; you said four hundred!" exclaimed Dolly.

He turned to her with a bow which held homage. "Four hundred," he corrected.

"What will I have to do?" asked Charles-Norton, still somewhat dazed.

"Just fly. Fly every night, and at the matinées, Wednesdays and Saturdays. The police will stand for it, I think—except on Sundays. But we'll settle the details later. Meanwhile, here's the contract." He fumbled in the inside of his buckskin jacket and drew out a typewritten document.

Charles-Norton stood long over the contract, spread out on the table. He pretended to read it, but was too agitated to do so. The little purple characters danced in the glow of the lamp. Upon his right shoulder he could feel Dolly's chin; it rested there tenderly, with wistfulness, in prayer. Mixed with his excitement was a vague sadness, a sadness, somehow, as though he were saying farewell to some one. But he had already gone through the crisis; to Dolly's heartrending cry upon the dietary inadequacy of pine-nuts, he had yielded his whole being in supreme sacrifice. An exultation possessed him at the thought; a madness of self-gift. He straightened to his full height. "I'll sign!" he cried with ringing accent.

He felt Dolly turn about him; she laid her head upon his breast. "Sh-sh, sh-sh," he whispered, patting her; "it's all right, Dolly." He raised his head once more. "I'll sign!" he declared again loudly.

"Well, I should say so," murmured Bison Billiam, a bit amazed at all this ceremony. Out of the holster which hung on his belt he drew a fountain-pen which lay snugly by the silver-mounted revolver, and Charles-Norton, his left arm about Dolly, with his right hand signed firmly the contract.

"I'll be back in the morning," said Bison Billiam as he mounted his horse. "You'll give me an exhibition, and we'll settle on your stunt and on the size of your machine — your ——"

But his last word flew away with him in the night. Charles-Norton closed the door. There was a little silence. "What did he mean?" asked Charles-Norton; "what did he mean by the size—the size of ——"

"Oh, I don't know," said Dolly. "Goosie, you are a dear; a darling, Goosie. Goosie ——"

"That's all right, little girl," said Charles-Norton with large magnanimity; "glad to do it for you." And then, nudging Dolly with his elbow; "four hundred a week, Dolly, four hundred! Gee!" he cried.

The practical side of Charles-Norton seemed at last awakened; he danced around the table in glee. But Dolly, singularly, did not join in.

The next morning, bright and early, Dolly and Charles-Norton heard a halloo outside and, emerging, found Bison Billiam standing upon his motionless

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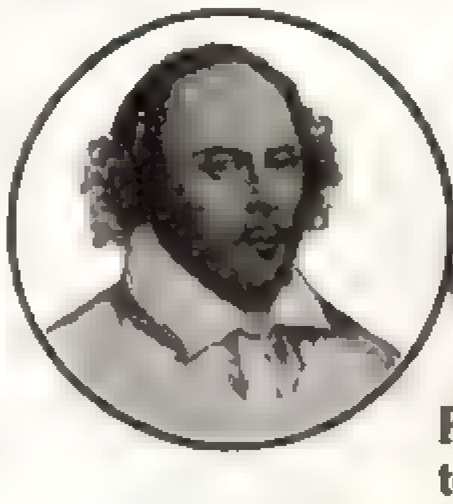

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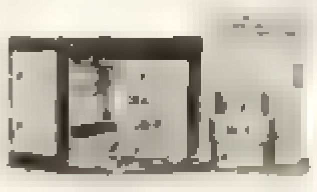

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horse in the center of the snow-covered meadow. "You've had breakfast?" he asked pleasantly.

"Well—yes," said Dolly. "Just got through," said the little liar—there wasn't anything within the cabin to breakfast upon.

"We'll begin right away, then," said Bison Billiam. "We leave at noon."

He dismounted, and Dolly and he seated themselves side by side, with backs against the cabin, while Charles-Norton gave them an exhibition.

He winged off first directly for the crest gleaming high in the distance, making his line straight and swift; then returned in a perfect curve that spanned the distance like a rainbow. Remaining above the meadow now, he drew all his fantasies against the sky, and finally, rising high till he was a mere dot in the heavens, he shot down like a white thunderbolt and landed at their feet in snowy explosion of extended wings.

He found Bison Billiam and Dolly conferring earnestly. "Two feet, I think," Bison Billiam said. Dolly ran into the cabin and returned with a pair of glittering scissors.

"What are you going to do?" asked Charles-Norton, suddenly cold and distrustful.

"Cut off two feet," said Dolly laughingly. "Mr. Billiam says to cut off two feet."

"Off my wings?" yelped Charles-Norton. "Off my wings?"

Dolly turned her eyes to Bison Billiam in doubt, in appeal. "It's in the contract, young man," said Bison Billiam. "Haven't you read the contract?" he said, drawing the document from his jacket.

"No, I haven't," said Charles-Norton shortly. "Let me see it."

And he read, beneath Bison Billiam's pointing finger: "It shall be regarded as a part of this agreement that the length of the flying apparatus, whatsoever it may be, shall be determined by the party of the first part."

"I won't!" thundered Charles-Norton.

"Goosie, dear," implored Dolly: "Goosie, dear, only two feet, and it's in the contract. Goosie, dear ——"

He turned upon her fiercely. "Why can't you eat pine-nuts?" he cried. "Why—why—why?"

She drew back a step and looked at him with great, large eyes, and as he met them he saw them fill slowly with tears. "I can't," she said simply: "I can't, Goosie." Again, Charles-Norton had that sensation of a wreath falling about his neck, a heavy wreath within the soft flowers of which was hidden a good, stout chain. "All right; go ahead," he said with a sigh.

Dolly, with the firmness of a surgeon inexorably sure of what is best for his patient, curtailed the "flying apparatus" to the required length. "Now let's see you," said Bison Billiam.

And Charles-Norton repeated his performance, more heavily this time, in smaller compass. But when he descended, again he was met by Bison Billiam's disapproving headshake. "We'll have to take off another foot," said Bison Billiam.

"But why?" remonstrated Charles-Norton (with the first cut there had already come to him a certain lassitude, an indifference, almost, which made him much more tractable). "Why do you want my wings short?" (also he was conscious of a feeling of aspiration amidships, of aspiration for something else than pine-nuts). "Don't you want me to fly well? What the deuce is the matter?"

"It won't do; it won't do at all," said Bison Billiam, in a tone almost of discouragement. "Can't you see it won't do?" he went on impatiently. "It's too smooth; there's no effort in it. Lord, you do it as though it were *easy!* And there's no danger in it, man! Lord, I sit here and watch you without batting an eyelid; feeling sure you can't fall. That's not what I want. I want the audience to get excited, to palpitate! I don't want them to sit there like lambs watching a cloud or a bird flying. Your act isn't worth two bits a week. I want men to groan, children to scream, women to faint! Lop 'em off!"

Again Charles-Norton submitted his wings to Dolly's gentle fingers and cold scissors, and repeated his act with shortened wings. This happened three times. Three times the scissors zipped, down eddied to the ground, and Charles-Norton tried again, more heavily, more soddenly, his being invaded by the emptiness of the old days, the shorn days.

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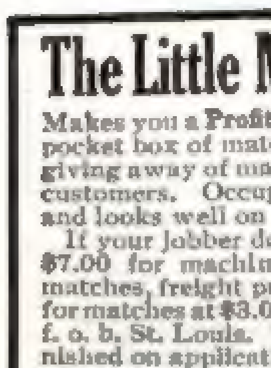

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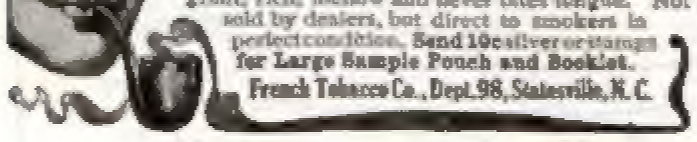

At the end of the third flight Bison Billiam remained silent a long time, evidently the prey of a heavy discouragement. Suddenly the light of inspiration sprang to his brow; his voice rang clear in the glade. "Cut six inches off the left wing," he cried, "and leave the right as it is. Shear the left, and leave the right as it is!"

Dolly cut.

This time the result was eminently satisfactory. With great effort and with cracking sinew and sweating brow Charles-Norton managed to circle the meadow once with heavy, awkward flapping. His neck was awry with the uneven pressure, his fine body was twisted; he struck the ground almost between each stroke, and, as he was passing his audience on the beginning of a second lap, he lost control suddenly, turned clear over and flopped to earth at their feet.

Bison Billiam could not restrain his enthusiasm now. He clapped his hands, he skipped about like a child. "Fine! fine!" he cried, and his deep voice rang clear to the crest. "That's the stuff. Now we've got it! By Jove," he swore, his satisfaction rising to delirium, "I'll give you four hundred *and fifty* a week!"

They left immediately, Charles-Norton dressing, for the first time in many days, in his city suit of clothes. The wings, even though rectified, bulged the coat, but this was hidden by the cape of his mackintosh, which Dolly, providentially, had brought with her from the city. They wended their way back along the trail to the camp; Charles-Norton, bronzed like a farmer, choking in his white collar; Dolly very pretty in her tailor suit, her furs and her toque; Bison Billiam resplendent on his white horse, and before them Nicodemus trotted demurely, a dress-suit case in each saddle-bag, another slung atop. They left him at the camp, grazing philosophically on his old dump. Charles-Norton gave him an affectionate farewell slap, Dolly kissed him on the nose, and they then climbed aboard the shining private car which stood ready for them on the siding. One end of the private car was a luxurious stable into which the white horse climbed along a cleated gangway. A half-hour later a passing train picked up the car, and slowly clicking along the summit they saw, between two snow-sheds, the little meadow, its lake and its cabin pass by, out of their vision, out of their lives.

Charles-Norton took off his coat, which felt very tight. A private car had a freedom and comforts which a public car has not; a faint appreciation of this fact came to Charles-Norton as he settled back, coatless, in his upholstered chair, and, with it, the first vague snuggle of readjustment. This feeling became clearer after the dainty breakfast served by Bison Billiam's white-capped cook, and expressed itself in a sigh almost of content when Bison Billiam, with the coffee, passed him a great, fat cigar. Charles-Norton threw a surreptitious glance at the heavy band; it was a dollar cigar.

Life, after all, has its compensations.

XVIII

AND now, how about Charles-Norton and Dolly?

Well, they are getting along very well; very well, very well, indeed.

Of course, they have their little differences—as have most couples. Mostly, it is about wings. There seems to be a something fundamental about both Charles-Norton and Dolly which irresistibly makes them diverge on the question of the proper length of wings (male wings, at least). For a time, in fact, during the first months of their intoxicating public success and before they had arrived at the present adjustment the question threatened to bring the conjugal craft to a final wreck. Strangely enough—or naturally enough—it was a catastrophe that eased the situation. One night, after Dolly, in a sudden access of resentment, had taken an immoderate whack out of the left wing, Charles-Norton, in the midst of his performance, tumbled to the ground and broke his ankle.

It was, of course, in an agony of remorse that Dolly nursed her husband during his long month of enforced and bedridden idleness. Luckily, Bison Billiam behaved beautifully. He let the salary run on during the whole course of Charles-Norton's incapacity, and then, with genial inspiration, prevailed upon him, when he had recovered, to make his public reappearance with the heavy plaster-of-Paris cast still upon the injured leg—which immensely

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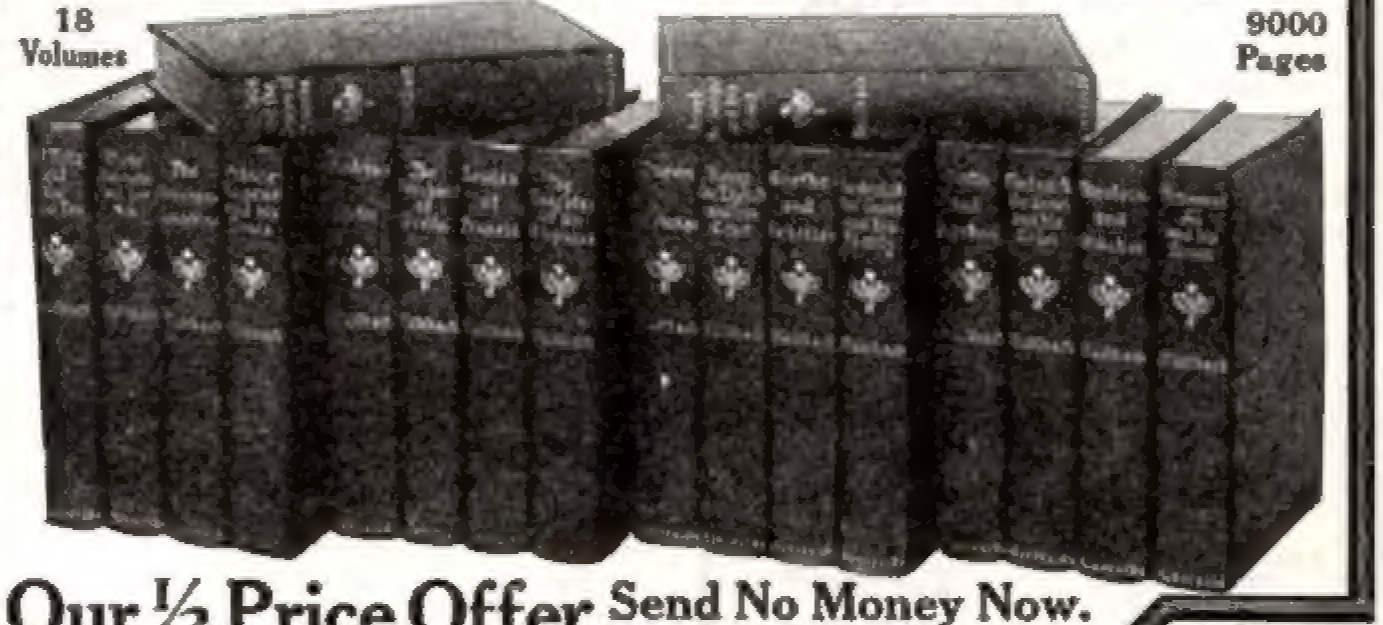

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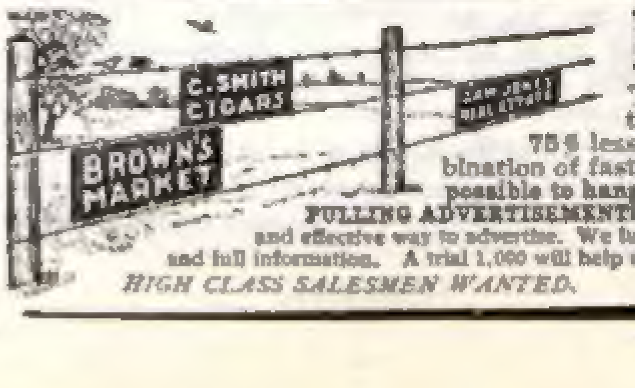

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A *modus vivendi* was agreed upon after this, which is still in force and works very well. Bison Billiam was made the permanent arbitrator of the wing question. Whenever they have a little difference now Charles-Norton and Dolly go to Bison Billiam, and, standing before him hand in hand, listen to a sage adjudication of their rights and their wrongs. They call him Papa Bison.

And so, they are quite happy. Dolly, of course, takes a keen pleasure in her home. She has a neat little brick house with a white door near the Riverside Drive, and a butler. A butler always had been Dolly's secret dream.

Charles-Norton, also, though unconsciously, perhaps, gets a good deal of pleasure out of the house (and the butler); for Dolly, with innate genius, has given it an air of quiet elegance and culture which he secretly enjoys. There is, also, a certain contentment in living life along a definite routine. He flies every night but Sunday, and two afternoons a week. And then, if Dolly has her house, he has his automobile.

A big, high-powered, red automobile. He goes out in it with Dolly every Sunday. When he arrives at a certain point in a certain highway, where the road is smooth and hard and undulates up and down like a Coney Island chute for many miles, he leans forward and puts his chin close to the back of the chauffeur, who is French and looks like Mephistopheles.

"Let her out," he says.

The chauffeur, with a grin, "lets her out"—and she swoops down and up, down and up, in increasing speed.

"Faster," says Charles-Norton.

He seems to leave his body; it wafts off behind on a current of air, like a hat—and he is only a soul, a delicious kernel of soul ecstatically drunk, floating like an atom through the eternities.

"Faster," he says.

But he is aware now of a shrill, insistent, strident sound. It drills into his soul; it will not be quiet; it will not let him be. Bing! His body, catching up from behind, drops about him again—and then he knows. It is Dolly; Dolly screaming, poor little Dolly hysterical with fear.

"Slow up," he says to the chauffeur.

The world gradually changes from a mere blur of parallel lines to visible groupings of matter. Trees, houses, the road, the sky reappear as through a curtain torn before them. The chauffeur wipes his brow. "Ah, Monsieur!" he says.

And Dolly, very pale, says with an impatience that seems weary, as though it were repeating itself for the thousandth time, "Oh! Goosie, why, why, why will you scare me so?"

Charles-Norton is penitent, but a bit morose. "Gee," he says; "that wasn't fast. That wasn't fast." His eyes go off, very far; a vague, vague yearning, covered over with layer and layer of resignation, palpitates faintly at the pit of his being. "You don't know what speeding is," he murmurs; "you don't know ——"

The machine, at smooth half-speed, is returning toward the city. "I won't go with you again," says Dolly.

But she always does. She doesn't like to ride fast, and he does, but she never lets him ride alone. 'Cause she loves him!

He will have to be more careful now, however. The other evening, as they sat in the cozy reading-room (lined with editions de luxe) after the performance, she got upon his knee and, hiding her face in his bosom so he could not look at her, whispered something in his ear.

Charles-Norton sat silent a long moment after that. Then he said, as though speaking to himself: "I wonder if *he* will—if *he* will also—if *he* will ——"

"I wonder! I wonder!" said Dolly ecstatically, her eyes wide upon a splendid vision.

"We could keep them down," said Charles-Norton consideringly, "by beginning early. By beginning early, with bandages, we could keep them down ——"

To his great amazement Dolly dissented. "Oh, no, no, no, no!" she cried. "Oh, he would look so cute with them—just like a little angel! Just like a little angel, Goosie!"

And Charles-Norton is still wondering about this differentiation in Dolly's wise little head, wondering why *he* can, while Goosie—can't.

(THE END)

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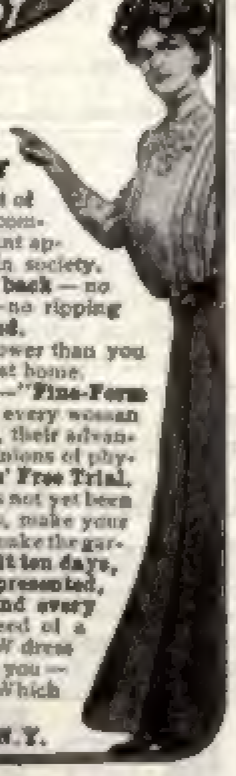

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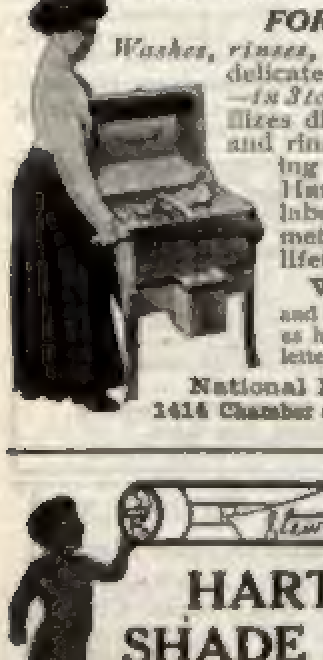

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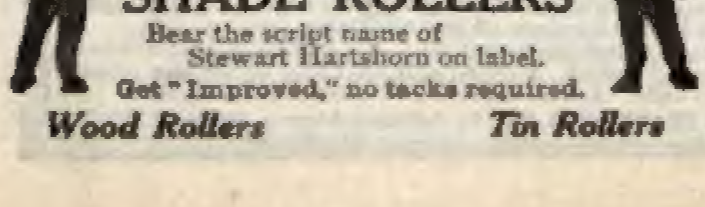

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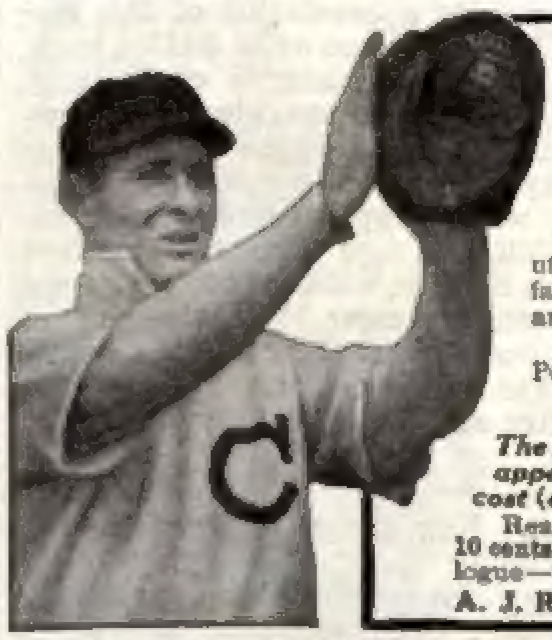

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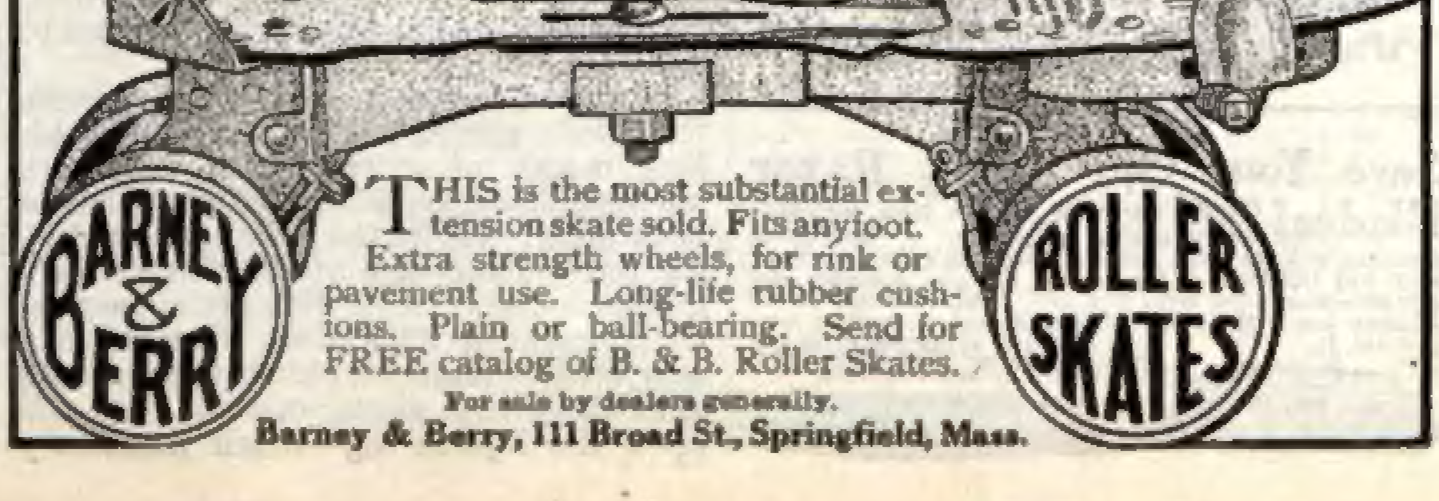

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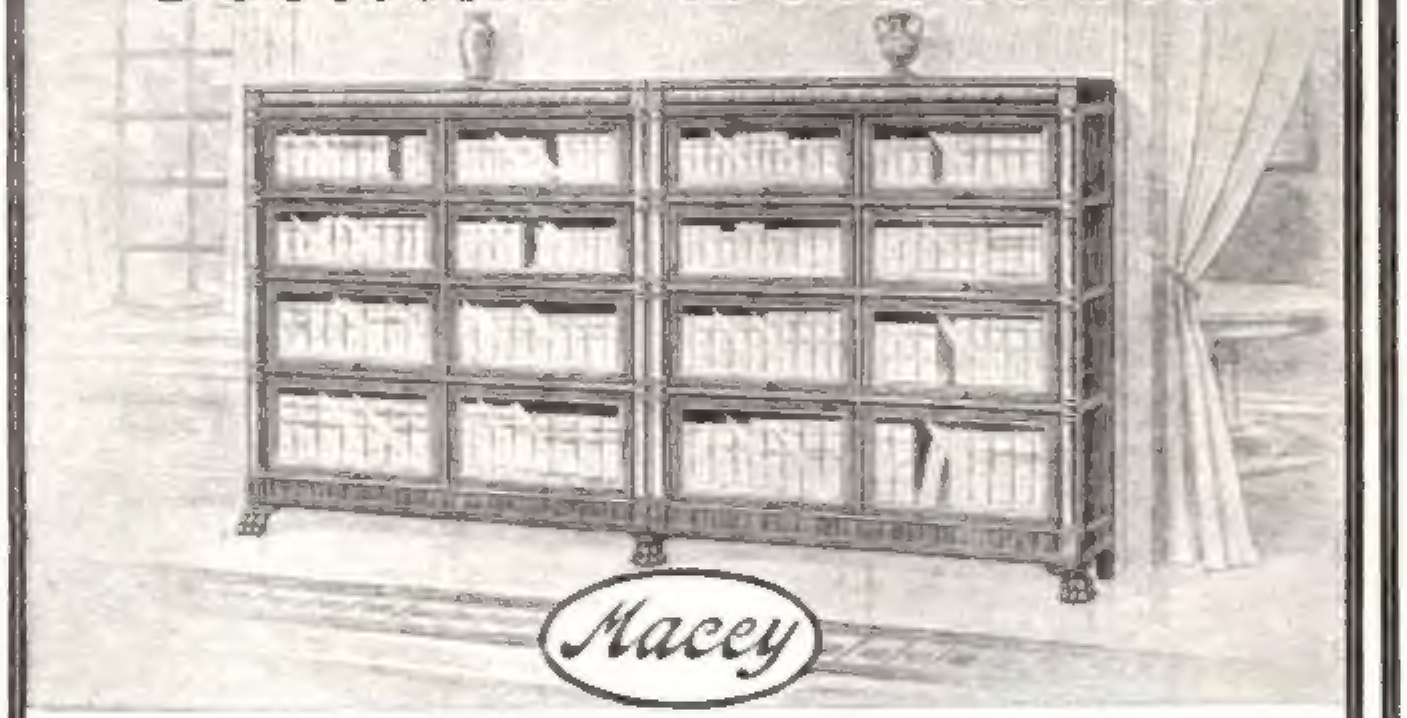

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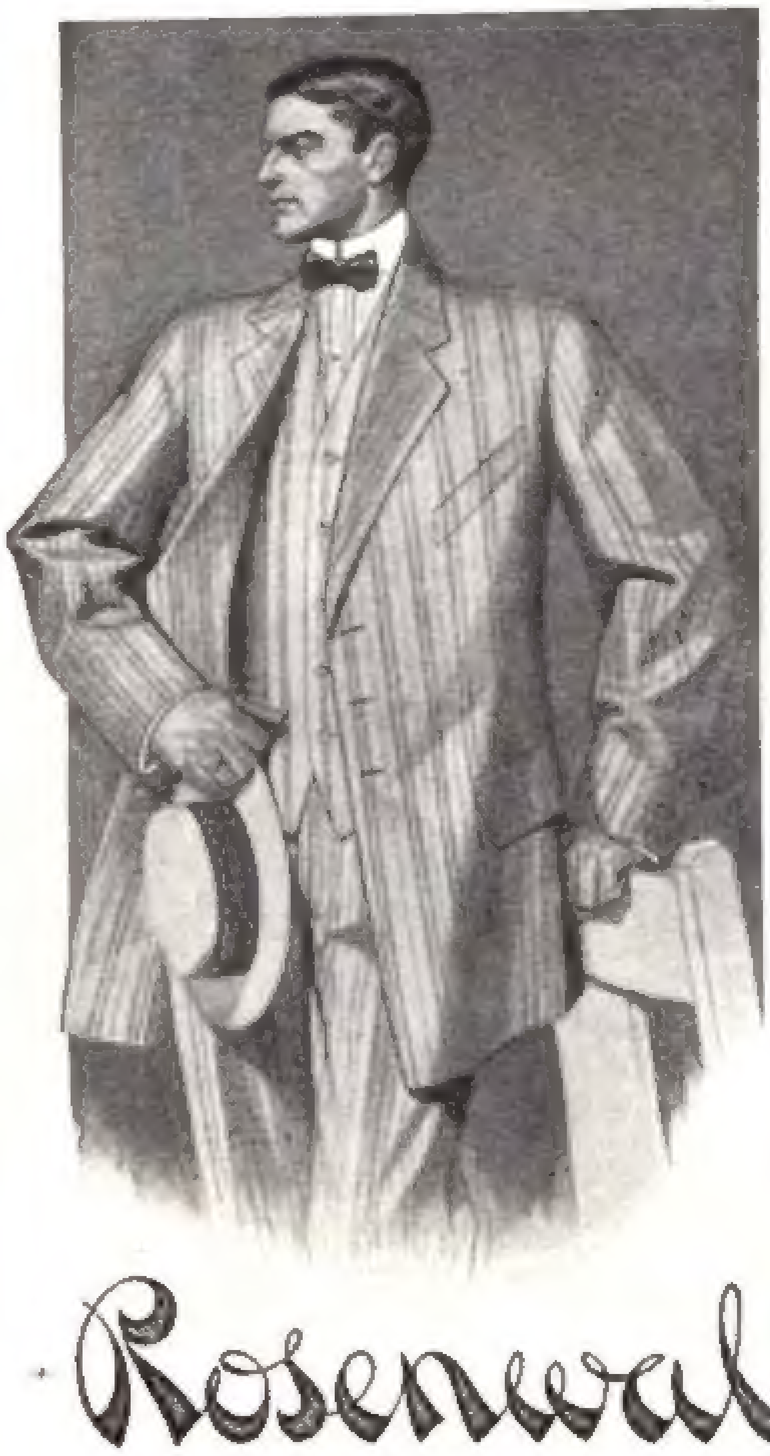

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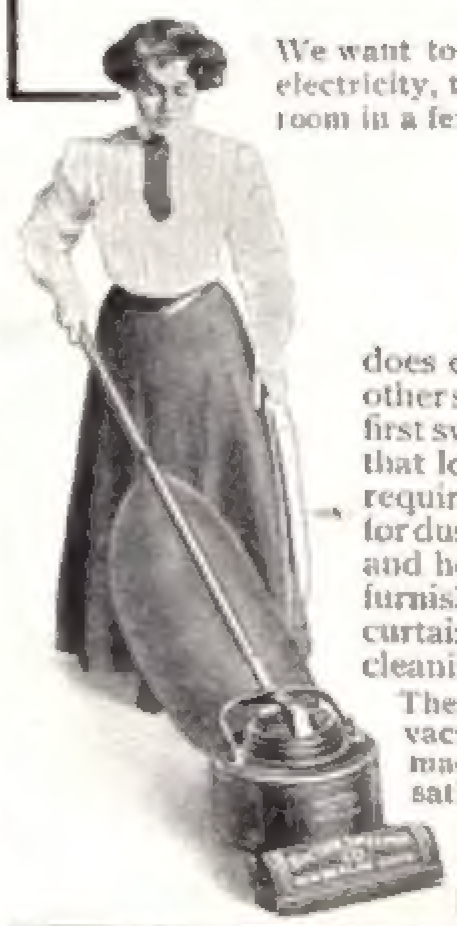

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